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The BRITISH ISLES

E.T. Tomlinson



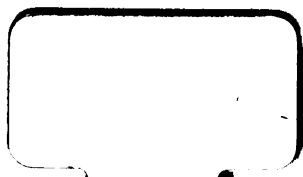
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THE BRITISH ISLES

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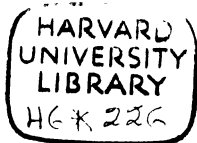
EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS



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PREFACE

No way of obtaining a knowledge of the great world has ever been invented that is equal to traveling about and seeing it with one's own eyes. Next in value to traveling one's self, is reading about the travels of others. It is becoming more and more fully realized that books of travel — if written from the child's point of view — are better teachers of geography than the geographical textbook, with its ordered marshaling of data that have been squeezed dry of all picturesqueness or human interest. It need hardly be said that information which arises naturally out of vivid personal experiences, and which takes, in many instances, the form of graphic impressions and pictures, will not only prove far richer in inspiration for the child, but will make a deeper impression on the memory, than facts presented in the barren and prosaic manner of the ordinary text-book.

The writer has prepared this little book with these considerations in mind. He has felt that there is no more vital way of teaching geography than letting young travelers see interesting places with their own eyes. Hence, with the idea of making American boys and girls, who cannot see the British Isles for themselves, acquainted with them in imagination, he journeyed through these islands for three or four months, in company with some young friends. The book, therefore, is a record of places and things actually seen and enjoyed by these young people.

No geographical reader has heretofore devoted itself exclusively to the subject of the British Isles ; yet even a whole volume can hardly do justice to so important and interesting a country. The extraordinary place occu-

pied by the United Kingdom as a world power, and its close historical connection with the United States, are sufficient reasons for presenting it as a unit to American boys and girls. English law, civilization, language, literature, and life belong alike to both England and America ; indeed, a knowledge of them is essential to a proper understanding of our own country.

The writer has tried to give a comprehensive, and, within its scope, an adequate picture of the British Isles, — of their scenery and their people ; their customs, homes, cities, and industries ; their storied castles and cathedrals, their lordly estates and famous schools. A great many details have of necessity been omitted, and emphasis has been placed on the more important and significant phases of the life observed. To make the book stimulating, as well as informing, it has been left to the boys and girls to look up many easily found facts suggested by the journey.

Pupils should read the introduction before taking up the reading of the body of the book. The acquaintance with the geographical facts therein summarized, with the brief history of England given, will serve as a fitting background for the better appreciation of the book. It is suggested, also, that the introduction should be carefully reviewed after the reading of the book has been finished. Suggestive questions will be found at the end of each chapter, which will help pupils and teachers to select the important facts to be fixed in memory. The Appendix gives statistical tables that will be valuable for reference.

The author desires to acknowledge his indebtedness for the many useful suggestions made by teachers and others who read the manuscript before its publication.

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

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INTRODUCTION

FACTS ABOUT THE BRITISH ISLES

LOCATION

THE most important group of islands in the world is situated in the Atlantic Ocean, just off the northwestern coast of Europe. The largest of these islands is Great Britain, a narrow body of land, 636 miles in length, running nearly north and south, and separated from the mainland by the narrow waters of the North Sea. South of it is the English Channel, and the broad Atlantic beats on its western shores. In the northern part of Great Britain is the mountainous country of Scotland. England occupies the southern and largest part, with the tiny land of Wales, one seventh its size, jutting boldly out from the middle of its western boundary. Westward of Great Britain is Ireland, short and broad in form, a third its size, separated from it by the Irish Sea, and having a coast as jagged as that of the larger island.¹

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS

The larger part of Scotland, starting from the extreme north, is a rugged, mountainous region called the Highlands, where is found the highest peak in Great Britain, Ben Nevis, 4406 feet high. To the southeast of the Highlands are the fertile Scottish Lowlands, and the Lowland Hills, sometimes called the Southern Uplands, ending in the line of the Cheviot Hills which divide Scotland from England.

The little peninsula of Wales is also a hilly and mountainous country, but its highlands, like those of England, are lower

¹ See Appendix for figures and tables showing the area, dimensions, and population of the countries of the British Isles; the population of their chief cities; their chief products; and their principal rivers with length in miles.

than those of Scotland. The highlands of England, beginning in the north near the Scottish hills, extend along its western



PHYSICAL MAP OF THE BRITISH ISLES

boundaries, ending in the high peninsula of Cornwall, the extreme southwestern point of Great Britain. As we go east and south, we find plains and lowlands. Indeed, the island of Great Britain as it widens out gradually toward the south seems to flatten itself out at the same time.

We can easily see from this that most of the rivers must flow eastward, and that, in the basins of these rivers are found the fertile

lands, — which have been largely washed down from the hills. Among the most important English rivers are the Thames, the Humber, the Great Ouse, and the Trent on the east, and the Severn, the Mersey, and the Dee on the west. Among the chief rivers of Scotland are the Clyde, the Forth, the Tay, and the Ayr.

Although Ireland, as we approach it from the sea, looks as if it might be a very hilly country, we soon find ourselves mistaken; for most of its beautiful green hills are massed along the shores, and the interior dips, so to speak, into a great plain (not unlike a saucer in its form), with many swamps and peat bogs. This level land makes navigation possible for nearly two hundred miles on the Shannon, Ireland's chief river.

Many years ago the mountains and rivers of Britain were natural barriers which made possible the existence of separate

nations like the Scotch, Welsh, and English. To-day these three divisions form one nation called the United Kingdom.

CLIMATE

The British Isles are noted for the dampness of their climate and their large rainfall. The prevailing winds are from the west, laden with moisture. As the clouds, driven by these winds, strike the hills in the west, the moisture is condensed; rain, therefore, falls more heavily in western England than in the east. Scotland and Ireland, for similar causes, have even more rainfall than England. The British Isles are not subject to sudden or extreme changes in temperature. This is due to the fact that the surrounding bodies of water tend to warm the air in winter and to cool it in summer. The winters, therefore, are warm, the summers cool, the difference between the heat of summer and the cold of winter in Scotland being on the average only nineteen degrees. In America, North Carolina, which is two thousand miles nearer the equator than Ireland, has nearly the same average temperature as the latter.

RESOURCES

The location of the British Isles has provided rare opportunities for the development of the nation, giving freedom from invasion, nearness to important markets, long hours of daylight, protection from the cold Arctic currents, as well as from extremes of temperature, and, perhaps most important of all, the cheap transportation which the sea affords. Another great advantage of the islands is their broken coasts, which abound in excellent harbors, some of which have the double advantage of being "back to back," such as those of the Thames and the Severn rivers, of the Mersey and the Humber, the Clyde and the Forth. (See map facing page 1.) The jagged coast line of England is two thousand miles in extent, while Scotland, although a much smaller country, has a still longer coast line.

Agriculture was once a leading industry of Great Britain,

but its importance has been greatly lessened in modern times by the agricultural development and competition of other and larger countries, such as the United States and Germany. Whereas, at one time, Great Britain used to export large quantities of food products, it must now import them from other countries to feed its immense population.

An important fact in connection with agriculture as carried on in Great Britain is that much of the land is owned, in the shape of great estates, by a comparatively small number of wealthy men, in whose families it has been for hundreds of years perhaps. These "gentleman" owners do not cultivate their estates themselves, but rent the lands, on long-time holdings, to tenants, who supply the capital and employ the laborers needed for their cultivation. Because of the thorough and scientific methods applied to farming by these "capitalistic" tenants, as they are called, the soil of Great Britain yields more per acre than that of any other country.

Wheat (grown chiefly in the fertile lands of southeastern England) formerly headed the list of cereal products, but its production has greatly fallen off since the opening up of the immense wheatfields of the United States. Oats and barley (which are the staple crops of Scotland) are now raised in somewhat greater abundance than wheat. The other principal agricultural products are green crops (particularly turnips, used for feeding stock), potatoes (the great staple of Ireland), small fruits, and hops. The large number of towns have made market gardening an especially profitable industry in present-day England, and its importance is steadily increasing.

While the raising of crops has decreased, stock-raising has greatly increased, England surpassing all other countries in the quality of her domestic animals. Cattle, sheep, horses, pigs, and poultry are raised in large numbers, there being in Great Britain more than half as many sheep as there are in the whole United States. Grazing lands are found largely in the north and west of England, although

stock-raising, as well as agriculture, is also carried on in the eastern portion. The large number of cities make the production of butter, cheese, and eggs likewise profitable.

The great mineral resources of England are iron and coal. More than three thousand square miles of coal-fields — chiefly in northern England and Wales — are worked. Until recent years, no other country could compare with England in its production of coal and iron, but now the United States and Germany are formidable rivals in this respect, our own country leading the world. Tin, lead, and zinc are also mined, but in far smaller quantities than either iron or coal.

The shallow waters surrounding the British Isles abound in fish of fine quality, fish being the only food product that Great Britain supplies in quantity to meet its own demands. The fisheries, therefore, are an important industry, the value of the annual catch being estimated at more than \$45,000,000. Billingsgate, London, is the largest fish market in the world.

Many factors (apart from the agricultural competition of other lands) have combined to turn England from an agricultural country into one of the greatest manufacturing and commercial nations in the world. Chief among these factors are its great resources of coal and iron, its damp climate (which is especially adapted to spinning), its splendid harbors, its numerous rivers, and its nearness to the sea. Great manufacturing cities, such as Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Leicester, Nottingham, and Sheffield, have grown up in the north, where natural conditions are most favorable to their development.

Cotton manufacturing (the centre of which is Manchester) is the chief industry of the United Kingdom, which furnishes two thirds of the world's output of cotton, in spite of the fact that most of the raw material must be imported. In the textile industries, woollen manufacturing is only second in importance to that of cotton, while the manu-

facture of iron and steel ware (notably at Birmingham), and of machinery, is carried on extensively. England also produces large quantities of beer, pottery, and chemicals. The manufacture of linen is the chief industry of Ireland, which produces the finest linen in the world, the extreme dampness of the climate giving a whiteness to the linen that can be attained in no other land.

It should not be forgotten that England owes much of its manufacturing supremacy to the great mechanical inventions of Englishmen, like Hargreaves and Arkwright, Crompton and Watt. Among these inventions should be mentioned the spinning jenny, the power loom, used in the manufacture of textiles, and the steam engine, which did away with the old-fashioned custom of using water power in moving machinery.

The fine harbors of England, affording splendid facilities for trade, have helped greatly to develop its manufacturing interests, just as the manufacturing cities have helped to develop the nation's immense commerce, which, in a recent year, amounted to the stupendous sum of nearly five and a half billion dollars. Newcastle, Hull, Yarmouth, Dover, Portsmouth, Southampton, Falmouth, Plymouth, Bristol, and Liverpool, with their harbors, form a marvelous line of coast cities, — a line that includes London, the greatest city in the world.

The best harbors of Wales are Swansea and Cardiff in the south, and Holyhead in the north. In Scotland, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, and Ayr are all on or near the coast. The chief cities of Ireland — Belfast, Dublin, Londonderry, Cork, Limerick, Queenstown, Waterford, and Wexford — are also all on or near the sea.

Shipbuilding is carried on extensively in the coast cities of the British Isles. The foremost shipbuilding centres are Glasgow (which leads the world in this industry) and Belfast.

Great Britain, in its ambition to be the greatest commercial nation, believes in owning more ships than any other

country. Its total shipping, estimated by tons, is at present four times as great as that of the United States, and is nearly as great as the combined shipping of all the rest of the world. **Ships.**

Great Britain has also developed a remarkable system of inland transportation by means of canals and railways, all of which add greatly to its resources. **Transportation.**

The British Isles are the centre of a vast empire that covers one fifth of the lands on the globe. The Englishman's boast is that the sun never sets on his flag. A list of all the countries comprising the British Empire will be found in the appendix of this book. These great colonial possessions furnish a vast additional source of wealth and power to the English people. **Colonial Possessions.**

The extent and remoteness of these possessions, added to the fact that Great Britain itself is merely a small island lying off the great continent of Europe, have rendered a large navy necessary. To-day England has a navy which it plans to keep always equal to the combined navies of any two powers. With such a protection, England can well feel that it is safe from invasion, and that none of its vast possessions is in danger of conquest by a foreign power. **British Navy.**

FORM OF GOVERNMENT

The form of government of the United Kingdom is a limited or constitutional monarchy, consisting of the King and Parliament. Parliament comprises two branches,—the House of Lords and the House of Commons. Members of the House of Commons are elected by the people, while birth or rank determines the membership of the House of Lords. Parliament can make new laws or alter those previously made. Its authority extends to church, civil, and military affairs.

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE

THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN (B. C. 55 – A. D. 445)

THE ancient inhabitants of Great Britain were called Britons, a people belonging to the Celtic race, which then occupied all the British Isles. The great Roman general, Julius Cæsar, found them, when he invaded the island in B. C. 55, a warlike, half-savage people, who lived much as the early American Indians lived, and who painted their bodies blue. The civilized Romans gradually conquered most of Britain, and ruled there for three centuries and a half, but finally had to withdraw from the island, in order to protect their own country from invaders. Meanwhile, they introduced Christianity, and built many great cities, roads and walls, the remains of some of which may still be seen.

ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD (445–1066)

Left to themselves again, the Britons were now more helpless than before, and after a long struggle they were finally subdued by the Saxons, and their kinspeople, the Angles and Jutes, bold and hardy sea-rovers from northern Germany. From the Angles, or Engles, who spread very widely throughout the country, England finally received its name, although the Saxons were the stronger people. English people of to-day are often called Anglo-Saxons. In connection with those early days, arose the famous stories of King Arthur, who is supposed to have been a British king, bravely fighting the Saxon invaders of his country. The Saxon conquerors of Britain were pagans and wiped out Christianity, but about the sixth century they were converted to it by missionaries from Ireland and Wales.

THE DANISH INVASIONS (787-1066)

After becoming masters of England, the Saxons themselves were repeatedly attacked by the Danes, a people from northern Europe akin to the Northmen or Vikings. The Danes finally gained almost complete possession of the country. But in the ninth century the brave and wise Saxon king known in history as Alfred the Great, forced the Danes to give up half of their conquest, and to accept Christianity. He built up a strong Saxon nation, making many wise laws, and establishing schools and churches. In the eleventh century, a Danish king again completely conquered England, and his son Canute, who succeeded him, became a wise and great ruler, who was beloved by his English subjects. Two more Danish rulers followed, and then a Saxon king, Edward the Confessor, came to the throne. In his reign London was made the capital of England, and Westminster Abbey was built.

Alfred the Great.
871-901.

Canute.
1014-1035.

Edward the Confessor.
1042-1066.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST (1066)

Saxon England, however, was soon to be conquered by the Normans, a people from the north of France, who were descended from the Northmen, or Vikings. William, Duke of Normandy, claimed that King Edward had promised him the English crown, and in a fierce battle at Hastings, in 1066, he, with his invading army, defeated Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, and became ruler of England. After his death, three of William's descendants, called Norman kings, ruled successively, and Normandy was added to England (although it was lost in later years). The French language and customs had meanwhile been introduced, and many great castles and cathedrals were built. The Normans were a better educated and more civilized people than the Saxons, and they at first looked down with scorn on the rude, simple people they had conquered, and treated them harshly. Nevertheless,

William the Conqueror.
1066-1087.

Later Norman Kings.
1087-1154.

the Normans introduced many new ways of living and of thinking into England, which was a very good thing for the country. As the years passed, the two peoples were gradually united into one, from whom the English of the present day are descended.

The English and Normans become one nation.

THE PLANTAGENETS (1154-1399)

In olden times it was not customary in any country to allow the great masses of the people to have any share in the government, and if a king happened to be selfish and tyrannical (as kings were likely to be), his subjects — especially the poorer people among them — had a very unpleasant time of it. The English, however, have always been an unusually sturdy and independent race, and their history shows them mainly engaged in one long struggle for freer and better government. At first the common people were not strong or intelligent enough to take much part in the struggle, and it was chiefly carried on by the great nobles and the clergy, who already had a share in the government, but who wanted still more freedom from the tyranny of the kings.

By a system called feudalism, the common people were subject to these great nobles, who controlled all the land; they were bound to serve them, and looked to them

Feudalism. for protection. The very poorest people were indeed little better than slaves. It was a lawless age, when nobody seemed to have any rights that anybody else was bound to respect, and as might be expected, the nobles (or barons, as they were called) were often cruel and unjust in their treatment of the poor people under them. It was a good thing, therefore, for

Henry II. 1154-1189. the whole country that the first of the new line of kings called the Plantagenets happened to be a strong and fair-minded man. He took away much of the law-

English laws are built up. less power of the barons by making better and stronger laws, and by establishing courts, and trial by jury. He was an able ruler — this Henry II — and he has been given the title of the “lawyer-king.”

Another famous, but not very useful, Plantagenet king was the bold warrior, Richard the Lion-Hearted, who cared for nothing but roaming about in foreign lands in quest of exciting adventures. Those were the days of knighthood and of chivalry, when fighting was considered the most glorious occupation a nobleman could engage in. The bravest knights of Europe, including many of royal rank, were trying to wrest the Holy Land (where Christ had lived and died) from the heathen Turks who had captured it, and Richard the Lion-Hearted, was among the most daring of these "Crusaders," as they were called.

**Richard the
Lion-
Hearted
1189-1199.**

**The
Crusades.**

But King John, who succeeded Richard, was a great coward, and such a bad, tyrannical ruler that, without intending to do so in the least, he proved of the greatest usefulness to his people in the end. For, after everybody had become thoroughly disgusted at his obstinacy and extravagance, his barons rose against him in a body (1215), and compelled him to sign a parchment taking away a large portion of the king's power to oppress the people. This was called Magna Charta (the great charter), so highly prized and so jealously guarded ever afterward by the English people that, although many later kings tried to rule without paying any attention to it, they were forced again and again to confirm it.

**John.
1199-1216.**

**The higher
classes be-
gin to de-
mand their
rights.**

**Magna
Charta.**

The barons also rose against and defeated the next king, Henry III, another extravagant and selfish man; and, as they were by this time beginning to feel that the common people had some rights in the government as well as themselves, they reorganized Parliament (the body of men who helped the king govern), and allowed men who did not belong to the nobility or the clergy to be represented in it. This was the beginning of the House of Commons in Parliament.

**Henry III.
1216-1272.**

**The com-
mon people
begin to be
represented
in Parlia-
ment.**

It was to be expected that the little country of Wales (whither long ago many of the Celtic inhabitants of

Britain had been driven by the Saxons) would some day be overcome by these bold descendants of the Saxons and Normans. This was what actually happened in the reign of Edward I, who gave his son the title of Prince of Wales, borne to this day by the eldest son of the reigning sovereign. The conquest of Ireland had already begun, and was to continue through many cruel years. The Irish were brave and freedom-loving, and perhaps would not have been conquered in the end by the English if they had been so fortunate as to have a great leader to unite them.

**Conquest
of Wales
and Ireland.**

Meanwhile, the bold and hardy Scottish people in the rugged land to the north of England had stoutly kept their independence as a nation. Nevertheless, trouble began when King Edward I was asked by them to decide as to the claims of two rival Scottish kings, Bruce and Balliol. Edward pretended at first to take the part of Balliol, but he soon put forth claims of his own to Scotland, defeated the Scots, and imprisoned Balliol. Then a brave Scotchman, Sir William Wallace, rallied his people together, and though he fought the English valiantly, he was defeated and cruelly executed. Finally, the Scotch succeeded in placing Robert Bruce (grandson of the original Bruce) on the throne. In the reign of Edward II, they regained their independence by winning from the English the great battle of Bannockburn, of which all Scotch people to this day are so proud.

**Trouble
with Scot-
land.**

**Edward II.
1307-1330.**

When Edward III ascended the English throne, the Scotch were still upset over the question of whether they should be ruled by a Bruce or a Balliol. They were greatly enraged when Edward, by helping Balliol to become king, gained control over a large part of their country.

In their struggle with England, the Scots received help from the French. Partly because of this, but chiefly because he claimed through his mother, who was a French princess,

title to the French throne, Edward began the famous Hundred Years' War with France, carried on at intervals by later kings. In this war, the common people of England were to play an important part. All this time, they had been growing stronger and more intelligent, and had been gradually freeing themselves from the power of the great nobles, to whom, in earlier times, they had all looked for protection in time of war. The English armies were no longer composed, as in former days, of knights and men-at-arms, fighting clumsily on horseback, while weighted down with heavy armor. The great victories gained by the English in the Hundred Years' War were won by the sturdy English yeomen, who fought on foot with their longbows and arrows. For these yeomen, the French armies, still made up of knights on horseback, and of archers who used the old-fashioned clumsy crossbow, were no match.

**Beginning
of the Hun-
dred Years'
War.**

**Rise of the
English
yeomen.**

You will remember that the Normans introduced the French language into England. English, however, had always continued to be the language of the common people, although the educated classes used French and Latin. In the fourteenth century, at the time we find the first great English poet writing (Geoffrey Chaucer, author of the "Canterbury Tales"), English had become and was henceforth to remain the language of the whole people.

**English be-
comes the
national
language.**

The English Parliament had, from very earliest times, even when not so powerful as now, claimed the right to say what king should be allowed to rule. So when, in this same fourteenth century, a certain king (Richard II) had displeased the people by his acts of tyranny, and had been compelled by them to give up his throne, Parliament bestowed it on his cousin, Henry, Duke of Lancaster, who, as Henry IV, started a new line of English rulers called the House of Lancaster.

**Richard II.
1377-1399.**

**Parliament
exercises
its right to
choose a
ruler.**

HOUSE OF LANCASTER (1399-1461)

During the reign of Henry IV, the House of Commons gained more power than it had ever had before, although it **Henry IV.** was destined, in later years, to lose a good deal of **1399-1413.** it again, as we shall see.

The second Lancaster king was the brilliant and dashing King Henry V, who was more ambitious for glory in war **Henry V.** than for the good of his subjects. So he continued **1413-1422.** the Hundred Years' War (which had ceased in previous reigns), and was so successful that he gained possession of northern France, and married the French **Henry VI.** princess. A little later, in the reign of Henry's **1422-1461.** son (Henry VI), the wonderful young French peasant girl, Joan of Arc, who believed that she had been sent by God to save her country, took charge of the French armies, **Joan of Arc.** and won great victories from the English. France was saved, but Joan was captured by the English and burned at the stake as a witch. Soon afterward, the English lost all they had gained in France, except the city of Calais. Thus ended the Hundred Years' War, which had caused such terrible suffering. It had shown how much needless harm a ruler who was vain and ambitious for mere glory could do to his own people and to those of other lands as well.

But this war was hardly over when the selfish ambition of would-be kings caused some terrible wars in England, fought between the House of Lancaster, represented by King Henry **The "Wars of the Roses."** VI, and the House of York, another branch of royalty that claimed the throne. The fierce contests that were waged between the two Houses were called the "Wars of the Roses," because the emblem of Lancaster was a red rose, and that of York a white one.

HOUSE OF YORK (1461-1485)

After some bloody fighting, carried on mainly by the nobility, who were most interested in the outcome, and during

which first one side and then the other gained the mastery, the House of York triumphantly placed King Edward IV on the throne. The people, in their desire to have a worthy king, had taken sides with first one claimant and then another, dissatisfied with the faults of each. Yet so little responsibility toward their people did kings of those days feel, that hardly any ruler could be depended upon to act wholly for the interests of his subjects. The reign of Edward IV is notable, not because of his own worth, but because the first printing press was set up in England by William Caxton, in 1477. The placing, by this means, of printed books within the reach of large numbers of people, made them all brighter, more intelligent, and more eager for the greater liberty that was to come to them in later years.

**Edward IV.
1461-1483.**

**The first
printing
press is set
up in Eng-
land.**

The little son of Edward would have succeeded his father, as Edward V, but, with his younger brother, he was killed in the Tower of London by his wicked and ambitious uncle, who became King Richard III. The English people, horrified at Richard's baseness, rallied to the support of a new leader, Henry Tudor, the nearest surviving claimant to the throne, who became King Henry VII, the first of the Tudor kings.

Edward V.

**Richard III.
1483-1485.**

THE TUDORS (1485-1603)

When these Tudor sovereigns came in, there was no strong nobility left to resist the power of the kings, for large numbers had been killed in the "Wars of the Roses." Parliament, also, had completely lost its power. The Tudor kings, therefore, were destined to be the most independent and haughty rulers that England had had for many years. Yet, after all the excitement and bloodshed of the "Wars of the Roses," it was perhaps a good thing for England, in many ways, to have a strong central government such as these Tudor sovereigns built up.

**The tired
people sub-
mit to a
stern mon-
archical
rule.**

It was during the reign of the first Tudor that Columbus

discovered America (1492). Immediately after that wonderful discovery, European kings began to send explorers and colonizers to the New World. John Cabot, setting out in the name of the English king, discovered the mainland of North America in 1497.

Henry VIII, the second Tudor sovereign, stands out in history as the most thoroughly wicked and selfish of all the English kings. He knew no law but his own wishes. Events, however, of the greatest importance, happened in his reign. Upon the Pope's refusing him a divorce from his wife that he might marry again, he declared the Pope to be no longer head of the English church, and setting up a national church, he made himself its head.

This church remained at first a good deal like the Roman Catholic Church in its form of worship, although changed and modified in later years. At first most of the people stoutly objected to the change Henry had forced upon them, and many were persecuted by the self-willed king for refusing to acknowledge him as head of the church. As the years passed, however, more and more people grew accustomed to the change, until finally practically the whole of England had become greatly attached to the Protestant faith, and was ready at all times to fight for it. Henry's son, Edward VI, who succeeded him, was also declared head of the church, but upon his death, his sister Mary, who became queen, tried to restore the Roman Catholic Church to power in England, and persecuted many of her subjects who would not return to it.

Mary's sister, Queen Elizabeth, who succeeded her, made the national religion Protestant again, but she, too, had a great deal of trouble in trying to make all of her subjects worship according to the royal will. By this time, many Protestants had come to believe in and to practice a simpler or "purer" form of religion than that of the established church. For this reason they were called Puri-

tans, and Elizabeth punished them for their disobedience almost as severely as she did Catholics. It was an age when kings and queens thought they had a perfect right to force upon their subjects the form of religion which they themselves approved.

The rise of the Puritans.

The reign of Elizabeth, or the "Elizabethan Age," as it is called, was one of the greatest in English history. Elizabeth's subjects were, on the whole, fond of their queen, because they realized that, notwithstanding her many cruelties, she was really devoted to England, and, in spite of religious differences, a decided national feeling came about. This was greatly increased after the English had destroyed the Invincible Armada, the enormous fleet which Spain had sent to conquer England.

The Invincible Armada.

After this victory England was, for the first time, a really powerful nation. Commerce flourished as never before, while Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, and other bold and courageous men sailed on their voyages of exploration. Famous writers arose, to express in books, in plays, and in poems, the new knowledge, ideas, and feelings that the discovery of a New World and the invention of printing had spread among the people. The greatest of these writers was Shakespeare. Others were Edmund Spenser, Ben Jonson, Sir Francis Bacon, and Beaumont and Fletcher.

The greatness of the Elizabethan age.

THE HOUSE OF STUART (1603-1714)

Elizabeth was the last of the Tudors, her successor being James Stuart, who was heir also to the throne of Scotland. By his accession as James I, he united the thrones of England and Scotland. James was the first of a line of kings who, by their reckless disregard for the rights of their subjects, were to bring great trouble to England. He was very conceited, but so unlike a king in looks and manner that people began to lose the deep respect for royalty which the haughty

James I. 1603-1625.

The people begin to assert themselves.

Tudors had inspired. Besides, the religious persecution from which they had suffered had aroused their spirit. Parliament had now got back much of its old-time power, and as James thought that kings had a "divine right" to do everything they pleased, whether fair to the people or not, he was constantly quarreling with it. James's reign is notable because the first successful English colony was planted in America, at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607. (Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1585, had tried to plant one in Roanoke, Virginia, but had failed.) The Pilgrim Fathers, also, who were Independents in religion (that is, they believed in even a simpler religion than the Puritans), and who had fled to Holland to escape King James's persecution, sailed in the Mayflower, in 1620, and made the first settlement in New England, at Plymouth, Mass.

First English settlements in America.

Charles I proved an even greater tyrant than his father, James I. He taxed the people unmercifully, he tried to govern without the consent of Parliament, and finally without any Parliament at all. By this time, the House of Commons in Parliament had grown very strong, and many Puritans were among its members. They decided to submit no longer to Charles's rule, but to set up a government of their own, and to force their own religion upon the country. So the great Civil War broke out, between Parliament and the common people (called Roundheads because they wore their hair short) on one side, and the king and his friends (who were called Cavaliers) on the other. A great leader of the Roundheads soon arose in the stern and harsh Puritan, Oliver Cromwell. Under his leadership, the king's party was defeated at Marston Moor and Naseby. Charles was brought to trial by Parliament as a tyrant and traitor, and beheaded.

The office of king was abolished, and England was at last ruled by the representatives of her common people. The government was called a Commonwealth, and Cromwell was the Lord Protector. During Cromwell's rule many victories were won by the English in foreign

The monarchy is overthrown.

waters. One of the greatest English poets, the Puritan, John Milton, who wrote "Paradise Lost," lived during these troublous times, as did, also, John Bunyan, author of "Pilgrim's Progress."

Cromwell's son, Richard, succeeded him as Lord Protector, but soon resigned. Most of the people had now become tired of the harsh rule and stern religion of the Puritans, and were anxious to have a king again. So Charles's exiled son was invited to ascend the throne as Charles II. The Puritans, or Roundheads, were immediately swept out of power, and large numbers of them were punished, for the Cavaliers now ruled both in Parliament and in the church.

The monarchy is restored.

Charles, however, soon proved himself so worthless a king that even his devoted friends, the Cavaliers, were forced to see it. A party inclining to Puritanism again grew up in Parliament, and there was constant strife between the king and the House of Commons. The people, however, won another great victory, when the famous Habeas Corpus Act was enacted by Parliament in 1679. This established the right of untried prisoners to be brought on demand before a judge for investigation of the charges on which they were held.

Charles II. 1660-1685.

The Habeas Corpus Act.

For a number of years past, English people had been steadily emigrating to America, and their colonies had grown very strong. Large numbers of Puritans, who had been dissatisfied with the state of things in England during previous reigns, had settled in New England, the first having arrived not long after the Pilgrims. In this way the English were extending their power all along the Atlantic coast. In 1665, England went to war with the Dutch, after having boldly seized the great province of New Netherlands in America (now New York) which the Dutch had settled. In 1681, the English gained still more territory in America when Charles II granted the province of Pennsylvania to William Penn for settlement. The eminent scientist,

English colonies in America.

Sir Isaac Newton, and John Locke, the philosopher, lived in this reign, and among the great writers was John Dryden.

Charles was succeeded by his brother, James II, who was a Catholic; but the people preferred to have a Protestant king, and he was obliged to give up his throne and leave the country. The people of England were now more determined than ever to choose their own rulers, and they resolved never again to let any king govern without the consent of Parliament. James's daughter, Mary, and her husband, the Dutch Prince of Orange, came over from Holland, by invitation of the people, and became joint rulers of England, after having agreed to the Declaration of Rights drawn up by Parliament, which took away forever from English kings the power of governing without the consent of Parliament. What is called a constitutional monarchy was now definitely established in England, and remains to this day. With the help of France and Ireland James tried to regain his throne, but was defeated at the Battle of the Boyne, in Ireland. During the reign of the two sovereigns, war with France was carried on, which, in America, was called King William's War.

William and Mary were succeeded by Mary's sister, Queen Anne, who was not clever enough to take any real part in the government. This was a good opportunity for the House of Commons to do the real ruling, and it has ever since continued to do it, except in the reign of George III. The intense religious feeling had died down, and everybody was now much more interested in politics. Parliament had been for some time made up of two great political parties, — the Tories, who believed in aristocracy, and the Whigs, who were people of more liberal ideas.

The war with France was continued (in America it was called Queen Anne's War), and a great general, the Duke of

Marlborough, won the battle of Blenheim and other splendid victories. England and Scotland were united in this reign into the Kingdom of Great Britain, with one Parliament and one crown (1707). England gained from France, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and was now richer and more powerful than she had ever been before. Many great writers lived at this time. Chief among them were Swift, Addison, Pope, and Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe."

**Union of
England
and Scot-
land.**

THE HOUSE OF HANOVER (1714—

George I, the next king, was a German prince, of the House of Hanover, the great-grandson of James I. His reign was peaceful and prosperous, but he was such a weak king that the part he should have taken in the government was represented by his advisors, or, as they were called, "ministers," who were chosen from the ruling party in Parliament. Among these Sir Robert Walpole became so powerful that he really created the office of Prime Minister of England.

**George I.
1714-1742.**

**Government
by min-
isters.**

In the reign of George II, a brilliant man, William Pitt, the elder, became War Minister, and England won many triumphs on land and sea. In the war with France (in America called the French and Indian War), Canada was taken, and the struggle with France in America came to an end. England also gained possession of India through the energy of a great company of English merchants (the East India Company), and by several great naval victories she became the acknowledged mistress of the sea.

**George II.
1742-1760.**

**The English
Empire is
expanded.**

George III, the next king, was very different from the Hanoverian kings who had preceded him. He was so determined to govern in his own way that Parliament and his ministers were weak enough to give in to him. Through his obstinacy he brought a great disaster upon England, for, by his high-handed and scornful treatment of

**George III.
1760-1820.**

the American colonies, he provoked the American Revolution, by which they won their independence, in 1783.

The American Revolution.

Although England lost her American colonies in this reign, she gained the great region of Australia and New Zealand by sending out, in 1769, an exploring expedition in charge of Captain Cook, which took possession of this whole territory.

From 1800 to 1812, England was at war with the great French general, Napoleon, who had become master of Europe.

England gains lands and prestige. Lord Nelson with his fleet prevented Napoleon from invading England, and won the famous naval battle of Trafalgar (1805).

In 1812, the Duke of Wellington completely defeated Napoleon in the battle of Waterloo. Among the great writers of the period were the

Union of England and Ireland. Scotch poet, Robert Burns, and the famous novelist, Sir Walter Scott. The union of England and Ireland occurred in 1800, but Ireland was not admitted on the independent footing that had been given to Scotland.

During the reign of George IV, an event occurred of great importance to England, and eventually to the whole world. A clever engineer named George Stephenson, after much study and labor, constructed a locomotive, and built the first steam railway in the world's history.

George IV. 1820-1830. **First steam railway.**

In the reign of the next king, William IV, Parliament was made more truly representative of the people than it had ever been before, and many important reform laws for the benefit of the people were enacted, for England had passed at last into the era of democracy. The long reign of the good Queen Victoria, who succeeded William, was especially notable for its reforms. Among these were laws more favorable to Ireland, which had suffered for so many years from the harsh treatment of English landlords. William E. Gladstone, the great leader

of the English Liberal party, tried several times to have enacted a bill for Home Rule for Ireland, but was unsuccessful.

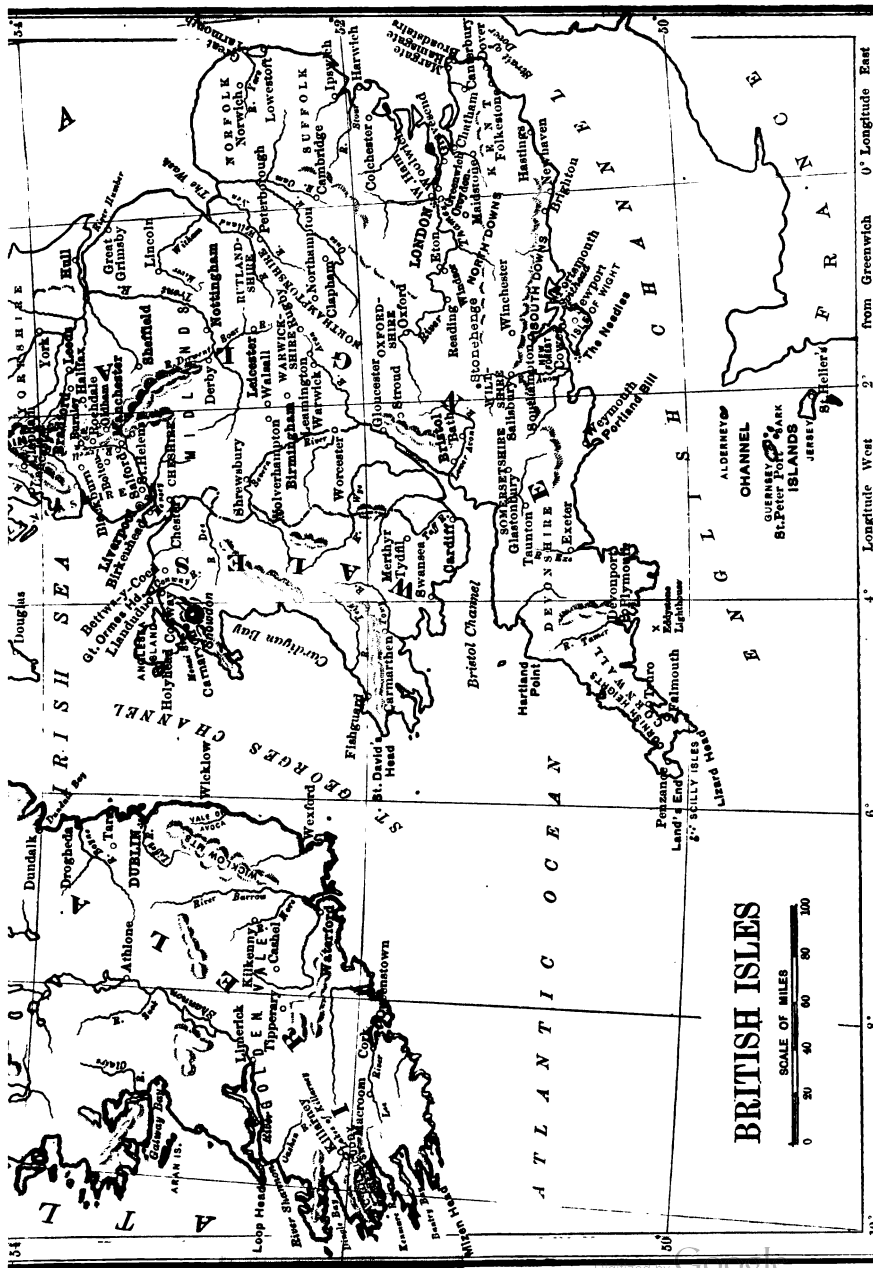
The harsh treatment of Ireland is lessened.

England also made additions to her vast empire in this reign. She acquired large portions of central Africa, and by winning the Boer War she gained possession of the Transvaal in South Africa. Queen Victoria died in 1901, after the longest reign in English history, and was succeeded by the present king, Edward VII.

The Empire is still further expanded.

The Victorian Age (as the reign of Queen Victoria is called) occupied the larger portion of the nineteenth century. It stands out as the greatest of all ages, — for it had all the wisdom and all the mistakes of the past to guide it. It was an age of wonderful literature, and of still more wonderful discoveries in science. Among its great writers were the poets Tennyson and Browning, and the novelists, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot. It saw the marvelous development of electricity, of the railway, the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, and photography, and it saw countless discoveries and inventions which have made life safer, more comfortable, and more pleasant for everybody. And now at the beginning of the twentieth century, England and the whole world is at the threshold of a still more wonderful age. For all the people are enjoying greater liberties than ever before, and the spirit of kindness and of human brotherhood among all classes is growing stronger every day.

Greatness of the Victorian Age.



THE BRITISH ISLES

CHAPTER I

THE VOYAGE

Crossing the Atlantic — Size of Boats — Leaving the Dock — The Pilot — New York Harbor — Speed — Rooms of Passengers — Games — Sitting on Deck — Colors of the Ocean — Dining-Saloon — Change of Time — The Captain — Bells — Dangers — Routes — Smokestacks — Consumption of Coal — Stokers — Dolphins — Porpoises — Whales — Birds — Distance of the Horizon — Storms at Sea — First Sight of Land — Queenstown Harbor.

IN this little book we are to accompany a party of American boys and girls and their parents on a visit to the British Isles. As long as these young people can remember, "Old England," "Old Ireland," and "Bonnie Scotland" have been familiar words to them; in fact, their own ancestors came from these very countries. And now they are to have the long-wished-for opportunity of actually seeing these lands.

The voyage they will make, however, will not be very much like the voyages that their ancestors made. Sixty years ago, most of the boats were sailing vessels, and the people who came to America on them suffered more than we can realize to-day. The voyage was long, continuing several weeks. Sometimes the food gave out, or the supply of water failed; sometimes wild storms at sea broke the masts or tore the sails, when the vessels might drift for days, even if they did not go down.

How different it all is to-day! Now the boats are driven by steam, and some of them are so fast that less than a week is required for the voyage. There is enough food on board to last for many days, and the ships are like great

floating hotels. The voyage is also much safer now. We are told that more lives are lost on trolley-cars than on Atlantic liners.

The liners are huge ships made of iron or steel. The largest of them are almost a thousand feet long, and have as many as eight decks, with elevators to carry passengers from one deck to another. A passenger on one of these mammoth vessels said not long ago, "I do not like the big boats because I lose my way on them, and cannot find the deck where my room is." The largest and swiftest ships are the most expensive to travel on, and for this reason many prefer the smaller boats; but even these are not very small.

One may sail for Europe from Boston, or Philadelphia, or New York; but the party with whom we are to travel is to sail from New York, on one of the medium-sized boats,—one that is seven hundred feet in length and seventy-five feet from one side of the deck to the other. The passengers have all been assigned to one of the three classes,—first-cabin, second-cabin, and steerage. As our boat has a full list, there are about four hundred of the first-cabin, three hundred of the second, and perhaps a thousand of the steerage; including the officers and crew, there are more than two thousand people on board,—more than live in many a village!

The very minute that our vessel is scheduled to sail, she begins to move out of her slip in charge of a pilot, who is to direct her course down the harbor. It is an exciting moment. On the crowded pier, hats and hands and handkerchiefs are waved at the departing travelers; and we, in company with throngs of other people on the deck, wave in response.

As soon as the steamer is free from the dock, her speed is increased. We make our way down the harbor,

past the famous "sky-scrapers" of New York, past the majestic statue of Liberty holding her torch aloft, past Brooklyn, Staten Island, and Coney Island. As we steam



LEAVING THE DOCK

by Sandy Hook, the boys try to get a glimpse of the huge guns which they have heard can send a cannon-ball seven miles out to sea ; but it is only a glimpse, for most of the guns are hidden from sight.

After Sandy Hook has been left behind, our course is changed and the vessel is headed easterly, in the direction of the Banks of Newfoundland. There is a brief stop to enable the pilot to clamber over the rail and descend the swaying rope-ladder to the yawl which is to bear him away from the vessel.

"The next stop is Queenstown !" one excited small boy shouts, and all who hear him smile in sympathy, and hope his words will prove to be true.

Pretty soon we are racing along under full steam ; if there is no mishap, a speed that varies from twelve to twenty-five knots¹ an hour will be kept up day and night, in fair weather or in storm, till we dock on the other side of the ocean.

Meanwhile, most of the boys and many of the girls have become familiar with all parts of the ship. Lengthwise within the ship are narrow little hall-ways, that in some boats extend the length of the deck, and along these are the staterooms, or cabins. What little rooms they are, — only about eleven feet square ! On one side of each room are two small beds or berths, one above the other, and on the opposite side is a couch. These, together with the tiny clothes-press and wash-stand, do not leave very much vacant space ; but the rooms are beautifully finished, and are well lighted by two windows that open upon the deck, if the rooms are "outside." The cabin, and in fact the whole boat, is well equipped with lights and bells.

We do not, however, use our cabins very much except for sleeping, for we spend most of the time in fair weather on deck, where, if we like, we can play games of various kinds, such as shuffle-board, ring-toss, tether-ball, and even deck-golf. In the steamer-chairs, placed in a long row from one end of the deck to the other, passengers can almost always be found sitting, — perhaps wrapped in rugs, if the weather is cool, — reading, talking with their neighbors, or watching the restless, changing water. Some days the sea will be as blue as the sky ; again, when the wind veers or clouds appear, it may change to a vivid green, and the rolling waves will be tipped with white. The most wonderful of all the impres-

¹ A knot is a nautical mile, — a little longer than an ordinary mile.

sions of the ocean, however, is that which a boy once voiced when he said, "I can't get over how much there is of it!"



ON DECK

In the evening, and in stormy weather, many of the passengers assemble in the music room or the parlors, which are handsomely furnished; the library and writing-room will attract others. The dining-saloon, however, is the common meeting-place. The long tables here are fastened to the floor, and the chairs revolve, but cannot be removed. Racks are placed along the edges of the tables, to prevent the dishes from slipping to the floor when the ship is tossing in a heavy sea.

Before we have been long at sea, we are compelled to change the time of our watches. Every night, at midnight, the ship's clock is set ahead a half hour or more, so that the time on board will be the correct time in that

part of the world. London time is more than five hours earlier than that of New York. As the earth revolves on its axis from west to east, London sees the sun long before it appears to the people of New York.



IN THE CABIN

The captain of our ship is a strong man, with a weather-beaten face. He has supreme command on ship-board, and can even arrest people and confine them in their rooms if they do not obey the rules. Although there are several other officers, the captain is the one in whose charge the boat is placed, and in a storm or fog he must stay on the bridge day and night to see that all is well. In fair weather, he often comes on deck and talks to the passengers, and he shows his interest in our party by answering the many questions which we wish to ask. Just

now he approaches us, and the usual volley of questions begins.

"Where was this boat built?" asks one of the boys.

"At Belfast," replies the captain.

"How long did it take to build it?"

"Two years."

"How much freight is there on board?"

"We can carry twenty-four thousand tons."

Just then, five strokes of a bell are heard.

"Captain! What is that bell?" cries one of the girls.

"That is our clock," laughs the captain. "Twelve o'clock, four, and eight are each 'eight bells.' When that has been struck, one bell is struck at the end of the next half hour, two at the second, three at the third, and so on, until eight have been sounded, and then we begin again."

"Then, five bells is half-past two!" a boy exclaims triumphantly.

"What are the greatest dangers on a voyage?" asks a rather timid girl.

"Fog and fire. You remember how foggy it was when we were passing the Banks of Newfoundland. Sometimes we run into a fog there that lasts for days, and we have to set our whistle so that it will blow once every minute."

"What causes the fog?"

"As you know, cold air cannot hold so much moisture as warm air. Therefore, when the warm, moist air over the Gulf Stream (which has been flowing northward through the Atlantic) meets the cold winds blowing from the north and becomes chilled by them, its moisture is condensed in the form of mist or fog."

"Did you ever run into another boat in a fog?"

"No; but once, off the Banks, we came so close to a fishing schooner that we could have tossed a coin on to

her deck. Usually, however, there is not very much danger of collision, for every year the officials of the various lines meet and arrange just what course every boat shall take, going and coming."

"Exactly the same course, — like a trolley-track?" asks one of the boys quickly.

"As nearly as we can make it, though sometimes the storms keep us out of the exact course. If each ship holds to her course, there is really little danger on the Atlantic. Whatever might happen, we ought to be able to keep the boat afloat, and our chart shows us where other boats are likely to be, so that we can get help by sending a Marconigram to them. Wireless telegraphy has made ocean-going very much safer than it used to be."

"What is the diameter of those big round smoke-stacks?" asks another boy.



THE SMOKESTACKS

"They are not round, although they appear to be. They are seventeen feet one way and eleven feet the other. If they were flat on the ground, you could drive a team of horses right through them."

"You must burn a tremendous amount of coal!" exclaims a boy.

"About two hundred and sixty tons a day," replies the cap-

tain. "We usually coal up for a round trip, taking on about six thousand tons."

"Who looks after the fires?"

"The stokers feed the fires, and we have 'trimmers' and other workers besides."

"The stoking must be very hot and hard work."

"It is. The men work in gangs of eight for four hours, and then have eight hours off."

"Are passengers allowed to go down and see the engines?" inquires a boy eagerly.

"Yes," replies the captain, with a smile. "You shall see the place where we get our 13,500 horse power to drive the ship."

We thank the captain for his courtesy as he passes on, and our attention is next drawn to a school of porpoises playing in the water near the ship. Indeed, almost every day of the voyage dolphins or porpoises are seen, rolling in the water, or leaping from wave to wave very much as boys dive, and they appear to enjoy it, too, almost as much as boys enjoy the sport. One day, a whale is seen far out on the ocean, and, when it spouts, a column of water is plainly visible.

We are much interested, also, in noting the birds that follow the ship. Even in mid-ocean, fifteen hundred miles from either shore, birds are to be seen following us still, — the circling gulls or swiftly flying Mother Carey's chickens. How it is possible for a bird to fly so long and so far from shore is puzzling, but an old sailor explains that the birds occasionally rest on the water, and some of them even come and perch on the masts. Only a few days before, he had seen a little land-bird alight on the deck when the ship was a thousand miles from shore, and he said it had probably been blown out to sea by a storm from the coast of Ireland. All the sailors are kind



AT SEA

to the wearied little creatures, and believe it is bad luck not to feed them.

We are surprised when we learn that "out of sight of land" does not mean any great distance from the shore. From the deck it is not possible to see farther than from five to eight miles. Up in the "crow's nest," — the basket-like contrivance high on the foremast, in which, night and day, one or two sailors are stationed to keep watch, — one can see farther ; but the horizon is not nearly so far away as it seems to be.

A storm at sea is one of the grandest sights in all the world, and if the boat is in mid-ocean, there is really very little danger. When the storm is at its height, the great billows seem to be racing as if they were trying to see which could be first to reach the ship and strike it hardest. Sometimes the bow is under a huge mass of water, and then the "whir" of the propeller can be felt when the stern of the boat is lifted high in the air. The howling of the wind, the roar of the sea, and the rolling



AN OCEAN BILLOW

of the ship terrify some of the passengers, but others enjoy it all. The ship pitches and rolls so that a person who tries to walk staggers almost like a drunken man ; but the boat was built to meet such experiences, and she "behaves" well. When the storm has passed, nearly all the passengers are glad that they have seen it, although a few of them prefer never to see another.

On the seventh day of the voyage, all on board are greatly excited when it is known that the southwest coast of Ireland has been sighted. The hills on the far-away shore at first appear like masses of clouds, but as we draw nearer and nearer, they rise before us, green and beautiful, — a refreshing sight after our week on the wide ocean.

Ireland is one of more than five thousand islands which together form the British Isles, or the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. These islands lie on the eastern border of the Atlantic, nearly three thousand miles northeast of the United States. Many of them are

mere rocks that barely rise above the surface of the sea. We are to devote by far the greater portion of our trip to visiting the largest of them, — Great Britain (which includes England, Scotland; and Wales) and Ireland. Great Britain is but a little larger than Minnesota, and Ireland is about the same size as Maine or South Carolina.

The people who have lived on these islands have been the greatest sailors, explorers, and colonizers ever known, and to-day they have the largest fleets and navy the world has ever seen. There is no nation in the world with which we do so much business as with the United Kingdom, nor do the British Isles have so great commercial relations with any other nation as with us. Then, too, the inhabitants of Great Britain had more to do with settling the United States, making her early laws, establishing her schools and colleges, and building her churches, than the people of any other nation.

We shall be greatly interested, then, in traveling through these islands and in learning, by observation, about the people who inhabit them; who they are; how they live; what they produce; the causes and means of their success; their cities, farms, mines, and mills; their government, schools, and colleges; their railways and canals; and their battle-fields and castles.

Queenstown Harbor, which we are now approaching, is very beautiful, with its ten square miles of water, so deep that the largest vessels can safely enter. On the hills, one on each side, keeping guard over the city and its harbor, stand two great forts. Our ship does not enter the harbor, but stops just outside, and two tenders — sidewheel steamers, the *America* and the *Ireland* — come alongside to receive the passengers, the baggage, and the mails for Ireland. More than an hour is required for this transfer, and while the boat is waiting, bright Irish

boys come on board to sell newspapers. These papers are eagerly bought, for they bring us the first real news of what the world has been doing during the week we have been on the ocean. Soon our ship resumes her voyage, and when she next stops, we shall be in Liverpool, where we are to begin our travels in the British Isles.

QUESTIONS

From what ports in the United States can you sail for the British Isles?

At what places in the United Kingdom can you land?

What is the distance from New York to Liverpool? How long is the voyage? In what directions do you go?

What are ocean currents? Where on your voyage are you most likely to find fogs? What is the cause of the fogs?

How is the route or course of your boat determined?

Mention three reasons why the people of the United States are interested in the British Isles.

Does England ship more goods to the United States than she receives from us? Give a reason for your answer.

If you do not change the time of your watch during your voyage, will your watch be slow or fast when you arrive in London? How much? Why? How is time reckoned on ship-board?

What land will you first see?

Where is Queenstown? Why does your boat stop there?

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITTEN WORK

Imagining yourself two hundred miles at sea, write a Marconigram to a friend on shore and another to one on another boat. Tell how each message will be sent and received.

Write a brief description of a voyage across the Atlantic sixty years ago.

Write a brief description of a voyage across the Atlantic to-day.

CHAPTER II

FIRST VIEWS OF ENGLAND

Liverpool — The Mersey — Docks — Foreign Trade — Customs — Trolley-Cars — Signboards — English Money — Canals, Railways, and Steamships — Nearby Industries (Mining, Cotton, and Woolen Manufacturing) — Other Industries — Streets, Parks, Museums, and Colleges — Manchester — Contrast between the North of England and the South — English Names in America — Birkenhead.

It is early in the morning when we come on deck again, for the run through St. George's Channel from Queenstown to Liverpool has taken all night. While we



AN OCEAN STEAMER IN DRY-DOCK
Showing the propellers

slept we have been speeding past the rugged coast of Wales, and now, far away on our right, we have a good view of its high hills and deep bays. On the water all about us are many little sailboats with dun-colored sails. The men on board these vessels are plainly as much interested in the great steamer as are her many passengers, crowding about the rails, in the strange sights they see. But

there are no salutes from one boat to another, nor does the whistle greet even the huge boats that are starting

on their way back across the Atlantic. The people of England are much more quiet in their ways than Americans.

At last we enter the mouth of the river Mersey, the port of the great city of Liverpool. Here we see a vast number of ships entering or leaving the harbor, — many, perhaps, starting for South America or Africa, — for Liverpool has a larger export trade than any other city in the British Isles. A great many little tugs are darting about, and there are tiny canal-boats which have made their way down the narrow canals that enter the Mersey. Noisy steam dredges are working away to prevent the long sand-bars in the mouth of the Mersey from choking up the river, and we are told that they are working this



A DOCK AT LIVERPOOL

way almost constantly. High on the banks are forts to protect the city, with its great harbor and its ships, from a foreign enemy in time of war.

“What wonderful docks!” we cannot help exclaiming, as the steamer now approaches its landing stage.

These docks, like those in all the English harbors, are not of wood, as most of those in our own harbors are, but of stone, solid and lasting. In Liverpool there are nearly forty miles of "quays" as the English people call them, and of floating docks there are nine miles! The latter are so built that they rise and fall with the tides; but when we look at them we can scarcely distinguish them from the quay itself to which they are made fast. We see the need of such docks when we learn that Liverpool has a yearly foreign trade that exceeds in value more than a billion dollars, sending out one third of all the exports and receiving more than one third of the imports of the United Kingdom.

On the dock there is the usual crowd to welcome incoming travelers, and among them are agents for the railroads who come on board to sell tickets to London and other cities. Before the people go ashore, long chutes are adjusted to the boat, down which the trunks and bags are sent in a steady stream. Every piece of baggage has on it the initials of its owner, and as soon as the pieces reach the dock they are taken and arranged in order in the custom-house. If a person's name chances to be "Black," he must look for his trunk in the baggage which has been collected under a huge "B." If his name is "Jones," he will find his belongings under the letter "J." Before he is free to take it, however, he may be requested to open his trunk and permit the customs officers to see what it contains; and if he has any sweets, spirits, perfumery, or other taxable articles, he must first pay the duty. Most articles, however, are not taxed as they are in America, for Great Britain is largely a free-trade country.

At last we are free to leave the station. Some of our party enter cabs and are driven at once to a hotel. The



THE END OF THE VOYAGE

cabbies do not make a babel of noise as they do in New York, and it is good to find that the fare is very much cheaper than at home. Some of us, however, prefer to ride on one of the strange-looking trolley-cars, which have seats upstairs as well as downstairs. We climb the little circular steps and secure seats outside, where we can have the air and see all that is going on.

Liverpool is plainly a very smoky and a very busy place, and we are surprised to find how much like an American city it appears. Yet before reaching our hotel we see that in many ways it is quite different. To begin with, our fare is only a penny, or two cents in American money, for in England one pays according to the distance

one rides. The conductor who receives the coin punches a ticket which he hands back to the passenger. In reply to our question about these tickets, we are told that an inspector may at any time enter the car to collect the tickets, and if a passenger does not have one he will have to pay his fare again.

On our ride, we hear the elevated railroad spoken of as the "overhead"; we make out, from signs over the doorways, that a "booking office" is a ticket office; and that a "fruiterer and greengrocer" is a dealer in fruits and vegetables. We are astonished, also, to see foot-passengers turning to the left instead of to the right, and we wonder if we can ever get used to so queer a custom.

We know, of course, that American money must first be changed into the coin of the realm before it will be of any use to us in England. So after we are comfortably settled in our hotel, in which we already have engaged rooms by telegraph, we diligently put our minds to the problem of learning English money.

"Twelve pence make a shilling, twenty shillings make a pound," we repeat glibly. As an English penny is equal to about two American cents, we conclude, for convenience, that a shilling is worth about a quarter. We find, too, that practically we can call a pound about five dollars, and a sixpence twelve and a half cents.

We are greatly surprised to learn that the English use very little paper money. The Bank of England issues notes for five pounds and for greater amounts, but that is all. We shall use for money, the crown, — the largest silver piece, — equal to five shillings; the silver half-crown; the florin, or two-shilling piece; the shilling; the sixpence, and the three-penny piece. The copper coins are the penny, the halfpenny (which is commonly called



LIVERPOOL FROM THE LANDING STAGE

the "hā'penny"), and the farthing, though one does not see many of the last. The larger gold pieces, we are told, are pounds or sovereigns, and the smaller are half-pounds. The guinea, which is worth twenty-one shillings, we find is no longer in circulation, though the word is still used in trade.

Long practice makes the English skillful in counting their money. We are surprised when, in going through Liverpool shops, we see how rapidly the clerks add the columns of pounds, shillings, and pence. An Englishman, however, said to us one day: "The American and French systems of money are simpler than ours and more easily learned. I have no doubt our boys are kept longer in school than they would be if our money were not so difficult to learn. Still, I like our coin better than I do your paper money. The paper money becomes filthy after it has passed through many hands."

It is true that American bank notes sometimes are

not very clean, but one day, after we have seen a man counting a great pile of British coins, we think that even gold and silver are not always cleaner than our bills. This man had his coat off and his sleeves were rolled up. His hands and wrists were black from handling the money.

After we have spent several days in Liverpool, we find how big, and busy, and wonderful a place it is. Next to London, it is the largest city in England. A network of canals enters it at the mouth of the Mersey, and it is also a terminus of several important railway systems. Its steamship lines connect it with almost every harbor in the United Kingdom, and its steamers depart for almost every country in the world. Wheat is even brought without change from Duluth, Minnesota, which is itself two thousand miles from the ocean. Within a radius of fifty miles of Liverpool there is a great population of more than three million, largely engaged in manufacturing cotton, iron, and steel. A great many people also work in the numerous coal and salt mines not far away, which we will later visit. All these people must be fed, and all the goods they make must be sold, and Liverpool is the port for it all.

Cotton manufacturing is the most important industry of Great Britain, which produces two thirds of the world's output of cotton goods, most of the raw cotton being brought from America. Situated a little northeast of Liverpool, on the river Irwell, and second to Liverpool in size, is Manchester, the great centre of the cotton industry. Its damp climate, for an abundance of moisture is needed to make the finest cotton, enables Manchester to manufacture vast quantities of cotton goods. At Nottingham and other places not far from Liverpool cotton hosiery and cotton lace are made. As cotton machinery naturally is made where cotton machines

are used, great quantities are manufactured in Manchester, and nearby cities, and shipped from Liverpool.

Next in importance to the cotton trade of Liverpool is her trade in woolen goods, for not far away are Leeds and Leicester, which are centres of the woolen industry. Each year the United Kingdom raises thirty million sheep, but even that number cannot supply her with the wool she requires, and so she has to import large quantities from Australia, and also from South America, Germany, and other countries.

Besides these industries that centre in Liverpool, the coal, glass, soap, paper, leather, sugar, and other industries of neighboring regions have also added to the volume of the city's trade. But the city is more than a mere port, for it has its own grain mills, sugar refineries, rope factories, iron and steel works. Like every English city, also, it has a public art gallery, a free library and museum,



AN ENGLISH LOCOMOTIVE

and many parks. It has also its university, and its beautiful monuments and churches; but the strongest impression that we carry away with us is of its enormous commerce and its great docks.

Dirty, smoky Manchester is our next stopping-place. How narrow its streets look when seen from the car windows! And how the smoke of its factories has darkened its stone and brick buildings! Even the little river

Irwell, which empties near here into the Mersey, is dark and forbidding. This first view is far from attractive. However, we remember that this town is, next to London, the greatest manufacturing city in the British Isles. It is the refuse of the many mills that has so discolored the waters of the Irwell. The great Manchester Canal enables the large ocean steamers to come up to its docks, and so brings the city directly in contact with the ports of the world.

It was at Manchester that steam was first used (in 1789) as the power to turn the wheels in the cotton mills. It was here, too, seventy years ago, that the cotton printer, Richard Cobden, founded what is known as the Manchester School, a political party that helped to repeal the unjust corn laws, and so make bread cheap and trade free. As we walk through the streets and parks of Manchester, we notice the large number of fine statues, and we like especially that of the Duke of Wellington, the conqueror of Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo. We of course go to see the red brick grammar school, near the Victoria University of Manchester, where Thomas De Quincey, the noted author, was once a pupil. We also visit the art museums, the town hall (called the largest and most remarkable town hall in Europe), some of the libraries, as well as other buildings which show that even here life is not all given up to work.

The people of Manchester, like those of most of the cities and villages in northern England, believe that a man is of value in proportion to the work he does. In the South of England, the best life is thought to be that of the country gentleman. To have a beautiful house on a large estate, with many tenants to till the land; to be free to ride and hunt and entertain many visitors, and to have time to read,—this, in southern England, is

looked upon as the ideal life. There, one does not find busy men or humming mills. In politics, too, the same party may continue in power indefinitely, and men seldom vote any other ticket than the one they have before supported.

In the North it is very different. Here, the people will vote for a certain man at one election, and at the very next election may vote for his rival. Here, men toil from morning till night, and business is the great aim of life. Here, we find the mines and manufactories of England; and here, the frequent changes in public opinion and politics which always go with the spirit of enterprise. Which part of England is more like America?

We also find, before our trip through England is ended, that the difference between northern and southern England may be seen in the language, and especially in the names of places. The distinction is most noticeable in the final syllables. In the North, we find such names as Rugby and Whitby, names left by the Danes, who lived here long ago; while in the South, we find such names as Plymouth and Portsmouth, a legacy from the Saxons, a very different kind of people, who came to Britain some time before the Danes. It is interesting to recall that the names of many American cities were taken by emigrants from towns in England. Thus we know that places called Dover, Salisbury, Bristol, and Plymouth were settled by people from the South of England, while Derby, Chester, Manchester, Birmingham, York, and Worcester were so named by people who came from the North of England.

In northern England there is much more than we have time to see just now, for we are to turn directly south, and proceed to London through the Midlands. Later we shall travel northward again by the Great

Eastern Railway. Having returned to Liverpool, we cross to Birkenhead, some of us going by the tunnel under the river, and others crossing on the quaint little ferry-boats. Birkenhead is as large as Worcester, Massachusetts. It has great docks covering 165 acres. Where so many ships and so much shipping come from is puzzling until we remember that, of the steam tonnage of the whole world, Great Britain has more than half, and of the sailing tonnage she has nearly one third.

QUESTIONS

For what is Liverpool best known? On what river is it situated?

Why does England have so many canals?

Mention some differences between English and American money.

What is the foremost industry of England? Why?

What causes have made Liverpool and Manchester great?

Where do Manchester and Nottingham obtain their cotton?

Why does England manufacture cotton goods?

Mention three differences between the people of the North and the South of England.

Mention five American cities having the same names as English cities. Locate each.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITTEN WORK

Write a letter stating what most impressed you during your visit in Liverpool.

What four effects have the location of the British Isles had upon the British nation? Compare these with four effects which the location of the United States has had upon our people.

Write a letter to an Englishman explaining how cotton he has purchased in Georgia can be sent to Manchester.

CHAPTER III

OLD PLACES AND NEW

A Ride on the Railway — Cars — Locomotives — Speed — Luggage — Chester — Ancient Walls — A Walk on the Walls — Charles I — Roman Ruins — Cricket and Bowling — River Dee — The Cathedral — Home of Gladstone — The Palace of a Duke — The Ride to Birmingham — English Stations — Birmingham — "Model Villages" — Why Chiefly Small Articles are Manufactured — Nearby Cities.

FROM Birkenhead we are to go by rail to the ancient town of Chester, not far to the southward. We soon learn that the railway cars, or "carriages," as they are called, are divided into compartments, separated into "first," "second," and "third" "classes," according to price and furnishings, the first-class compartment being, of course, the most expensive and the best furnished. The difference between the classes of compartments is, however, chiefly one of upholstery, and we find that the second-class compartment is almost, if not quite, as comfortable as the first-class. Both the carriages and the locomotives are much smaller than those in America, and the tracks on some roads are narrow gauge. We notice with surprise that many of the freight cars are open, the cargo being covered with sailcloth to protect it from the rain.

If there are enough people in a party to fill a compartment, traveling in England is very pleasant; but if



AN ENGLISH RAILWAY COMPARTMENT

a person is alone and must find his seat in a compartment with strangers, it is not as pleasant as the arrangement in the United States. Fortunately, we are able to secure two compartments for our party. Not long after we have taken our seats, the "guard," or ticket-collector, passes along the station platform calling at the door of each carriage for the tickets. These station guards take the place of conductors, usually collecting the tickets either at the station where the passenger enters, or at the one where he alights.

At the ringing of a bell, followed by a shrill little whistle from the locomotive, the train starts, and is soon moving at an amazing speed, — almost a mile a minute. Although we dart so swiftly through the many little towns on our route, there is slight danger of accident, as the tracks are elevated. Fewer people are killed on the railways in England than in America, mainly because in England walking on the track, or boarding a train after it has started, is punishable by fine or imprisonment.

In half an hour our train rolls into the Chester station. We enter the 'bus which is to convey us to our hotel, but are delayed in starting until one of the party has claimed every piece of our baggage (or "luggage," as the English call it), which has been left standing on the platform. In place of baggage checks, a small slip of paper is pasted on each piece of baggage, bearing the name of our destination, Chester. Like us, every one else is engaged in securing his own property and finding a porter with a truck to carry it to a 'bus or cab.

On the way to the hotel, we notice some farmers driving huge pigs along the street, which at once remind us that we are in Cheshire County, whose swine and cheese, as well as cats, are famous all over the world.

Chester, on the river Dee, the capital of Cheshire, is a strange mingling of the new and the very old ; for, as early as 60 A. D. the Romans had a camp here which they called Deva, meaning "the camp on the Dee." All



ROMAN RUINS AT CHESTER

around the city runs a high wall following the line of that which the old Romans built. Along its top is a celebrated walk, two miles long, which we decide to take immediately upon our arrival, mounting to it by steps which we find by the side of one of the old gates.

As we walk along, we notice that houses and stores have been built out here and there upon one part of the old wall, giving a strange appearance. From the towers which rise at frequent intervals, we stop to look over the ancient valley where the Romans, Danes, Saxons, and others have come and gone, one after another. One of the boys, on reading some printed words on a window in one of these towers, exclaims, "I am standing on the very spot where King Charles the First stood and saw

his army on those moors yonder defeated by the army of Cromwell!"

A little farther on, we visit the ruins of an old Roman bath, after which we stop to look down on a party of



KING CHARLES'S TOWER

girls playing cricket in a neighboring field. English girls are all fond of outdoor sports, and their rosy cheeks bear witness to the games of tennis, hockey, "fives," and "squash" which they enjoy. We are next interested in watching a group of young men bowling on a lawn in the rear of a large house. It seems to us that all England lives out of doors.

Soon the picturesque,

tumbling waters of the river Dee are seen, and we stop again to watch several men with rods, wading up the stream fishing.

"What have I heard about the Dee?" inquires one of the boys.

"Don't you remember the Sands o' Dee? There was a miller here, too, who sang that he was perfectly happy. 'I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me'!"—

"Yes, there was another miller here, too," breaks in one of the girls. "He is in a Mother Goose story:—

'There was a jolly miller lived on the river Dee,
He looked upon his pillow and there he saw a flea.
Oh, Mr. Flea, you have been biting me, and you must die.
So he crunched his bones upon the stones, and there he let him lie.'



THE RIVER DEE AT CHESTER

In the afternoon, we start out to visit the great cathedral in the centre of the city. It is the time of afternoon service, and as we enter the long and lofty nave, we are greeted by a burst of music from the unseen boy choir. We gladly seat ourselves until the beautiful service is ended, when we proceed to inspect the noble building.

The next day, a drive of eight miles brings us to Hawarden Castle, once the home of Gladstone, the "Grand Old Man" of English history. This we enjoy, but a greater treat is in store for us, when we journey to Eaton Hall — the palace and residence of the richest man in all England, the young Duke of Westminster.

Our ride to the estate is delightful. We travel leisurely along a typical English road, hard and smooth as a floor. The air is fragrant with the odors from the green hedgerows, which everywhere take the place of fences, and from the flower gardens which surround every little cottage. The houses are nearly all of brick or stone (for

long ago timber became very scarce in England). Over their old gray or red walls, roses climb in profusion, and almost every window has its pots of gay flowers.

The duke's estate comprises thirty-two thousand acres, including the park and gardens of Eaton Hall and the farms of the tenants. He has another estate of the same size in Wales, and also one in Scotland. Besides all this, he owns six hundred acres in the west of London — the very Houses of Parliament, it is said, paying him an annual ground rent for the land on which they stand.

Not an acre of all these vast possessions is for sale. Some of the land is rented for a term of ninety-nine years, but it is all kept in the Duke's family. Indeed, the fact that so much of the land in England is owned by a few wealthy men makes life harder for the young people, who cannot hope to buy a farm for themselves. In the cities, one frequently notices, among the real estate signs, the words, "free-hold," and "lease-hold," — the former meaning that the property can be purchased outright; the latter, — much more commonly seen, — that it must be bought subject to the lease upon it. This lease may have many years to run, or it may have only a few years; and the price will depend upon the time that remains before the lease expires, when the land and everything upon it, including whatever buildings may have been erected, will again be in the possession of its owner.

As we drive through the grounds of Eaton Hall, we wonder at the acres of beautifully kept gardens, filled with choice flowers, at the extensive drives and walks in which a person might easily get lost, and at the great barns in which some of the finest horses in England are found. But the great palace itself, through which we are conducted by a guide, is most wonderful of all. Every

visitor pays a shilling to enter, but the money is all given by the duke to the neighboring hospitals. Although forty thousand people visit the place every year, not one of these has done even the least damage to the property.

Unlike many of the stately homes in England, Eaton Hall is new, although it stands on the spot where at dif-



EATON HALL

ferent times four great mansions have been erected and fallen into decay. We cross the great courts and pass through massive doors into the mansion. As we are led from one magnificent room to another, we are deeply interested when we are told that much of the beautiful wood in the panels and wainscoting was brought from America. There are costly vases, soft rugs, carved tables, and quaint and massive chairs in every room ; while beautiful paintings by famous artists hang on the walls. In the immense library are paintings by the American artist, Benjamin West, in which, naturally, we are especially interested.

In answer to the questions asked by some of the girls, our cheerful and talkative guide drops bits of information about the nobility, and members of the royal family who come here on great occasions; about the famous jewels of the women and their costly gowns; about the hunting parties, the riding and driving, and other amusements which may engage the time of these great personages; and, as we listen, it sounds almost like a fairy tale! We are amazed when we are told that nearly fifty house servants are employed by the duke, fifty gardeners, fifty stable men, and so on; altogether, nearly four hundred servants are employed on the estate. Some one asks if the young duke is really happier than the little family that dwells in one of the tiny cottages on the estate—a house so small that the people who live in it must be much crowded, and where the barn is so small that the hay must be stacked outside and covered with a thatch-work of straw to keep out the rain. What do you think about it?

From Chester, we continue our journey southward until we arrive at Birmingham, one of the chief manufacturing cities of England. On the ride through a country of rolling upland, we see beautiful hills cultivated almost to their tops. The fields and the farms, however, are all much smaller than those we usually see in the United States; indeed, the whole land is so small compared with America that it seems to us almost like a toy country. As the brick and stone railway stations, each surrounded by its beds of flowers, fly past us, one of the girls exclaims, "Everything seems to be built to last, and is made as beautiful as possible!" With which we heartily agree, for she has spoken the feeling of every visitor to England.

Now the train is entering Birmingham, and the smoky

walls of the great factories and the many mill-yards remind us of some large manufacturing city in America. Birmingham is certainly not beautiful, but it is one of the busiest cities of England, and its six hundred thousand inhabitants have one of the best city governments in the world. On the outskirts of the city are several little "model villages" built by the manufacturers. In them it is possible for people who have not much money to build and own homes. All the increase in the value of the property belongs to the city itself, rather than to an individual owner.

On account of the iron and coal mines not far away, the iron industry of Birmingham is very important. The articles manufactured, however, are chiefly small, because, as the city is not located on a river, all its freight must be carried by rail. A good part of our time in Birmingham is spent in visiting some of the great factories which produce, among other articles, pins, nails, needles, watch-springs, screws, pens, guns and rifles. During our Civil War, Birmingham sent many hundred thousands of rifles to the United States, and we find, too, that more bicycles are made here than in any other city in England. There are also many plants for the manufacture of railway supplies.

Although Birmingham is, perhaps, the chief centre in the world for metallic wares, this fact has not prevented its enterprising citizens from being interested in many other things. The working people of this city have long been known for their independence and freedom of thought. Their trades-unions are especially strong. The higher ideals of the city are expressed in a university, an art gallery, and some fine churches. What has been said regarding the industries and the people of Birmingham is true, in large measure, of Wolver-

hampton, and of many other cities and towns in its vicinity. Almost every place is best known for its production of some special article. Location, climate, water, and means of transportation usually combine to determine what this is.

QUESTIONS

What are some of the differences between English and American railways?

Where is the Dee? Describe its course.

Mention the most interesting features of Chester.

Why did the Romans come to Chester?

Why are so many small articles of steel or iron manufactured in Birmingham?

For what special traits are the people of Birmingham noted?

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITTEN WORK

A visit to a duke's estate.

Describe a walk along an English country road.

Look up and write a brief story of the life of Oliver Cromwell.

CHAPTER IV

CASTLES AND COLLEGES

Counties — Rural England — Warwick — Old Wall — Streets, Houses, and Signs — St. Mary's Church — Where the Families of Washington and Franklin lived — Warwick Castle — Kenilworth Castle — Guy's Cliff — An English Summer Resort — "The Left is the Right" — Shakespeare's House — Memorial Building — Anne Hathaway's Cottage — The Avon — Oxford — King Alfred — Oxford University — Dress of Students — Life and Games — Christ Church — Great Tom — Quadrangles — "Halls" for Women Students.

ONE of the first lessons a traveler in England learns is that the country is divided into forty counties, the largest of which is Yorkshire in the northeastern part, and the smallest Rutlandshire in the eastern part. The former is a little larger than the State of Connecticut, and the latter is about twice the size of the District of Columbia.

These counties correspond to our states rather than to the counties into which our states are divided. Each county has its county-town or capital, its courts, and a governing body called the County Council. As the English people speak of "going up to Lancashire," or "down to Kent," much as we speak of going to Ohio or Florida, we must keep the counties in mind if we are to follow the boys and girls in their travels.

"What counties have we been in already?" inquires one of the boys, after we are settled in the train speeding southward from Birmingham.

"Lancashire, Cheshire, and Warwickshire," replies one of the party. "We have not seen much of the last, for Birmingham is just inside a corner of it; all the rest is rural."

"Are Scotland, Ireland, and Wales divided into counties, too?" asks another.

"Yes, Ireland has thirty-two counties, and Scotland, which groups hers into the Counties of the Highlands, the Lowland Plains, and the Lowland Hills, has the same number. Wales has twelve counties."

"Altogether, then, there are 116 counties in the British Isles?"

"Yes, and we are now traveling in one of the most interesting — Warwickshire in the Midlands. On this



ENGLISH SHEEP AND LAMBS

ride we shall see what a large part of rural England looks like. See what beautiful roads there are! Look at the quaint cottages with their thatched roofs! And the sheep! So many more than one sees in America! And yet three sevenths of the wool used in England comes from Australia."

"England raises a good many horses," remarks one of the boys, pointing to a drove that can be seen from the window.

"But we do not see so many pigs as in our country," declares one of the girls.

"No, not so many ; and yet the best hams and bacon in the world are raised here. England raises fewer sheep, horses, cattle, and pigs than some other countries, but what she does raise are among the best in the world."

The train has now arrived at Warwick, the capital of Warwickshire, and the quaint old city and its people at once interest us.

Warwick is indeed very, very old. It is still partly surrounded by the ancient wall that was built as far back as the ninth century. The old, old houses open directly upon the narrow streets, and beside the door of each dwelling a bell and chain indicate the means by which a visitor may announce his presence. Strange signs over the doors of the shops and inns greet us as we walk along the streets. "Forage stores" indicates that hay and grain are for sale. A "Livery and Bait Stable" invites people to feed their horses, and a



THE EAST GATE, WARWICK

"Coal Merchant and Haulier" promises to provide "coals." The names of the hotels are delightfully odd : "The Simple Briton," "The Green Man Inn," "Queen's Head," "Malt and Shovel," "Rose and Crown,"

"Star and Garter." One of the girls reads aloud a rhyme which she has found in a London newspaper : —

I'm amused at the signs
As I pass through the town,
To see the odd mixture —
A "Magpie and Crown,"
The "Whale and the Crow,"
The "Razor and Hen,"
The "Leg and Seven Stars,"
The "Scissors and Pen,"
The "Axe and the Bottle,"
The "Tun and the Lute,"
The "Eagle and Child,"
The "Shovel and Boot."

Indeed, so quaint and old in every way is this English town that, as we walk about its streets, we seem to be living in another century.

Of course we visit St. Mary's Church, in the crypt of which are the tombs of many famous men, and near which an old ducking stool, in which scolding women were tied and ducked, is still to be seen. From the belfry of this church the curfew bell was rung in the days when all England must be abed by nine o'clock. At the side of the chancel is a cell which was reserved for soldiers who came home lepers from the crusades. It is pathetic to see the little hole in the wall through which they watched the service, — forbidden to be with their friends because they were "unclean."

It is with the greatest interest that we learn that the family of George Washington came to America from Northamptonshire, a county adjoining Warwick, and that from there, also, came the ancestors of Benjamin Franklin. Sulgrave Manor was the home of the Washington family, and Eckton that of the Franklins.

We have not been long in Warwick before we make

a memorable visit to the famous old castle of the Earl of Warwick. The great wall inclosing the grounds was originally built as a defense for the ancient earls and



WARWICK CASTLE

their followers, but it is now crumbling in many places. Passing down the long, beautifully shaded entrance, we are lost in admiration of the perfectly kept lawns, with their artistic groupings of trees old and new, and their spreading beds of flowers. The family of the earl is not at home, and the whole place is wrapped in a silence that is broken only by the harsh screams of many peacocks. The ancient moat that once used to protect the castle from its enemies contains no water now, and the portcullis, or huge grating that used to bar out intruders, is seldom lowered. As we look upward at its great iron spikes, we can faintly imagine what its fall must have meant years ago to the men who were trying to fight their way into the castle. High up in the tower of the castle, we see the little slits between the stones through

which the archers used to shoot their arrows at the besiegers.

A guard, resplendent in a blue and gilt uniform, conducts us through the rooms of the castle. We find ourselves now in stately halls where ancient armor, bows, and spears are hanging from the walls ; now in regal sleeping rooms where kings and queens were once guests ; now in spacious drawing and dining rooms, and, again, in galleries containing paintings by famous artists.

In one of the galleries, the guard throws back his shoulders and pointing to a portrait of King Henry VIII



KENILWORTH CASTLE

says, "'Ere we 'ave a picture of 'Enry the Heighth has a child."

We do our utmost to keep back our smiles, but one of the boys whispers, "Is that old English, or is it new ?"

Five miles from Warwick are the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, where Queen Elizabeth loved to be. In her day,

immense artificial ponds adjoined the grounds and great tournaments were held here. The massive, crumbling walls are grand even in their decay, but it is long since any one has been able to live in the great building, which covers several acres. Every one of the party who has not read Scott's "Kenilworth" declares he will do so as soon as he returns home.

Not far from Warwick is Guy's Cliff, the place made famous by its connection with Guy, Earl of Warwick, of early days, who slew the dun cow and other monsters. This doughty earl went on the crusades to the Holy Land. Upon his return, he and a few of his followers dug caves by a little stream near Guy's Cliff, and there they lived for years as hermits, fed by Countess Felice, the wife of the earl, who did not know who the holy men were until, on his deathbed, the earl sent her his ring. One of the boys says, when he hears the story, "I think the earl would have been a holier man if he had told his wife, when he first came back, that he was alive and well. It was not right to make her suffer as he did."

Beside a little pond near Guy's Cliff is an old stone mill built in the days of the Saxons. Its old wheel and gray walls have stood there nearly a thousand years! We try to imagine what that means, as we stand listening to the gurgling stream flowing from the pond.

Near Warwick, too, is Leamington, a beautiful summer resort famous for its mineral springs. Here every house is built near the street, but almost every one (as is the case with most English houses) has a garden extending far back in the rear. Lawns and gardens are seldom seen in the front of houses, as is so frequently the case in America. These Leamington gardens are delightful places, with their thickly planted shrubs, trees, and flowers, and their beautiful walks.

Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare, however, is to many Americans the most interesting place in Warwickshire, if not in all England. The distance from Warwick is only eight miles; and as we think of the



STRATFORD-ON-AVON

smooth English roads, the happy idea strikes us to go to Shakespeare's birthplace on bicycles. We have not been long on the way when the "honk" of a motor car is heard, and we all turn to the right side of the road.

"Get on the right side of the road," calls the chauffeur, as he draws near.

"We are on the right," responds one of the boys.

"No, go to the other side, — the left."

"But you said the right."

"The left is the right."

We are all much puzzled until we suddenly remember that the custom in England is to turn to the left, rather

than to the right as in America. We had noticed it when we first visited Liverpool and other cities, but had never had to put it into actual practice before.

"Why is Shakespeare's town called Stratford-on-Avon? Why is n't it just plain Stratford?" inquires one of the girls.

"To distinguish it from another Stratford which is in Wiltshire," explains her father.

On the way to the little town, we pass the grounds of an estate named Charlecote Park, in which deer are feeding, just as they were, no doubt, when (as it is said) the youthful Shakespeare was arrested for poaching there.

The house in which Shakespeare was born is still standing. It is said that thirty thousand people come every year to visit it, at least one fourth of whom are Americans. Americans have erected a great drinking fountain in the town, thus showing that the poet belongs not only to England, but also to America and the whole world.



SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE

In the rooms of the house are to be seen many relics of the poet, — choice editions of his plays, and other valuable mementos of his life and works. The room in which he was born is sadly out of repair; the walls are bare, and the exposed rafters are crumbling; but it is otherwise much as it was when he first saw the light. In the garden in the rear of the house the trees and flowers mentioned in his plays are cultivated.

The Shakespeare Memorial Building near by is a mod

ern building of stone and red brick. It contains not only a library of choice books written about the poet, but also many valuable paintings, busts and casts. One of the bronze busts was taken from a death mask of Shakespeare which was found in a London rag-shop. There are also statues, which are said to represent respectively Tragedy, History, Comedy, and Philosophy, as well as certain characters portrayed in the plays of Shakespeare. In this Memorial Building there is a theatre, and every spring memorial performances of the plays are given in it.

About a mile from Shakespeare's house is Anne Hathaway's cottage. The path used by the poet, on his visits there as a young man, is still pointed out. The quaint cottage, almost covered by vines and shrubbery, is a type of the old English house. There are those who say that Anne Hathaway became a scold some time after she and Shakespeare were married, but no one seems to know very much concerning her except that she was Mrs. William Shakespeare.

We do not leave Stratford without having a ride, in one of the tiny gondolas, on the little River Avon, which flows into the Bristol Channel; nor without standing awhile on the bridge to feed the graceful, long-necked, black swans swimming on the water, without any fear of the visitors.

Having visited the places of chief importance in this interesting county of Warwickshire, we take the train the following day for the city of Oxford, located on the river Thames. It is the county seat of Oxfordshire, and the seat also of the ancient and world-famous University of Oxford.

Upon our arrival, we at once enter a car, or "tram," which will take us to the university. Near the station is

a high mound, said to have been made by King Alfred. Many also believe that Oxford University was founded by him, in 972. Even as far back as the thirteenth century there were three thousand students in attendance at Oxford, and in the early days there were many serious riots between the people of the town and the students. In one of these fights between the "town" and the "gown," fifty students were killed. All is changed now, and the thirty-six hundred students at Oxford have nothing to fear from the people of the city. Indeed, Oxford is very proud of its ancient university.

The university is composed of twenty-two different colleges or "halls," every one of which is largely independent of the others. Each college has its own governing body, and its own master, principal, or president, — different titles being used in the various colleges. The governing body of the combined colleges is called the senate, and is composed of representatives of all the graduates of the different colleges.

Nearly all the students live in the college buildings. After dark, and also when they go to chapel, or to lectures, or to dinner, they wear a dark blue or a black gown, and instead of a hat they wear a flat square cap which is called a "mortar-board." The sight of hundreds of young men in this garb on the streets is strange and interesting.

The most popular time of the year is the week at the end of the summer term, when there are thousands of visitors present to see the degrees given and to watch the students in their sports. Another exciting time is "Eights-week," in the middle of the same term. This is the week when the boat-race and the cricket-match occur. The race is rowed on the Thames, over a course of four miles. Hundreds of houseboats, little steamers, and smaller boats of various kinds are at that time filled with people, and



ROWING-RACES AT OXFORD

the banks are lined all the way with thousands who have come to see the college boys race.

The names of some of the colleges are strange to us. Christ Church is one of the largest, yet it never has more than three hundred students. It is called the most fashionable of all, but when we go into the dining-hall, we are surprised to see how simple everything is. The long tables are made of plain boards, and there are no chairs, for long wooden benches provide the only seats. On the walls are hanging the portraits of some of the famous graduates; among them we see those of Cardinal Wolsey, Gladstone, and Lewis Carroll, who wrote "Alice in Wonderland."

The rooms in which the students live, however, are many of them beautifully furnished, and it is the custom to have breakfast served in them. The great bell in the tower over the entrance gate is called "Great Tom"; every night, at five minutes past nine, it rings 101 strokes just as it has done for hundreds of years. This is the

curfew, and the college gate is closed five minutes after the bell stops.

There are many beautiful quadrangles or squares among the different colleges, and most of the buildings look, just as they are, very old. The vividly green "meadows" where cricket, football, and tennis are played, the beautiful stained glass windows of the buildings, the massive square towers, the ivy-clad walls, the broad walks among the trees, the quaint cloisters, where years ago the monks took their daily walks, all remind us of by-gone times. Even the course of study and the customs are all eloquent of the past. Compared with any college or university in America, Oxford seems very old.

In Oxford, also, we have the new as well as the old. The six "halls" for women students were but recently



TOM TOWER



NEW COLLEGE CLOISTERS, BELL TOWER, AND CHAPEL

built, and the privilege for women students to attend the classes or lectures of the university professors, and to take the honors examinations with the men, is also new ; but Oxford does not grant degrees to women, no matter how high their standing has been. In this respect the university clings to its old custom.

QUESTIONS

What and where are the Midlands of England ?
What is a shire or county ? How many has England ?
For what is Kenilworth famous ?
Where was Shakespeare's home ? Mention three of his plays.
Where is Oxford ? What is a university ?
How can American boys, if they desire, study at Oxford ?

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITTEN WORK

Describe a visit to Warwick Castle.
Describe a tournament in Queen Elizabeth's time.
Describe a ride on the Avon from Stratford to Bristol.

CHAPTER V

THE GREATEST CITY IN THE WORLD

Reading — Stations in London — Streets of London — Characteristics of the People — Houses — Guiding the Traffic — Soldiers — Peculiar Expressions — Kew Gardens — Holidays — Covent Garden — Billingsgate — London Fog — Hyde Park — Serpentine — Rotten Row — Boroughs — Size of London — West End.

As we take our leave of Oxford we realize that we are now but a comparatively short distance from London, which is to terminate our journey through the Midlands. On the way from Oxford to London, we stop at Reading, a city of seventy-five thousand inhabitants, famous for its great nurseries, which we visit. We admire the many varieties of shrubs, and the brilliant flowers of which the English people are so fond. One seed-farm alone contains three thousand acres. We also visit the ruins of the Benedictine Abbey, founded by one of the Norman kings in the twelfth century, and containing his tomb.

"This can't be London! My ticket reads, 'To Paddington!'" exclaims one of the boys when at last the train, after passing through miles of suburbs, halts in a long, low station. His father laughs, as he replies, "It is the Paddington Station in London. Your ticket might read, 'To Paddington,' or 'Euston,' or 'Charing Cross,' or 'Waterloo,' or to any other of the sixteen terminal stations; but no ticket reads, 'To London.'"

We are much excited as we start out for our first walk along the streets of the largest city in the world. The people appear much like those we see at home, although they all look more alike than the people of an American city. It is strange to see men going to their offices, even in the morning, wearing silk hats, frock coats, and

carrying canes. This custom, however, is not so common as it was a few years ago. Silk hats and canes are used even by boys, ten years of age. A good many of the men are stout and hearty, resembling not a little the pictures of "John Bull" with which some of us are familiar. As we walk along, listening as well as looking, it seems to us that the men speak in somewhat deeper



CHARING CROSS

tones than do American men, and that all the people talk more quietly than Americans.

Although we have been in England so short a time, we have already noticed the marked courtesy of the people. When we have asked to be directed to this or that place, we have been most politely answered. Everyone says "Thank you" (which is frequently shortened to "k you") in return for the smallest favor. The elevator man greets you with a hearty "Good-morning, sir," or bids you a

very cordial "Good-night," and when an Englishman steps out of the elevator (or "lift") he thanks the man for his service. All of this is delightful.

The old London houses are of brick or stone, and are lacking in many of our improvements, as we learn later when we accept an invitation to the home of a London friend. Steam heat, furnaces, and even stoves, are not common, even in the houses of the better classes. The small fireplaces provide what little heat there is. Hot water, or even running water of any kind, in the upper parts of a house, are unusual luxuries.

Most of the new houses are built of "London clay," found along the banks of the Thames. We are told that



THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

there is a new house for every hour in the year, and the daily increase in population would of itself make a village of two hundred and forty persons. It is also said

that if the streets of London were all joined into one, it would extend from New York to San Francisco.

In the streets we notice many watering carts, which are unlike ours. Instead of throwing numerous small streams, the square English carts have one large stream which really *washes* the street.

London was the first city to devise a good system for the crowded traffic of her streets. On one side of the



A CONGESTED SECTION

The building in the background is the Royal Exchange

street moves a stream of wagons, cabs, and 'buses,—all going in one direction,—and on the other side is a similar line, moving in the opposite direction. As we cross, we are relieved to find that we need to look for danger from only one direction, and we are very thankful, on this occasion, when, being caught in a

crowd, we can take refuge on one of the small raised platforms which are placed at intervals in the middle of the street for this very purpose. It gives us an added sense of security to find a policeman on duty at every crossing. When he lifts his arm, all vehicles must stop until he motions for them to continue. This system has recently been adopted in our larger American cities.

How many soldiers there are! making bright splashes of color in the crowd, with their scarlet jackets ornamented with rows of brass buttons. Very neat and trim they are, too; but the strange little hats they wear strapped to one side of the head—which reminds us for all the world of small tin cups—look very funny. Here is a messenger boy wearing a little military hat just like that of the soldiers. When we visit St. James's Park, in which Buckingham Palace, the King's home in London, is located, we shall see the "horse guards," who, with their horses, "guard" the entrance all the time, looking very dashing in their helmets, with long plumes. England has so many colonies to protect, and so many neighboring countries across the Channel maintain great armies, that she must keep large armies herself. In times of peace, ONE OF THE HORSE GUARDS it costs Great Britain a quarter of a billion of dollars a year to support at home and abroad her army of nearly three hundred thousand men.



The United States spends about one third as much on her army, although it is only one fifth as large.

We notice how frequently the word "royal" appears in the street signs. It is used in England a good deal as we in America use the word "national." During our brief stay in England, we have already learned that the word "royal" has a magic sound for the English, — that they are intensely devoted to their "royal family," and especially to their king. Many of the advertisements, too, are different from those we are accustomed to see in America. Apartments are called "mansions"; candy is "boxes of sweets"; an auction-sale is an auction-"mart"; an "agricultural iron-monger" advertises what we call hardware; and "Alight here" is the notice seen in one of the tube stations. The tube or underground railway of London is not unlike the "Subway" in New York or that in Boston. We have already noticed that trolley-cars are not common, but the 'bus or taxicab will take us everywhere, we find, at a small charge.

London is especially favored in the number of its parks and playgrounds. Among the more famous of these resorts are Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, St. James's Park, and the Kew Gardens. One of our most interesting days is spent in the beautiful Kew Gardens. In these grounds of many acres are miles of walks and drives winding through a wonderful display of trees, shrubs, and flowers. We enter immense hothouses and see almost every kind of fern or cactus known. In other houses we are interested in the exhibits of pitcher-plants and orchids, and we stop at the great tank where the beautiful flower named for Queen Victoria (*Victoria Regia*) is in bloom. There is a great Rock Garden, too. On the waters of the pond near by are scores of pelicans and other strange water birds that have been brought

here from all parts of the world. The great Palm House is almost as interesting as the Water Lily House.

In the midst of Kew Gardens stands Kew Palace,—once the home of King George III. The rooms, we find,



THE KEW GARDENS

are very plain, but they interest us because in them lived George III, King of England when the American colonies won their independence. Leaving Kew Palace, we enter the splendid Arboretum, with its 178 acres of ground. Here we find trees from many lands; but we stop longest at the American Garden, and are proud of its magnolias and azaleas. The Winter Garden, sometimes called Temperate House, is an immense greenhouse, where plants that thrive in the temperate zones are kept safely in cold weather. Altogether, we do not wonder that Kew Gardens is one of the most frequented resorts in London — especially on holidays.

The enjoyment of the English people in their holidays—any vacation here is a “holiday”—is very marked,

and it is a favorite custom to spend them at the resorts so plentifully provided in England. If a visitor is in London on a national holiday, he wonders what has become of all the crowds, for the streets are as quiet as they are on Sundays, and England keeps Sunday more strictly than any other nation in the world.

Early one morning we go to Covent Garden Market to see the wealth of fruits and flowers for sale, and the crowds of marketers. We wish it were possible to see the Market the night before Easter, when, a friend tells us, its appearance is the most brilliant of the year. There are many other busy markets in the city. As we



THE THAMES, AT BILLINGSGATE

return we pass by Billingsgate, a huge fish market near London Bridge, the disagreeable odors from which scent the air. We cannot hear the loud voices of the fishwives, but some of us remember that the term billingsgate, (meaning coarse or abusive language) originated here.

"I want to see a dear old London fog," says one of the girls one morning to the man that manages the lift.

"It's the wrong time of year, Miss," he replies. "The fogs come between November and April. Last year, an American lady, who had come to spend the winter at this hotel, said to me one morning just what you said. The very next day, the worst black fog I ever saw settled down (you know there is a black fog and a yellow fog), and it lasted four days. Why, Miss, you could not see from one side of a street to the other. It was worse than night. The lady and all the guests were really prisoners in the hotel; and when the four days were gone, she packed her boxes and left. I fancy she had seen all she wanted of a 'dear old London fog,' and I'd be glad myself if I never saw another."

One day our party engages taxicabs and rides all the afternoon through the streets in the West of London. At Hyde Park, we stop a little while to watch the throngs, walking, riding, and driving, that enter through the many gates. Here we see statues of the Duke of Wellington and other famous men, and huge cannon captured in battle (sometimes the cannon have been melted and cast into bronze statues, such as that of Wellington). We admire, too, the great stretches of lawns, the playgrounds, the beautiful trees, and the place for public assemblies. The Serpentine — an artificial sheet of water, the gift of Queen Caroline, the wife of George II — is specially interesting, because it is one of the places where the little skating which an English winter permits, is enjoyed. Passing by the Serpentine is that very fashionable drive with the peculiar name of Rotten Row. Here almost any pleasant afternoon many of the fashionable folk of the city can be seen driving in their handsome equipages.

For many miles our taxicabs speed forward, through streets containing the fine residences of the rich and great.

Almost every one of these has its garden, even if it is a very small one. At last we reach what seem to be



ROTTEN ROW

villages separated from one another by open spaces, but still the confines of London have not been passed.

"How large *is* London?" inquires one of the boys at last.

"The real city of London has a population of about twenty-seven thousand," replies his father.

"What do you mean? London is the largest city in the world!"

"Yes, that is true, but still it is not all the truth. Perhaps you have noticed the names of the boroughs or districts,— Westminster, Battersea, Lambeth, St. Pancras, Shoreditch, or some of the twenty-two other divisions? When the original London grew beyond its boundaries, different boroughs were made; but a few years ago these were brought together by an Act of Parliament, and now

the London County Council has charge of what is really one vast city. But the names of the boroughs have been retained. You notice, too, that your letters come directed to London W. C.; those two letters mean West Centre. They would be directed to London S. W., if we had happened to stay in the South West of London."

"What is the size of Greater London?"

"More than seven hundred square miles."

"Yes, but how many people live in the greater city?"

"Over seven millions. That is about as many as live in the entire State of New York. If you stand at Charing Cross you will be in the centre of a city that extends fifteen miles in each direction. That is quite different, is n't it, from the little hamlet of huts that probably was 'Llundain' when the ancient Britons lived here?"

"I have heard people say that England, or London rather, is not growing."

"England is not increasing in population as rapidly as the United States is, but London grows rapidly. It began to grow soon after the Romans came, and because of its location on the Thames it soon became an important place. Its greatest growth has been within the last hundred years. For instance, in 1700 it contained about seven hundred thousand people, in 1800 there were nine hundred thousand, and now there are more than seven million! It has doubled its population in the last fifty years!"

Our long and interesting ride in the West End of London is ended. How many famous and splendid places we have passed! We have seen from the outside the palace of King Edward, the barracks where the soldiers live, the great picture galleries, Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament, as well as many of the houses of the nobility.

In the East End of London, which we are yet to visit, the docks are located; also the Bank, the General Post Office, St. Paul's Cathedral, Chancery Lane, where the lawyers have their offices, Paternoster Row, where the books are published, and Whitechapel, which is largely a Jewish section.

QUESTIONS

If you buy a ticket to London, what destination will be indicated?

Mention three characteristics of the English people that American travelers notice.

Mention three great parks of London.

What is Rotten Row? Serpentine?

How large is Old London? The present city? How is the city governed? What is a borough?

In what part of London are the following: Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament?

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITTEN WORK

Describe a walk in Hyde Park or in the Kew Gardens.

Describe an imaginary experience when lost in a London fog.

Tell briefly the causes of the troubles between George III and his American colonies.

CHAPTER VI

PLACES OF INTEREST IN LONDON

Westminster Abbey — Poets' Corner — Houses of Parliament — "Big Ben" — House of Commons — House of Lords — The Throne — St. Margaret's — London Tower — Tower Bridge — London Bridge — Trafalgar Square — Pall Mall — Marlborough House — Famous Streets — The Strand — Charing Cross — Fleet Street — Temple Church — "Old Curiosity Shop" — The Mansion House — Bank of England — St. Paul's Cathedral — British Museum — South Kensington Museum — National Gallery — Tate Gallery — Port of London — Docks — Manufacturing — Causes of London's Greatness.

At the earliest opportunity, our young travelers visit Westminster Abbey, in Westminster, the largest of all the boroughs. Many years ago, the ground along the Thames near the Abbey was a swamp, and the spot on which the vast building rests was called Thorney Isle, because so many bushes with thorns grew there. Early in the seventh century a Saxon king built a church here in honor of St. Peter. That building was destroyed by the Danes, but a later king erected another in 985. The Abbey itself was established by Edward the Confessor about the middle of the eleventh century, and it has been rebuilt in part and enlarged many times since.

A building so large (its total length is 513 feet and the towers are 225 feet in height) and so old is in continual need of repair, and every day workmen can be seen upon scaffolds erected on its walls. Its shape is that of a Latin cross. It is inspiring to stand within, and gaze at the marble columns, at the exquisite alabaster screen behind the altar, at the lofty choir, and the great transepts. The largest rose window in the world is here. Every day, services are held, and sometimes the vast building is filled with visitors.

Many of England's great men have been buried in



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Westminster Abbey, and we step softly when we recall that beneath our feet are the bodies of many famous people. We see the monuments of Pitt, Warren Hastings, Darwin, Isaac Newton, Isaac Watts, David Garrick, Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens, and hundreds of other celebrities. One of the most interesting places is the Poets' Corner, where the ashes of many poets lie, and where we see



THE POETS' CORNER

many busts of poets who were not buried in the Abbey. Among these are Milton, Shakespeare, and Longfellow.

"I am glad England honored us by having a bust of Longfellow placed in the Poets' Corner," says one of the girls.

"I think England, as well as America, was honored," responds a boy.

In another part of the Abbey, we stand before busts or tombs of many English sovereigns, besides those of famous nobles. In the chapel of Edward the Confessor,

our party stops in front of a quaint old chair of oak. "That is the coronation chair," whispers one of the girls excitedly.



THE CORONATION CHAIR

"What is that old stone under it?" inquires another of the party.

"The Stone of Scone," explains his father. "It was once the emblem of the Scotch Princes, and it is said to be the stone Jacob used for a pillow. King Edward I brought it to London in 1297, after Scotland had been conquered by the English."

"Was the present King crowned in that chair?"

"Yes, and every English monarch since Edward I has also been crowned in

it. On coronation day it is covered with gold brocade. The sword of state and the shield of King Edward III are there beside the chair."

Not far from Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament stand on the banks of the Thames. They cover eight acres of ground and cost over \$15,000,000. They are best seen from the river, where their frontage is over nine hundred feet, and they present a very beautiful appearance with their three great towers and many little spires and turrets. When Parliament is sitting, the union flag is flying from the highest tower, the Victoria, in the daytime, while a light shines in the Clock Tower at night. Up in the Clock Tower is a bell which the London

people call "Big Ben." It is one of the largest bells in the world, and weighs thirteen tons. On a calm day, its heavy deep-toned strokes can be heard throughout the great city.

The Houses of Parliament contain a hundred staircases, eleven courts, and eleven hundred apartments. In these buildings there are statues of the English rulers, beginning with William the Conqueror, and in almost



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

every room are costly paintings and elaborate decorations. The two rooms which are of special interest to us are those in which the two "houses" meet — the House of Commons and the House of Lords — which, in a way, are like our Congress and Senate at Washington.

Through the invitation of a member of Parliament, we are fortunate in being admitted to the House of Commons when it is in session. Our first impression of the



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

room is disappointing, for it is smaller than we had expected. At the right of the Speaker, or President, are the seats of the party in power, and the front bench is occupied by the Ministers of the Empire. On the left of the Speaker are seated the men who belong to the Opposition, the leaders occupying the front bench. Directly in front of the Speaker is the clerk's table on which the mace, the symbol of the Speaker's authority, lies when the House is "sitting." On each side of the House of Commons is a room known as a "division lobby." When a vote is taken, members who vote "Aye" pass into the lobby at the Speaker's right, while those who vote "No" go to that on his left, where all are counted.

Although the House of Commons consists of nearly seven hundred members, there are seats for only 476; so that, when an exciting bill is being discussed, and all the members are present, many of them must stand. No one has a desk before him, as our members of Congress have,

and if a member wishes to write, he generally uses his hat for a desk. The Speaker is dressed in a long black robe, and wears a gray peruke that falls below his shoulders. We find it all very strange and interesting.

The House of Commons is the strongest ruling force in England, having really more power than the House of Lords, or even the King himself. Indeed, it is said that the King of England has less power than the President



THE HOUSE OF LORDS

of the United States, and some say that the mayor of one of our great cities is a more powerful ruler than is the King of Great Britain. But the House of Commons is strong only because it represents the people; and if the man who is elected does not truly represent those who elect him, he is very soon compelled to give up his place to one who will.

In the House of Lords the conditions are different, for every member there owes his seat to his rank. There are

about six hundred peers or lords. The rule is for the eldest son to inherit the rank of his father. These peers include the five orders of nobility, — dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons.

The room in which the House of Peers assemble is very elaborately furnished, the benches for its five hundred and fifty members being luxuriously upholstered in red leather. Representations of all the kings and queens since the Conquest are to be seen in the twelve stained-glass windows, and in the niches between the windows are statues of the barons who compelled King John to grant the Magna Charta which gave the English people many of their most highly prized rights. On the walls and on the beautifully carved ceilings are various emblems and paintings of royal personages.

In the House of Lords is the great throne of the Sovereign of England. It is covered with a gilded canopy, and is a little higher than the throne of the Prince of Wales, which is on its right. On the other side of it is a throne for the Queen. In front of the throne is a small cushioned stool, which is the Lord Chancellor's "woolsack." In the days of Queen Elizabeth, when it was believed that wool was the greatest source of wealth, an act of Parliament was passed to prevent wool from being sent out of the country. In order to help the judges and others to keep this fact in mind, woolsacks were placed in the House of Peers. Upon these the judges and the Lord Chancellor were to sit, and the custom continues to this day.

Until 1858, the House of Commons, four times every year, used to attend service in state in St. Margaret's Church near by. Neither the age nor the beautiful windows of this church are so interesting to us as is the fact that Sir Walter Raleigh's body, after his execution in 1618 in

front of Westminster Palace, was buried here. The poetic inscription on the Raleigh window was written by an American, James Russell Lowell, which certainly was fitting, since Raleigh had so much to do with the early days of America. There is also a memorial window to John Milton, the gift of another American; the American poet Whittier wrote the inscription beneath it. Still another window, in memory of Phillips Brooks, reminds us that England and America have much in common.

"This is not a tower at all! It's a fort, a castle! Its thirteen towers make it look like an old palace!" exclaims



THE TOWER

one of the boys the following day, when the party visits London Tower, which, historically, is the most interesting place in all the British Isles. "There is a high wall all around it, and it has a deep moat, too, though there is no longer any water in it."

"It is true," laughs the lad's father. "What did you

expect to see? Just a high tower like the Washington Monument?"

"I don't know just what I did expect, but it was not anything like this."

The Tower, which stands on the bank of the Thames, is now used as an arsenal, but years ago it was a palace and fortress, and, later, perhaps the most gloomy prison-house in all the world. It covers thirteen acres and looks like a series of connected castles. Of these, the ancient White Tower, built by William the Conqueror, is the largest.

"Look at those strange men," whispers one of the girls as she glances at the solemn attendants.

"They are old soldiers, dressed in the garb of the yeomen of years ago," explains the father. "You can see from them just how the men dressed who fought in the days of Henry VIII."

"Do you know what those attendants are called?" asks one of the party.

"Beefeaters," replies one of the boys promptly.

"Why?"

"It is a nickname, given them, most probably, because the old Yeomen of the Guard were given beef regularly in their rations when they were on duty."

"I want to see the crown jewels," exclaims one of the girls.

"But I want to see all the old armor," replies one of the boys.

The party accordingly is divided, and while the girls are seeing the wonderful jewels on exhibition in the Wakefield Tower we will go with the boys to the White Tower, to inspect the ancient armor. There we are deeply interested in the various kinds of armor,— in the armor of the Normans, which consisted of small pieces

of leather, joined like the scales of a fish ; the chain armor, which came in at a later date ; the plates for protecting the arms and legs, which were used still later ; and, finally, the complete armor covering the body, which came into use in the reign of Henry V.

"I don't see how a man could do anything in such heavy armor," exclaims one boy, as he points to a figure of a man covered with heavy iron-plate, and seated upon a wooden horse also encased in armor. "Were men stronger than they are now ?"

"No," replies his father. "Probably they did not move very quickly."

Crossbows, longbows, spears, battle-axes, swords, knives — all the rude means by which men sought to slay one another years ago, are seen, and the fact that many of these very pieces had been used in battle makes them doubly interesting. The suit worn by a knight in the tournaments in Queen Elizabeth's time is perhaps the most interesting of all.

When at last they rejoin their friends in the Bloody Tower, where the two young princes were said to have been murdered by the order of Richard III, the boys are glad to listen to the description of the crown jewels given by the enthusiastic girls.

"It is the most wonderful sight!" says one. "In a great glass case we saw the crown with which Charles II was crowned. You know robbers stole it once, but the king got it back again. Then we saw Queen Victoria's crown, which has been changed and worn by King Edward VII. Why, there are over twenty-eight hundred diamonds in it, three hundred pearls, and I can't tell you how many other precious stones ! Oh, I never saw anything like it. The Prince of Wales's crown — just pure gold and not a stone in it — is there, too."

"Did you see the famous Koh-i-noor diamond?" asks her brother.

"Yes, I did," she declares. "It's the largest diamond in the world. And I saw the Coronation Bracelets, and Royal Spurs, St. Edward's staff, made of solid gold, and the royal sceptre. There were all the insignia of the Orders of the Garter, the Bath, the Thistle, St. Patrick, the Star of India — and I don't know how many others. They are all in a huge glass case in a strong iron cage. I never saw such beautiful jewels before."

"Some of them you *did n't* see," says her father, smiling. "You saw only a model of the Koh-i-noor, for the original is kept in Windsor Castle. Some of the crowns and some of the other things are simply reproductions, too, for the crown jewels were sold when Charles I was executed. A good many of them are real, though, so you did see some things worth while."

We decide to visit the Tower Bridge and London Bridge before we return to our hotel, and on our way we try to recall as many names as possible of famous people who have been prisoners in the Tower of London. Among them are Sir Thomas More, Lady Jane Grey, and Sir Walter Raleigh, who were beheaded. "It is interesting," says one of the girls thoughtfully; "but I am glad we have n't any such place in America. It is bad enough to think we hanged witches and whipped Quakers."

We leave the Tower, and soon are crossing the Tower Bridge, one of the newest of the twenty bridges that span the Thames. It is a half mile in length, and we are told that fifty thousand people daily cross on its foot-walk, and twelve thousand wagons on its carriage-way.

London Bridge, however, is the oldest and still the most important of all the bridges. The present structure

is a little farther up the river than were those that preceded it,—and when the first London Bridge was built no one knows. The lamp-posts on it are made of cannon England has captured in war. Nearly twice as many foot-passengers and wagons cross on this bridge as on the Tower Bridge.

We stand awhile amid the throngs passing over London Bridge, and watch the thousands of boats on the



LONDON BRIDGE

river, and listen to the roar of the traffic ; we look away to the great city and see the Tower, Billingsgate, the dome of St. Paul's, and the great warehouses on the Surrey side of the river, and we are glad that we are here to see it all. As we depart, one of the girls begins to hum —

London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady.

The following day the party again separates, because

the boys are eager to see the Bank of England and the business part of the city, while the girls, whom we will follow, prefer to visit the streets where the shops are located. The porter of our hotel whistles for a taxicab, and one quickly appears. Near every hotel and at many other places, a space in the streets is reserved for a certain number of cabs and other vehicles, and the driver of each kind recognizes the whistle or call that summons him.

Here we are at the famous Trafalgar Square, with its lofty monument to Lord Nelson, the brave admiral who won the battle off Cape Trafalgar, in 1805, but lost his own life. The victory, as we know, was gained by the English fleet over the combined navies of France and Spain.



TRAFALGAR SQUARE

The Emperor Napoleon had planned to invade England, and these two fleets were to protect his great army when it should cross the English Channel. But the army did not land, for Nelson destroyed the ships. His famous

message to his sailors just before the battle, "England expects every man to do his duty," has become a watchword among the English people. The Nelson Monument was erected by the grateful people of England in 1843. On its pedestal are four great crouching lions of bronze, modeled by Landseer, the famous painter of



PALL MALL

animals. We are particularly interested in its reliefs in bronze, because they were made of the French cannon which Nelson captured. There are other statues in this famous square and two great fountains, with their large basins, in which small boys are sailing little boats.

We drive through Pall Mall (commonly pronounced Pell Mell), famous because it has more clubs than any other street in London. Besides these clubs there are many costly residences. The name Pall Mall is said to have come from an Italian game introduced into England when Charles I was king, and played here before the

fields had given place to busy streets. We pass Marlborough House, one of the beautiful buildings erected by the famous architect, Sir Christopher Wren. It was built in 1710 for the first Duke of Marlborough—a palace once kept up with so much magnificence that King George (“Neighbor George,” the duke termed him) was not able to surpass it in St. James’s Palace, where he lived. It is now the home of the Prince of Wales.

We ride through the crowded little street called Haymarket; along Piccadilly, which extends for a mile or more, through Hyde Park to Piccadilly Circus, and at once turn



PICCADILLY CIRCUS

into busy Oxford Street, on which many of the finest shops are located. Here we find that, while many things are as expensive as they are at home, dresses, silks, linens, furs, jewels, and laces are very much cheaper than in America, and we are told that this is because of the lower wages

paid to English workmen and because of the American protective tariff.

Having made additional purchases in that busy shopping centre, Oxford Circus, at the junction of Oxford and



OXFORD STREET

Regent streets, we reënter our taxicab. The skill of the driver in picking his way through the crowded traffic here is wonderful. Bond Street, New Bond Street, New Oxford Street, Tottenham Court Road, and other well-known streets are seen before the girls return to display their purchases to the rest of the party.

Meanwhile the experiences of the boys have been not less interesting, and they are eager to describe the sights they have seen.

"We climbed to the top of a 'bus at Trafalgar Square and rode up the Strand," begins one of the boys. "You never saw such a crowd! It did n't seem as if there was room for another 'bus or another man. We saw Charing Cross Station, where the trains leave for Dover and the

Continent. We drove along the Strand, passing a good many of the London theatres. We saw the church of St. Mary le Strand, on the very spot where the maypole used to be placed on May Day."

"Why is the street called the Strand?" asks one of the girls.

"It really is the 'strand' or bank of the Thames, although you can't see the river from it now. When it was just the bank of the Thames, the houses of the nobility



THE STRAND

used to be there, and their gardens stretched clear down to the river."

"From the Strand we kept on into Fleet Street. It almost seemed as if we could see Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, and other old bookworms going into the famous old tavern 'Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese,' to dine together. Then we went on to the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' which they say is just as it was when Dickens wrote the sad story of 'Little Nell.' After that, we saw the Temple

**FLEET STREET**

Church that stands right in the middle of the street. That was where the Knights Templars used to meet before they started on the Crusades. Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote

the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' is buried in the little churchyard of the Temple Church. Sometimes the heads of criminals who were executed

here in those old days were stuck on spikes near this place.

"When we passed St. Paul's Cathedral, we rode into Cheapside and went along the Poultry—"

"Along what?" laughingly demands one of the girls.



THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

"Along the Poultry, though now there aren't any chickens for sale there. The whole street seems to be given up to jewelers. Pretty soon, we came to the Mansion House, which is the place where the Lord Mayor of London lives. He is elected only for a year, so he does not live there very long. Right opposite the Mansion House is the Bank of England. This is one of the sights of London. It is only one story high, although it is spread out over a good deal of ground, and there is not a window in the outside walls."

"How is it lighted?" inquires one of the party.

"Through the courts inside the building. More than a thousand persons work there, and in the vaults there is more than \$100,000,000 in gold and silver all the time. It is the only bank in England which can issue paper money, and about \$125,000,000 is in circulation all the time. Just as soon as a bank note comes back to the bank it is canceled, although it is kept five years in case it should be needed in some law trial. All the printing of the bank is done inside the building. In the weighing office

we saw the machines for weighing coins, each of which can weigh thirty-three sovereigns a minute."

"We went on through Lombard Street, Threadneedle Street, and some others that are lined with banking



THE MANSION HOUSE

houses. Banks of almost every known country have branches there. It's not hard now to understand why London is the most important financial city in the world."

The girls are so much interested in what the boys had seen that they decide the next day to visit these same places themselves. As they are returning from the Bank of England, they stop to visit St. Paul's Cathedral, which is in the oldest part of the city. This famous cathedral is sometimes called the "monument of Sir Christopher Wren," its architect, who received the small salary of \$1000 a year while it was being erected. It was completed in 1710, at a total cost of \$4,250,000. The money

was raised by taxing all the coal that was brought into London.

"The building is so large and so old that when we climbed the steps in front and entered it, it seemed as if we were in another world," explains one of the girls, when the party is reunited at dinner. "In the crypt we saw where Wellington, Nelson, and other famous men are buried. St. Paul's has a painters' corner, just as Westminster has a poets' corner, and memorial tablets to ar-



THE BANK OF ENGLAND

tists who have become famous can be seen in the floor or on the walls. We saw those of Landseer, Reynolds, Turner, and a good many others, but the one that most interested us was that of the American artist, Benjamin West.

"We climbed the 260 steps up to the Whispering Gallery, and it was well worth the climb. If you whisper on one side of the wall, the person on the other side can hear you, although he is 108 feet from you in a straight line.

St. Paul's is a wonderful place, and we are going there to service some day."

The next morning, the entire party having decided to go to the British Museum, we enter our cabs and drive to Great Russell Street. The vast buildings of the Museum are dark from smoke and fog. There are many halls to be visited, in each of which is a special collection of rare



THE BRITISH MUSEUM

and valuable objects. We go from hall to hall, stopping for a time in the one which contains numberless precious manuscripts. Here are autograph letters of nearly every English monarch since the days of Richard the Lion-Hearted. The autograph of Queen Victoria was written when she was a little girl four years of age, and seems to us the most interesting of all. There are also autographs of famous men, authors' manuscripts, and old charters dating back to the

time of the Danes (not the least of which are original copies of Magna Charta). We examine curious specimens of early printing, first editions of famous books, and see some manuscripts that were written in the earliest days of the Christian Church.

In another hall, we find relics of the Romans in England. In others, we see copies or originals of the sculptures of the Romans, Greeks, Egyptians, Assyrians, and many other ancient nations, feeling as we look at them almost as if we were back in those ancient times.

In still other halls are most interesting collections showing how people in different parts of the world live, dress, carry on war, and hunt. The exhibit relating to the American Indians is larger and more complete than any similar collection in America. The American collection in the Museum includes the countries of Mexico, Central America, South America, Canada, and Alaska. This seems strange to us, until we stop to think that Mexico is as much in America as is the United States.

The variety and number of the exhibits in the Museum almost bewilder us. There are collections illustrating the religions of every land, and the early days of Christianity. We look at so many gems, vases, and works of art from all over the world and from every period of history, that our heads swim. Perhaps the most interesting of all the exhibits is that containing the Elgin Marbles. These are sculptures made in the days of ancient Greece, for the Parthenon at Athens. Lord Elgin bought them from the city of Athens for \$350,000, selling them to England in 1816 for half that sum. We are glad of the opportunity to see these specimens of the Greek sculptors, the greatest the world has ever known. Altogether, the British Museum is a wonderful place, and a great aid to students,

who find there many specimens that cannot be seen anywhere else in the world.

The day following our visit to the British Museum, we make a trip to the South Kensington Museum, which has the finest collection in the world of what is sometimes called "applied art." Tapestry, fine pottery, rare laces, ivory, gold and silver work, porcelains, pictures—all these and many more are on exhibition. The girls are much interested in these things; but the scientific building, which contains models or originals of locomotives, and engines that have been used since steam was first applied to modern machinery, appeals more to the boys. Here is "Puffing Billy," the first locomotive, which was used in the mines at Newcastle-on-the-Tyne in 1813. Here is the original printing-press used by Benjamin Franklin, and the first mower and reaper ever made. Here is the "hobby-horse" made in France and introduced into England in 1818,—the forerunner of the bicycle. A man who rode a hobby-horse pushed with his feet against the ground to drive it forward. The earliest forms of printing and cotton machinery, of typewriting-machines, boilers, electrical appliances, and steamboats—all are here; so that it is long before our boys can be induced to leave. When they do depart, they declare they are coming back soon to see more of the wonderful collection.

On the first stormy day, we make our first visit to the famous picture galleries of London. Facing Trafalgar Square is the National Gallery, standing where, in early days, were the "mews" or stables of the king. In the numerous rooms of the great building are shown the British, the Italian, the French, and other schools of painting. There are many wonderful pictures here, but the collection in the Tate Gallery, which we next visit, is still more interesting. Although we have never seen the original



THE NATIONAL GALLERY

pictures before, many of them are familiar through engravings which we have seen in America. We easily recognize such famous modern pictures as *The Doctor*, *The Boyhood of Raleigh*, *The Northwest Passage*, and *The Horse Fair*, as well as the pictures of horses and dogs by Landseer and Rosa Bonheur.

The boys insist upon visiting the Port of London, but they go alone, for the girls declare that they are more interested in parks and galleries. The Port of London really begins at London Bridge, and does not end until the mouth of the Thames is reached. London exports about one quarter of all the goods sent out of the British Isles, and imports one third of all incoming goods, so it is easy to understand why the narrow Thames is such a busy stream. Yet, great as is the tonnage of the Port of London, it is not so great in an entire year as that which passes Detroit, Michigan, in the Detroit River, in the eight months in which navigation is open on the Great Lakes.

The London Docks, covering one hundred acres, cost \$20,000,000 when they were made, more than a hundred years ago. We are told that more than three thousand men are at work here every day. Enormous warehouses and storage cellars are all about us. The high chimney over there is called the "King's Tobacco Pipe," perhaps because years ago all the impure tobacco and tea that were brought in were burned up in the furnace connected with it.

To the London Docks are brought the products of every land. Numberless bales, huge casks, great piles of hides, are on every side of us, and the wonder is how so much trade can be carried on. Some of the other best known and busiest docks are the East India, West India, and Millwall, and they, too, cover hundreds of acres. At the Royal Victoria and Albert Docks, which are nearly three miles in length, we stop to watch a huge hydraulic crane which can lift fifty-five tons at a time.

On the return journey, the boys cross under the Thames through the Blackwall Tunnel, one of several under the river. Some of them say, however, that they should have preferred to go by Regent's Canal, which crosses the northern part of the city, joining another canal that opens a waterway extending all the way from London to Liverpool.

We learn that nearly everything that you can think of is manufactured in London, but its chief products are beer, glass, leather, carriages, sugar, biscuits, and jam. Jam is of especial importance, for almost every Englishman has jam or marmalade served at his breakfast!

"What is it that makes London so great a city?" inquires one of the boys that evening, as we sit talking over the day's experiences.

"You have seen enough of it to answer your own question," remarks his father. "What do you think?"

"It has the most fertile country in England around it."

"Yes, and it is the centre of all the roads and railroads. That makes it the natural trading-centre."

"It is close to the seas and mainlands of Europe."

"Yes, London is the natural centre of the trade of the world. It is commerce which makes a city great."

"But there must be a great many poor people in London," says one of the girls.

"That is true, also. In spite of London's wealth, there are more than a hundred and forty-five thousand paupers in the city, and of those who die in the United Kingdom, one in every forty is buried in a pauper's grave."

QUESTIONS

What is "Big Ben"? Where is the throne of the English sovereign? The coronation chair?

Mention five famous men buried in Westminster Abbey. What is the Poets' Corner?

Mention three important streets of London. For what is each famous? What and where is Trafalgar Square?

What is the Tower of London? For what is it famous?

Mention two of London's best-known art galleries.

Mention four manufacturing industries of London; also three of its great docks.

Mention four causes of the greatness of London.

Compare London with New York.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITTEN WORK

Describe a visit to the House of Commons or to the British Museum.

Describe a walk across London Bridge.

Describe a visit to the Bank of England, to St. Paul's Cathedral, or to Westminster Abbey.

CHAPTER VII

PLACES OF INTEREST NEAR LONDON

Excursion on the Thames — Characteristics of the Thames — Greenwich — The British Navy — Woolwich — Hampton Court — Richmond — Windsor Castle — Eton College — Anthem of Harrow — Schools for Girls.

OUR stay in London has come almost to an end. We no longer feel that we are strangers in the great city. The throngs of people, the dark-hued buildings, the crowded streets with their peculiar names, the long evening twilight, have all become familiar to us. In our evenings we are studying the map of southern England, through which we are next to travel, and planning our route from city to city. Already we have engaged our rooms in some of the hotels, because we are aware that in summer time England is full of tourists.

Before we start on our long journey, however, we devote a few days to some of the interesting places near London. Early one morning we go down to London Bridge and board a steamer bound westward on the Thames, which will take us to Hampton Court, the largest royal palace in the kingdom. There is a crowd about the booking-office that acts quite like an American crowd, every one eager to be the first to secure his tickets. On the little side-wheel steamer we find that one travels by "classes" just as on the cars.

"I have been in America," says an Englishman who is seated beside one of the boys. "Which do you call your most beautiful river?"

"The St. Lawrence."

"I have seen that. It is quite attractive. But you will find the Thames much more beautiful. We call it the 'Silver Thames.'"

"It looks as if the silver had been oxydized or bronzed," replies the young traveler with a laugh, as he looks at the muddy stream. Indeed, the Thames near London is not very much like "silver." The tide is low now, and our boat moves slowly for fear of running aground. Along the banks we can see many boats fast in the mud, and they must wait for the tide to rise before they can be floated. We pass under the great Westminster Bridge, and the view of the Houses of Parliament from the river is more impressive than any we have had of them. As we go on, we see that both banks of the river are lined with massive buildings. Solid walls keep the waters from wearing the soil away. Immense warehouses are looking down upon us. Even when we are several miles from our starting-point, the sombre walls seem always to be following us.

Our boat stops frequently, and at some of the piers crowds are awaiting our arrival. Many have baskets in their hands. It is plain to us that the ride on the Thames is a favorite one for those who have a holiday. We hear Hampton Court and Windsor frequently mentioned, and we are aware that some of our fellow passengers are also going where we plan to go.

"The Thames may be busy, but I can't see that it is beautiful," laughingly says one of the boys to the Englishman who had spoken before.

"We are too near London, and too near the mouth of the Thames for the river to be beautiful yet," replies the stranger. "If you should take a trip up the river from London, and should go, for instance, by steamer as far as Oxford, you would find the water clear enough, and you would pass magnificent estates, with green meadows sloping to the banks, fine old trees, and pastures dotted with sheep and herds of cattle. If the day

chanced to be like this, it would not be difficult to imagine what the Thames was like when it was the scene of water-pageants and contests of various kinds, in the days when Henry VIII was king. On your way to Oxford you would pass Henley, where we have our annual boat-races in July. What a sight that is ! To say nothing of the races themselves, the river with its throng of boats decked with bunting, its house-boats, steamboats, and pleasure yachts, and the banks lined with men and women in their gayest summer clothes — all make the scene a lovely one, I assure you."

"I should enjoy all that !" says a boy enthusiastically.

"The Thames is a wonderful river !" continues our informant warmly. "It has a double tide which is felt eighty miles upstream. Its basin is the most fertile in England and the largest also, for the course of the Thames is two hundred and fifteen miles. Of course, it is much smaller than your great rivers in America. At London Bridge, it is only three hundred yards wide, and even at its mouth it is but six miles from one side to the other. But the fields and gardens, the stately homes, and the thriving towns that are found along its course, make it the most important river in the kingdom — and the most beautiful. Without the Thames and its basin, London would be quite impossible. Then, too, as it opens directly on the great harbors of western Europe, its commerce is tremendous ! Every year fifty thousand vessels come up the river."

At last we arrive at Hampton Court. It is an imposing pile of red brick and stone, standing in the midst of great parks and well-kept grounds. Think of a building containing a thousand rooms ! Yet this is true of Hampton Court, which was founded by Cardinal Wolsey and presented by him to his sovereign, Henry VIII. Oliver

Cromwell at one time occupied the building, but no king has lived in it since George II. We learn, however, that



HAMPTON COURT

many rooms are now occupied by men of rank who have been pensioned by the King.

We are conducted through some of the rooms, and feast our eyes on wonderful wood-carving, costly tapestries, trophies and weapons of all kinds. Everything has a history! We stop to look at Queen Anne's bed, and at the canopy that once was over the royal throne. We pass through the magnificent state apartments, and admire the portraits of former court beauties and famous men, as well as the pictures of historic scenes and deeds, hanging on the walls and painted on the ceilings. It is all very fascinating. We feel that we should like very much to walk about the garden, as we look out at the beautiful beds of flowers and the winding paths. The immense park of a thousand acres, with its hundreds of deer, its pools of curious fishes, and its majestic trees planted

by royalty, also tempts us. But our time is limited, and we hurry on to visit the remains of the ancient royal manor house at Richmond near by. It is late in the evening when we return by train to London.

Another day we make an excursion to Greenwich. Here we visit the Royal Naval College, where the future officers of the British Navy are trained. In order to protect her great commerce and her vast empire, Great Britain has a navy which she plans to keep larger than the combined navies of any other two powers. The Home Fleet is in six divisions for the protection of the British Isles. In addition to this great force, there are other fleets, called the Channel, the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the North American and West Indian, the Eastern (assigned to the coasts of China, Australia, Cape of Good Hope, and the East Indies), and the West Coast of North America.

Naturally we find in the buildings of the Royal Naval College, and in the quadrangle on which they stand, busts or statues of famous English naval officers, that of Nelson being the largest. Here, too, we see the guns that were used in the fight off Cape Trafalgar, or taken in various other sea-fights. We learn that there is a school here for the sons of British sailors. We visit the school, and are told that a thousand boys are enrolled; but we cannot find that anything is done for the daughters of the seamen.

On the top of a hill in Greenwich Park is the Royal Observatory. This is the meridian from which the English astronomers make their calculations, and from which "longitude east and west from Greenwich" is computed. A short distance from the Observatory is the Magnetic Pavilion. We are here at one o'clock and we see the large colored ball that every day is lowered there to in-

dicate the correct time for all England. We all set our watches and declare it is high time for luncheon.

We stop also at Woolwich, but, greatly to our disappointment, we learn that visitors are not admitted to the Royal Arsenal — an immense establishment that covers nearly a square mile. More than twenty-five thousand men are employed here in making guns, cartridges, torpedoes, ordnance, and other material used in war. A permit, however, is granted us to enter the grounds and buildings of the Royal Military Academy, where cadets are trained for the Royal Artillery.

The next morning, we start in automobiles for Windsor Castle, situated in the town of Windsor, on the



WINDSOR CASTLE

Thames, twenty-two miles up the river from London. We are all excitement, for Windsor Castle is perhaps the most magnificent home of any king in the world.

On our way we alight at the little village of Stoke Pogis. What a queer name! But we are becoming somewhat used to the strangeness of English names by this

time. Here we visit the grave of the poet Gray in the quaint old churchyard—the scene of his famous “Elegy,” called by many the most perfect poem ever written.

As we near the town of Windsor, a picture that we shall never forget dawns upon us. High up on Castle Hill, looking down upon the river, stands the noble Windsor Castle, in the midst of terraces and gardens, its lofty Round Tower rising in the centre between the Upper and the Lower Ward. No more lovely site for a castle could be imagined.

Windsor Castle was first built by William the Conqueror. The present structure shows no trace of the style of architecture of his time, for successive kings have enlarged and changed it, one building a new tower or two, another a gateway, another a chapel, another adding new buildings, until it has entirely lost its original appearance. The last change or “restoration” was completed by Queen Victoria, who was carrying out plans begun by her uncle. It was done on a most magnificent scale, at a cost of \$4,500,000, so that the castle, inside and out, is a marvel of luxury and splendor.

Having climbed to the top of the Round Tower, we are well repaid by the wonderful view of the Thames valley, with its winding river, great meadows, beautiful homes, and thriving villages, spread far below us.

Leaving the tower, we visit in turn the chapels, council-rooms, ballrooms, and library of the castle—all rich in statues, mosaics, gildings, rare pictures, and costly furnishings. We also have a peep at the plate-closet, with its wonderful treasures of silver and gold plate. In the gorgeous state apartments, we learn, the rulers of other lands are entertained when they pay visits of state to England.

Deeply impressive as is the magnificence of Windsor Castle, its history is far more so, for it is bound up with that of all the royal families of England. As we stand on the terrace, we recall that here Queen Elizabeth used to walk, and that she hunted in Windsor Forest which lies in the distance. As we loiter in the library, we remember that here Queen Anne was having a cup of tea with a friend, when the news of the great victory of Blenheim was brought to her.

On the opposite bank of the Thames from Windsor Castle, is one of the most famous public schools of England,—Eton, sometimes called Eton College, a visit to which we greatly enjoy. The English “public” schools are not free like our schools of that name; on the contrary, they are decidedly expensive to attend. We wonder why they are called “public,” and when we enter the school-grounds, we question one of the masters. He informs us that it is difficult for Americans to understand just what the English mean by the word. In a general way, he says, the public schools (which were chartered by the government) are so called to distinguish them from schools that are owned and conducted by private parties. Rugby, Harrow, Winchester, and a few others in various parts of England, are all famous public schools.

Eton consists of a large number of buildings clustered together, many of which are new and handsome. But the older ones are far more quaint and attractive to us. Some are very old indeed, for Eton was founded by Henry VI in 1440,—more than fifty years before Columbus discovered America.

A boy who enters Eton lives with perhaps forty other boys in a master’s house. The boys in the lowest form or class are about twelve years of age. At about eighteen



IN THE QUADRANGLE AT ETON

the Eton boy graduates and goes up to one of the colleges at Oxford or Cambridge.

Some of the boys of the Sixth Form (or graduating class) are selected to be monitors. They are the leading spirits, and include the captain of the school football team, the captain of the cricket team, and those who by their scholarship or character are fit to be leaders in the life of the school. In most of the boys' schools in England, the monitors have the right to whip the younger boys, if they are not obedient to the school rules. Drinking, smoking, absence from the school grounds, and telling a lie are the four great offences. Beating a boy with a rod is called "caning" him, and a "birching" is a beating with a bundle of birch twigs. Every one of the younger boys is a "fag" of some one of the monitors, and must do his errands, bring him his breakfast, and look after the beds and fires in his rooms. The monitor may step out of his

room into the hall and in a loud voice call, "Boy!" or "Fag!" The fags run quickly at the call, and the last to arrive is "it." Fagging is a remnant of feudalism, and American boys would not submit to it if the plan should be tried in our schools.

More than a thousand boys are usually in attendance at Eton. The work done is hard. An English boy does



SCHOOL BUILDINGS AT HARROW

not know so many things perhaps as his American cousin, but what he knows, he knows thoroughly.

Much of the government of the school is in the control of the boys themselves. Athletics is a very important branch of school-life, and every one must play cricket, tennis, football, fives, and the other games, unless he is not well or strong. In fact, athletics is as much a part of the course as is Latin or mathematics. There are match games in tennis, cricket, and football, between various "houses," or one form will play another form, or

the Sixth Form will play against a team selected from all the other forms. There are not so many games between different schools as in America, although every year there is a football or cricket game between Eton and Winchester. Sometimes ten thousand people assemble to watch the cricket-match, which may last two days. The football game at Rugby is the basis of the



A STREET IN HARROW

Rugby game in America, but most of the English schools play the Association game.

Our visit to Eton is made during the summer vacation (July and August). If we were here in term-time we might see some of the boys walking about the grounds, looking odd enough in their short Eton jackets, broad white collars, and high silk hats. In their games, however, they wear suits of gray, white, or blue flannel, called "flannels." Caps are given as marks of honor to the school teams.

Years ago the boys used to cut their names on the doors or panels. One can see now the names of Byron, Shelley, Pitt, Fox, Gladstone, and thousands of others, which were cut when these great men were schoolboys at Eton or Harrow. To-day no one is allowed to do this. If he wishes to leave his name, he gives a chair which is placed in the assembly hall ("speech hall," it is called by the school), and his name in gilt letters is printed on one of the panels.

Every school makes much of its school songs, and the songs of Harrow are perhaps the best of all. The great song, or anthem, of Harrow is almost as good as "Old Nassau" or "Fair Harvard," — perhaps the English boys think it is better than either. Two of the stanzas are as follows : —

Forty years on, when afar and asunder,
Parted are those who are singing to-day,
When you look back and forgetfully wonder
What you were like in your work and your play :
Then it may be there will often come o'er you
Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song ;
Visions of boyhood shall float there before you,
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.

Chorus : —

Follow up ! Follow up !
Till the field ring again and again
With the tramp of the twenty-two men !
Follow up ! Follow up !

Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind as in memory long.
Feeble in foot and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong ?
God gives us bases to guard and beleaguer.
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun,
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty and thirty and forty years on !

There are no schools in England for girls like these great public schools for boys. Until recently, if a girl wished to go to college, she was prepared in a private school or by a tutor. Lately, however, as colleges for girls have increased, a stock company, The Girls' Day-School Co. Limited, has been formed, and preparatory schools for girls have been established at London, Nottingham, Clapham, and many other cities.

QUESTIONS

Describe some characteristics of the Thames River, and its basin. Why is it so important a river?

Where are royal visitors to England entertained? Describe the most interesting features of the place.

For what are Greenwich and Woolwich especially noted?

What is an English "public" school? Mention four of these schools.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITTEN WORK

Mention five reasons why England needs a large navy.

Describe a visit to Hampton Court.

Imagine yourself a pupil at Eton College and write to a friend a brief descriptive letter of school life there.

CHAPTER VIII

TOWNS AND DOWNS IN THE SOUTH

London at Night — Down the Thames — Gravesend — Margate — Bleak House — The Singing Sands — The Garden of England — Maidstone — Chatham — Canterbury — Dover — The Channel Crossing — The Downs — Hastings — Brighton — Portsmouth — The Channel Islands — Southampton — Isle of Wight — New Forest.

It is dark when we return to London. But the great city is a blaze of light, and nearly as many people are to be seen in the streets as in the daytime. One of the English poets has called London "the city of dreadful night," because so many men there turn night into day, and are seen only in the hours between sunset and sunrise. "London never sleeps" is another expression frequently heard.

After we return to our hotel, we are again busy with the maps and routes of southern England. Realizing that we cannot go to all the towns that we should like to see, we are carefully selecting the most important places to visit. Our plan is to go to Dover, on the southeastern coast, and from that ancient harbor pass westward from one thriving city to another, until we shall have gone to Land's End, — the extreme point of southwestern England. Traveling northeastward again, we expect to return to London by the way of Bristol. In this manner our journey will be almost a circle, and will give us a comprehensive picture of the people, the cities, and the life of southern England.

Some of our party prefer to journey by train to Dover, stopping at several places on the way; while others decide to go to the mouth of the Thames by boat. We shall accompany the latter party.

In the summer, steamers leave London every day, carrying passengers to the resorts at the mouth of the Thames. It is high tide when we embark, and as we make our way down the river we meet hundreds of vessels being piloted upstream to London. All the way from London to Gravesend, the Thames presents a busy, stirring scene. Vessels coming and going, great docks and warehouses, parks and gardens, weave themselves into the changing picture. We are alert with interest as we watch several eight-oared shells, rowed by vigorous crews of boys and young men. On the docks we notice many children playing. Perhaps it is all the outing these little city-dwellers ever have.

Gravesend, we are told upon our arrival, is the place where pilots board incoming vessels and guide them up the narrow channel of the Thames to London. From the steamer we catch a glimpse of the narrow, crowded little streets in the lower part of this busy town, which is the head of the London shipping. An American fellow traveler on board our boat informs us that Pocahontas was buried here, and that only two miles away is Gad's Hill where Dickens lived and died.

Our boat passes on into the broader waters of the Thames's mouth, while the shores recede farther and farther from us. We can now see, from the stakes and buoys, how narrow the river channel is. At last we arrive at Margate, where we obtain a splendid view over the mouth of the Thames. We land and find ourselves in a place of twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Margate is a popular summer resort, as are also Broadstairs and Ramsgate near by. It is evident that the thousands of visitors here spend most of their holiday out of doors. In the evening we join the throng which is walking back and forth on the long pier, feeling a little as if we were on the board-walk at Atlantic

City. Its length is nine hundred feet, we learn, yet we can see that it is not so long as the great jetty extend-



MARGATE. THE JETTY

ing out into the ocean not far away. There are bands of music and places of entertainment on every side, but there is not much noise or confusion. Some one has said that the English take their pleasures sadly. If he had said that they take them quietly he would have been correct.

The next morning we enjoy visiting the house in Broadstairs in which Dickens passed many of his summers, and also the place which was a favorite resort of George Eliot. You may remember that the house in Broadstairs in which Dickens lived, Bleak House, is also the title of one of Dickens's books.

We spend a part of our morning on the pier, where the American whom we met the previous day on the boat stops to greet us. "Yonder," he says, pointing to the sea,

"are the Singing Sands where the vessels of the Merchant of Venice were lost." "They are shoals," he adds, "not islands." The idea appeals to us as very romantic, although we cannot see any trace of the sands, and we feel sure that we shall enjoy reading this play of Shakespeare's more than ever now that we have seen the place where the Merchant's vessels were wrecked.

In the evening we go by rail to Dover, where we await the coming of our friends. Upon their arrival, they give us so vivid an account of their experiences that we wish we could have shared them too.

Having boarded their train at Charing Cross Station in London, they soon left behind them the smoke and the dingy streets of the great city. It was a glorious sunshiny day. The swiftly moving train was soon in Kent, bearing them past cultivated fields, pastures in which sheep and cattle were grazing peacefully, beautiful homes, quaint cottages, and gardens gay with flowers. Along the sides of the smooth roads were lines of dark green trees, and fragrant hedgerows everywhere divided fields and gardens. Almost every foot of land seemed to be under cultivation.

"It was like a garden!" exclaims one of the girls, in telling of it, "and it really was a garden, because Kent is known as the 'garden of England.' You should have seen the hop-gardens we passed, acres and acres of them! If we could be there in the early fall, we were told, we should see thousands of men, women, and children, gathered from everywhere, picking hops, because, just think — of the fifty-five thousand acres of hops raised in England, two thirds are grown in this little county of Kent! They say it is almost a holiday for the hop-pickers, because for many of them it is the only time when they can leave the hot cities."

"Next we passed through Maidstone, the capital of Kent," says a boy, taking up the narrative. "I don't know when I have seen so many great breweries, and there were immense nurseries, too,—so many that I don't see how all the flowers and shrubs they raise can be used. If we had taken the direct route to Dover, we might have visited Chatham, at the mouth of the Thames, which has some of the strongest forts in England to protect London from an enemy's fleet."

"Yes, we've been reading up about Chatham," says another boy, "and we are sorry we did n't have a chance



CHATHAM. THE DOCKYARD

to visit it. Years ago a Dutch fleet, bent on an invasion, came up as far as Chatham, and the English don't intend to let another come! Some of the largest dockyards are there. One, the Royal Dockyard, is three miles long. They say the largest vessels of the navy can be built at

Chatham. There is a school there, too, in which boys are trained for military engineering. You know, England does n't have one military school like West Point, or one school for the navy like Annapolis, but separate schools at different places, in which soldiers and sailors are taught special branches."

"Well, I'm glad we did n't take the direct route to Dover," says one of the girls. "I'd much rather see the garden of England. I shall never forget the orchards, the farms, and the hop-gardens of Kent!"

At the ancient city of Canterbury, the party left the train, and were greatly interested in the quaint old streets and buildings. More than thirteen centuries ago St. Augustine came to Canterbury from Rome, to make heathen England Christian. For many centuries, Canterbury has been the centre of the religious life of the English. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who receives the same salary as the President of the United States, is called the Primate of All England, while the Archbishop of York is the Primate of England.

Canterbury Cathedral is one of the most famous in the land. The visitor cannot but be impressed by its massive towers, its immense nave flooded with light, its chapels, choirs, and transepts.

"When Geoffrey Chaucer wrote his stories of the Canterbury Pilgrims, he had no idea that more than five hundred years afterward pilgrims would be coming three thousand miles from America to see this place," remarked one of the girls thoughtfully.

The day following the reunion of the party we set out together to see Dover. First, we go for a walk along the high chalk cliffs that extend for miles along the shore. The cliffs are white where the soil has worn them away, and we understand now why the early name of England

was "Albion" (from the Latin word *albus*, meaning white). The air is clear to-day, and far across the Channel we can see the faint outlines of Calais, on the northern coast of France. How interesting it is to realize that we are only twenty-one miles from the nearest point of the mainland of Europe. From Dover to Calais, however, the distance is twenty-seven miles, and it is the route most used in the journey to the Continent. Crossing the Channel in the new boats takes only an hour, but it is usually an exceedingly rough and disagreeable trip, and many of the passengers become seasick. This is because the cross tides meet here.

"How glad everybody will be when the tunnel under the Channel is completed!" exclaims one of the boys, as we look out at the rough water of the Strait.



DOVER CASTLE

We go up to Dover Castle, which stands on chalk-hills three hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea. The gloomy old building was built by the Romans and is still used as a fort. Far behind is the silvery Thames.

On either side of us, the Strait of Dover is dotted with sails and marked by trails of smoke from scores of passing steamers.

The harbor below us, however, is the most interesting of all the sights, and we hasten down to view the new docks which are being built. These new docks are to be over a square mile in extent. What wonderful docks they are! Solid, massive, strong, — their stone walls ought to outlast the storms of hundreds of years to come. We go out upon the long piers, one of which reaches more than two thirds of a mile into the water, and we gaze at the massive breakwater, fourteen hundred feet long, which is nearly a mile out from the shore. Dover is well protected. The grim old fort will defend her from England's human enemies, and the huge breakwater and piers will protect her from the stormy seas.

"Before we leave Dover," says one of the men, "I want you to notice the difference between the hills here and those we shall see in the West of England. There they are mostly granite and slate, and that is why the harbors on that coast are deep and lasting. The chalk cliffs here are soft, and for that reason the coast is gradually wearing away. Indeed, the English do not call Dover, Folkstone, or Newhaven, harbors at all; but 'roadsteads.'"

"Well, they seem to be pretty busy places, whatever they are called!" exclaims a boy. "At least Dover is!"

"They surely are. They are really outports of London, and their total trade every year amounts to a billion dollars. Being near the Continent, their chief business is attending to the transportation of passengers and perishable goods."

We leave Dover, and our train is soon traveling southward through a level country, in which numerous marshes

are seen. It is a region, not of cultivated farms, but of great pastures, in which numerous cattle and sheep are grazing, and we soon realize that we are passing through one of the downs, which are so characteristic of southern England. The downs are lands which are too thin to be cultivated as farms, but upon which sheep and cattle thrive. We remember now that we have heard of South-down sheep being imported into America.

The boys of our party are eager to stop at Hastings, where William the Conqueror in 1066 won the great battle that made the haughty Normans from France the rulers of Saxon England. Hastings to-day is the home of seventy thousand persons, and its location on the shore makes it a favorite resort both in summer and winter. It is too late in the day for us to drive seven miles to the village of Battle, where the famous fight came to an end. But there is time to walk the entire length of the Promenade Pier, which extends three hundred yards into the ocean. The air is balmy and soft, and we are not surprised at the number of old people and invalids being wheeled about in the throng. There is also time before dinner for us to go to the ruins of the old castle which William the Conqueror founded. From its tower we look across the plains and see the very place where the battle ended, when Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, fell, pierced by an arrow in his eye.

The next morning we drive to the battle-field. How quiet it all is! There is no sign now that here on this plain the fate of a great nation was decided eight centuries ago. People are riding or walking peacefully about, and we have to use our imagination actively to picture the scene of the famous battle. We next go to the Heights of Senlac, where the Saxons prepared for the fight. An Englishman in a party near us declares that the true

name of the battle should be Senlac and not Hastings; but doubtless it will never be changed.

At Battle, which is a village of three thousand, we visit the old Battle Abbey, which the Norman king built in fulfillment of a vow made while he was fighting, that, if he should win, he would erect a church on that very spot.

At Hastings, we take a train for Brighton. We are now traveling westward along the coast of southern England, and much of our ride is so near the shore that we



BRIGHTON FROM THE PIER

can see the waters of the English Channel dotted with sails. There are many steamers passing, too, and among them we perceive some beautiful yachts. There is not a moment of our journey that is not interesting, and we are surprised, when an hour has elapsed, to find ourselves at Brighton.

"This must be the Atlantic City of England!" exclaims one of the boys, as we start out for a walk along the

street that extends for miles beside the sea. The crowds certainly remind us a good deal of America's famous resort. In addition to Brighton's own large population, thousands of summer visitors also are here. Like Atlantic City, Brighton has no trees except the few which have been planted recently.

Our boys decide to join the crowds that are bathing in the shallow waters, and they are amused when they find that the bath-house itself is wheeled down to the beach for them to step out of conveniently. After they have had their bath, they once more enter the bath-house, and are drawn back from the beach.

The city of Portsmouth is the next stop on our westward journey, and we find that it is more interesting than any town we have yet seen on the shores of the English Channel or the Strait of Dover. It has two hundred thousand inhabitants.

"What a wonderful harbor!" we exclaim, when we leave our hotel and walk down to the docks. We look across to the opposite shore, four and a half miles away. The water is almost as smooth as a pond. The harbor, we learn, is seldom rough, because it is sheltered by the roadstead of Spithead, which lies between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight and is a protection from the storms. We are told that the harbor is so large that all the boats in the British navy might find shelter here at the same time. Portsmouth, because of its fine harbor, and because it is conveniently near London and not far from the shores of France, has been made the most important naval arsenal in the kingdom.

The many soldiers add color to this picturesque city. We meet them in their brilliant scarlet uniforms on the streets, and indeed everywhere we go. When we learn that there are great forts here, we understand why we

see so many redcoats. We obtain admission to the fort and stay to watch the soldiers in their daily drill.

The thought of war is still in our minds when we go to the great dockyard that covers three hundred acres. In the building-slips, we watch a great force of men at work upon some new battleships. What monsters the ships are! Great Britain is building battleships all the



PORTSMOUTH HARBOR

time. In the dry docks near by, we see great men-of-war being repaired. Certainly, England plans to be ready for war at any moment.

At the Gun Wharf, where we are also admitted by permit, we stand before huge cannon and immense piles of ammunition. The sight makes us think of war in all its horror. Here are hundreds of cannon and hundreds of thousands of cannon-balls! Forts, battleships, dry docks, building-slips, soldiers and sailors—all these re-

mind us that Portsmouth is a centre, not of the means of sustaining life, but of forces that destroy.

There are not many factories in this city, for the coal and iron mines are far away. The greater part of the business is in connection with the shipyards, the arsenal, and supplies for the navy. It is all very interesting, but the thought that the city is largely given up to preparing for the destruction of life and property is depressing. When we depart, we all express the hope that it will be long before the guns we have seen will be heard.

Our next stop is at Southampton, a thriving city, only twenty miles up the coast from Portsmouth. Southampton, we are glad to find, is unlike the neighboring city, for its victories are of peace. Some of our party are weary from so much sight-seeing, and it is decided that the girls will remain at Southampton for a few days, while the boys, whom we shall accompany, go by steamer to visit the Channel Islands, and then return to see the sights of this busy place.

When we secure our seats on the mail steamer for the Island of Guernsey, we learn that we shall be six hours on the water before we land. The sea is calm, and the water is sparkling in the sunshine. As we start on our voyage, we see hundreds of boats skimming over the waves. There are so many that we wonder how they avoid collisions. We are not surprised when we are told that in foggy weather the English Channel is one of the most dangerous places in the world for ships. To-day, however, the scene is almost as full of animation as a boat-race. Pert little vessels are darting across the bows of huge steamers; while the water is alive with craft of every description,—yachts, tugs, and heavily laden schooners, as well as great ocean-going steamers. It is hard to realize that busy men are sailing most of these boats, and that to-day is not really



SAINT PETER PORT, GUERNSEY

a holiday. As we draw farther away from the shore, the number of ships becomes smaller and smaller, and now, far away, we watch the glistening sails of vessels bound for different ports of Europe.

At last we are approaching St. Peter Port, the busiest little city on the Island of Guernsey. Bold, rocky shores are facing us, and great forts, which seem to be frowning upon our approach. Our captain must surely know his course well, to guide our boat so safely among the rocks of this dangerous harbor. Pretty soon we land and go at once to our hotel. We are so eager to see the sights of St. Peter Port, that we do not long delay there. First, we visit the crumbling old castle, and then spend a little time in the quaint town church, where we find many other visitors. Behind the church, we enter the great Market, and join the throng moving from stall to stall. Here are bewildering quantities of fruit, banks of gor-

geous flowers, and huge piles of oysters and fish all about us, with tempting displays of the early vegetables for which this little island is famous. At first we are surprised when we hear many people speaking French; but we recall that the Channel Islands are much nearer France than England, and that eight hundred years ago they became a permanent part of the English possessions. The great forts we have seen here plainly indicate that England does not intend to lose control of them. The French language, however, cannot be changed so easily as the ownership of the islands. Through all these years it has been used by many of the inhabitants, and is still used to-day.

In the morning we drive along the high, rocky shores of Guernsey. We go to the house in which Victor Hugo dwelt when he was an exile at St. Peter Port, fifty years ago. The study in which the great French novelist wrote is still preserved just as it was when he used it.

In the fields we see cattle so graceful and sleek they remind us of deer, and we recall that Guernsey, Alderney, and Jersey cattle have been largely imported from these islands by the United States. What clean and delicate creatures the Guernsey cattle are! They have the most beautiful eyes of all animals. When the ancient Greeks wanted to compliment a beautiful girl, they told her she was "ox-eyed." As we watch the mild, expressive eyes of these cattle, we can understand what the old Greeks meant.

Although the Island of Guernsey is less than ten miles long and only six wide, and although only forty thousand people inhabit it, we find smooth roads and excellent tramways wherever we go. We are impressed, too, by the love the people show for their island home.

In the afternoon, a ride of two hours on the steamer

brings our party to Alderney, an island smaller than Guernsey, — only four miles long and a mile and a half wide. Only two thousand people live here, — no more than were on board the steamer that brought us to England.

As we approach the shore, we easily see that Alderney is an important military post. On the towering cliffs above us are strong forts. Soldiers are here in great numbers, we find, but their presence is not required to keep the peaceful people in order. They are here to protect the islands from a foreign foe.

In our drive about the island we see that much of the land is planted with early potatoes. Men and women are now digging in the fields. We admire the dainty Alderney cattle, which have made the little island well known. Our greatest surprise, however, is to learn that the Alderney oysters are sold in London for twenty cents each ! We think of the fortune one might make in dealing in them, but when we are told that oysters are not plentiful anywhere in the British Isles, we understand why they cost so much.

Our party does not stop at Sark, the third of the Channel Islands, because it is still smaller than Alderney and only five hundred people live on it. We notice, however, as we pass in our boat, the drives on the lofty cliffs. We make out, too, some of the wonderful caves along the shore. Our captain informs us that years ago these caves were the resorts of smugglers. He tells us how daring these outlaws were, and that many of them lost their lives in the dangerous currents that we see swirling off the rocks.

We stop for a day at Jersey, the largest island of the group. This island is ten miles long and six wide, and has a population of fifty thousand. Our landing place is St. Helier's, the capital. Here we visit the huge fort and

spend a little time in the old castle of the town. Small as the island is, it nevertheless has a little railway that crosses it. We enjoy our ride on it, going from one end of the island to the other, and then back again, in less than an hour. Did you ever hear of a shorter railroad than that? Among the passengers on our steamer was a family from Portland, Oregon. They rode three thousand miles in the same car on their journey to New York to



SAINT AUBIN'S, JERSEY

take the steamer. We think of their long ride while we are on the tiny railroad of Jersey.

From the windows of our car we see wonderful fields of early potatoes. There are so many of them that we are not surprised when we are told that more than two and a half million dollars' worth of this crop are sent every year to the markets in London. Jersey is indeed a fertile little island. And it is all cultivated, too. The sleek Jer-

sey cattle remind us of deer even more than did the Guernseys. What most surprises us is to be told that the Island of Jersey has a flourishing trade not only with England, but also with France, Canada, and Newfoundland. No wonder the Jersey people love their little island.

The following day we return by boat to Southampton. As we draw near the harbor, the wind rises and the waves of the English Channel are capped with white. There are as many little sailboats to be seen, however, as on the day when we departed. We watch the swift little craft as they careen until it almost seems to us they must capsize. But no accident occurs, and the strong wind apparently adds to the pleasure of the sailors. We



THE PIER AT SOUTHAMPTON

understand as we watch the stirring scene, how it is that so many of the English have become skillful mariners.

We are glad to find the members of our party whom we left at Southampton thoroughly rested and ready to explore the old harbor town with us. Our first visit is to the docks, — the scene years ago (before there were any docks) of some stirring happenings. It was on this very shore that King Canute gave his famous rebuke to his flattering courtiers, by bidding the ocean retreat. We try to picture how Richard the Lion-Hearted and his followers looked when they embarked here to go on the Crusade. How many times, too, English armies have entered their ships from this port when England was at war with France! Finally, we think of how the Pilgrim Fathers came from Delfthaven, Holland, to Southampton, sailing from here in the *Mayflower* and the *Speedwell* to Plymouth, England; and how from that harbor they started on that wonderful voyage that brought them to the rock-bound shores of Plymouth Bay, Massachusetts.

The scene now, however, is vastly different from those we have been recalling. The great docks of stone and masonry extend far along the shore; there are closed docks, and dry docks, and more steamers than we are able to count, for over three thousand vessels enter Southampton every year. We give three cheers when we see the American flag floating on some of the ships. We learn, however, that many more boats come from Africa, India, South America, Australia, and other lands, than from the United States. It is difficult for us to understand why so much of the American commerce is carried by foreign ships. Perhaps you can explain.

An official informs us that the trade of Southampton is valued at \$100,000,000 a year, in spite of the fact that freight is not so important a factor in the city's business as the mail and passenger service. When we inquire why this is so, he replies: "The manufacturing centres of

England are located chiefly in the North, and the exports of their mills go through Liverpool. Also, the country behind Southampton is not the most fertile part of England, and there are no large rivers in it. But as this harbor is near London, mails and passengers can be carried there more quickly from this port than they can be from Liverpool. Of course we handle freight too, but most of it comes from the East. The voyage from New York to Southampton is shorter than from New York to Liverpool, and we are so much nearer London than Liverpool, that there has been talk of changing the freight route from Liverpool to Southampton. I do not think the change will ever be made, however."

One of our most enjoyable excursions is a steamer ride around the Isle of Wight, which is less than six miles distant. As the island is twenty-three miles long, a day is required for the trip. We pass close to the shore, and many beautiful country estates can be plainly seen. Grounds artistically laid out in gardens and lawns give a delightful background for the fine residences. We see attractive towns, some of which are built upon terraces, and old gray castles perched high on the rocks. The chalk cliffs or hills that extend across the island terminate off the shore of the island in some curious high rocks called "The Needles," which are famous because of the many wrecks they have caused in storms and fogs. At Cowes we see many beautiful yachts, for the little town is the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron. We wish we could be here in August, to see the famous yacht-races, which continue many days. There are races for tiny yachts as well as for those of larger size. More than two thousand English sailors are in the employ of the squadron, and many of the best men in the British navy receive their early training at Cowes.

So pleased is our party with our trip that we decide to spend a day on the island itself. "I do not wonder that Tennyson had a home on the Isle of Wight," says one of the girls. "It is almost like fairyland, with its cliffs and gardens, its trees and shrubs, and its beautiful homes. If I lived in England, I am sure I should enjoy spending my summers on the little island, just as many English people do."

We find the fare on the railways of the Isle of Wight so high that we decide to make a part of our journey by coach. The day proves to be most enjoyable. We visit some of the famous watering-places and stop to inspect an old bull-baiting ring, which remains much as it was in the days when that cruel sport was popular.

At Newport, the capital, we visit Carisbrook Castle, which, many years ago, was the abode of the lord of the island. Its crumbling walls are covered with ivy now, and yet they do not seem out of place in the midst of the quiet life of the present.

Near Cowes we visit Osborne, which was the summer home of Queen Victoria. Here the Queen died in 1901. We remember that this sovereign not only was loved by her subjects, but also was honored by the world. She was a good queen, and, what is still better, she was a good woman.

Another day is given to New Forest, which is not far from Southampton. The forest still belongs to the Crown, but is not so extensive as it was centuries ago, when the kings of England used it as a hunting-ground. Now it covers less than a hundred square miles. A part of New Forest, we find, is under cultivation, but there are still great tracts of timber to be seen.

We are looking for deer in our ride through the forest, but do not see any. Some people say they disappeared



OSBORNE HOUSE

long ago, but others declare that occasionally one is still found. We do, however, see many pigs searching for acorns, and we are almost startled when droves of small shaggy horses meet us, then stop and stare curiously at us for a moment before they turn and run swiftly for the shelter of the forest.

We stop at the kennels and the keeper shows us his dogs. He tells us that years ago, in the reign of William Rufus, every dog that entered New Forest, if its owner was a private person, was compelled to suffer the removal of its middle claw. The dogs we see now, however, have never been compelled to undergo this cruel operation. Many of them are beautiful animals, and apparently they are all pleased with their American visitors. The keeper also informs us that New Forest provides many of the timbers for the ships built at Portsmouth, as well as for the yachts which race off the Isle of Wight near Cowes.

The use of the timbers of New Forest again reminds us of the conditions under which much of the business of England is done. The shipyards of Portsmouth are near the sources of their supplies. So, too, many mills are near the mines, and the woolen factories are located in the regions where sheep are raised.

QUESTIONS

What and where is the "Garden of England"? For what is it best known?

For what is Canterbury noted?

What is the chief route for crossing the Channel to the Continent, and why? Why is the passage so rough?

Where is the Isle of Wight? The Channel Islands? For what is each best known?

Locate and describe Southampton and Portsmouth. For what is each famous?

What relations has Southampton with the United States?

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITTEN WORK

Describe a ride down the Thames to Gravesend.

Describe a visit to Margate, or Hastings, or Brighton.

Look up, and write a description of the battle of Hastings, and state what was the cause of the battle.

CHAPTER IX

MOORS AND MINES

Rural England — Winchester — Round Table — King Alfred — Winchester Cathedral — Winchester School — Salisbury — Stonehenge — A Soldier — Glastonbury — Devonshire County — Plymouth — Eddystone Light — Cornwall — Tintagel — Mines and Mining Villages — Cornishmen — Land's End — Scilly Islands — Bristol — Bath.

THE next day we leave Southampton in automobiles. We ride along roads that are hard and smooth but very narrow. Along the roadside we see the ever-present green hedgerows instead of fences, and they make the country so attractive that we wish they were an American fashion, too. We pass fields of wheat and barley, barns with roofs of thatch, and pastures in which herds of cattle and flocks of sheep are grazing. In the fields are busy farmers who, we notice, use but little machinery, almost all the work being done by hand. We pass many quaint cottages, and occasionally, extending far back from the road, we see the great estate of a proprietor, with its stately and often ancient house. Almost every estate has been given some historic or romantic name, a fashion followed in America, also, by many owners of large estates or houses.

After we have ridden northward twenty-five miles, we stop at the quaint little city of Winchester. Hundreds of years ago, Winchester was the capital of the Saxon kingdom of Wessex, and the home of English kings.

Our first trip in Winchester takes us to the top of the hill where stands the old stone castle in which Parliament used to meet. Entering the ancient building, we stand in the hall, and see, on the wall before us, what is called the original Round Table of King Arthur, but

is now believed to be merely a curious work of art. What a strange "table" it is! To us it seems to be a huge stone wheel, twenty feet in diameter. Painted on it are stripes of alternate green and white that resemble the spokes of a wheel. The name of each knight is printed in Latin at the end of each "spoke," indicating his place at the table.

Leaving the old castle, we retrace our steps down the hilly street. It is a very narrow street, and the little houses are very strange. Every one has its doorstep on the sidewalk. After stopping for tea at the inn with the



A TYPICAL ENGLISH INN

strange name of "God Begot House," we resume our walk, and soon come to a heroic statue of King Alfred. His face of stone is so gentle and yet so patient and strong in its expression that we do not blame the English for cherishing the memory of this great and good

King if the statue truly represents him. We enter the grounds of the old Abbey, where the winding paths, the beds of flowers, and even the little stream that flows through them, all are eloquent of quiet and peace. On a sun-dial in these grounds we read a curious Latin motto which means, "I do not count the hours unless they are happy ones." It seems to explain the purpose of the people throughout the South of England.

Along a path shaded by immense lime trees, we go to the cathedral, which is the longest church building in England and also one of the oldest, having been built in the eleventh century. We keep on our way to the buildings of the famous Winchester School, founded by William of Wykeham in the fourteenth century. The



WINCHESTER SCHOOL

seven hundred boys in attendance are commonly called Wykehamites, as the boys of Eton are known as Etonians, and those of Harrow, as Harrovians. The motto of the school, "Manners maketh man," was given by the founder.

Winchester, it would appear, has changed but little for several centuries. The streets, the buildings, the cathedral, and even the school, are much as they were years ago. In the dining-room of the school dormitories,



THE DINING-ROOM AT WINCHESTER SCHOOL

we see at each place on the table a little thin square piece of board. These are trenchers. The boys eat from them to-day. When we express our surprise that plates or dishes are not provided, our guide replies quietly, "We have used trenchers since the fourteenth century."

"In America some of us think the latest improvements are best," suggests one of our boys.

"I fear you Americans do not have a very keen sense of history," replies the guide.

On our way to our hotel, we stop and enter a shop to purchase some pictures. The man who has served us says, as we are about to depart, "Pardon me. Hi do not

mean to be himpertinent, but can you hexplain why Americans 'ave a twang?"

"I do not know that I can," laughingly replies one of our party. "If we do have a twang, perhaps it is due to a habit, like that of the English, who drop the 'h' where it belongs and then make matters even by using an 'h' where it does n't belong."

"Hupon my word!" replies the smiling inquirer. "We do misuse hour haitches, don't we? Hi believe we do, but hi don't think hi hever 'eard hof it before."

We pass the night at a quiet little inn, which has adjoining it one of those quaint gardens peculiar to English inns. Its winding paths and beds of roses tempt us to walk there after dinner. Some cages of brilliant-hued English pheasants are kept here, and we stop in the long evening twilight (so much longer than in America) to admire their gorgeous colors.

Early the following morning we are riding westward in our automobiles. We pass many little villages, but we do not find any large cities. As we proceed, the country grows more and more attractive. The fields are larger than those we saw yesterday, although still much smaller than in our country. The people all seem quiet and happy, and we recall that not nearly so many come to America from the South of England as from the North. Perhaps they are too contented with their present way of living and with their pleasant country,—as indeed they have much reason to be. It is living in or near large cities that makes people restless, and ambitious to better their condition. At Salisbury, we stop for luncheon. We visit the great cathedral with its towering, graceful spire. Soon, however, we enter our automobiles and ride nine miles to Stonehenge.

Here we see the remains of some huge altars that



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

were built no one knows how, or by whom, or how many years ago. How interesting it is to feel that we are looking upon the works of a people who were living here long before Old England received its name! In response to our questions, our guide informs us that some learned men maintain that these altars were erected by the Danes. Others believe that the Saxons, or even the ancient Phœnicians from beyond the Mediterranean Sea, built them. Most agree, however, that the stones are all that is left of some temple for the worship of the sun or of serpents. Perhaps the Druids used them for their terrible rites, in which human beings were sacrificed to their gods.

If we had more time we should like to go to the little villages of Wilton and Axminster, not far away. It would be interesting to see some of the famous carpets in process of making. We decide, however, to push forward.

"We can see the wool even if we cannot see the carpets into which it is made," laughs one of the boys, as we pass many flocks of sheep.

Before we depart from the hotel in Salisbury, one of the party enters into conversation with a young soldier



STONEHENGE

who is here waiting for a train. "I have been away from home nine years," says the young "redcoat." "I have in that time seen a good many lands, but to me none is so beautiful as Somersetshire where I was born."

"Why did you enlist?"

"My mother is a widow and poor, and we needed the money."

"Are you to remain long?"

"My furlough is three weeks. When the time is gone, I must go back to Malta. If I stay in the army twelve

years more, I can then retire on a pension. I love England. You cannot understand what it means to me to come home. I shall see my dear mother, too. I was only a boy fourteen years of age when I last saw her."

The young soldier's eyes are moist as he speaks. We all see now what the life of an English soldier may mean.

It is early in the evening when we arrive at the ancient village of Glastonbury and secure rooms in a hotel. This hotel, like many in the rural regions, is managed by a woman. She proudly informs us that the hotel was built in the reign of Henry VII. As she conducts two of our boys to their room, she says, as she is about to depart, "King Henry VIII and his queen once occupied this very room."

"That old courtyard down there, paved with stones, — these little windows, — even these old beds, — make



THE VALE OF AVALON

me think our landlady was n't far from the truth," exclaims the boy, as he glances about him.

Glastonbury is located in what, in King Arthur's day, was the "Vale of the Avalon." The "river," however, has long since disappeared, and the marshes and islands of those ancient days have been parts of a fertile valley ever since the land was drained years ago. There is a tradition that Christianity was first introduced into England at Glastonbury by Joseph of Arimathæa, mentioned



RUINS OF GLASTONBURY ABBEY

in the Bible. Whether true or not, the ruins of one of the oldest abbeys are here. We visit them one evening, when the moonlight is flooding with silver fallen towers, crumbling, ivy-covered walls, and ancient grounds, and when we can feel all the poetry and magic of the place. What wonderful tales, we think, of bygone days these stones might tell if they had voices! We are glad to remember that a wealthy American has recently made a gift to the fund raised to preserve these old walls from further decay.

On the morrow we push forward into Devonshire, the third largest of all the counties. We soon turn southward, and our ride becomes more interesting, at times almost exciting. Our road leads across great tablelands, where we see only scattered homes. Sheep and herds of cattle are feeding in the pastures. We ride for miles in the midst of dreary, desolate bogs, and again, we cross the borders of a great forest that has been preserved for centuries. A part of our way lies along great cliffs that hang over the sea. It is all wild and romantic.

As we continue southward, we soon come again into the midst of fertile lands. We are glad to be where there are fine farms once more,—indeed, we are now passing some of the best dairy farms in England. We see many acres devoted to the raising of berries. We stop at Exeter to visit the attractive cathedral there. Resuming our journey we are soon flying past green-clad hills and through deep valleys, made more picturesque by many little mountain streams and sparkling waterfalls.

We see little villages built about mining shafts; indeed, much of the wealth of Devonshire is found in the mines and granite quarries.

At last we arrive at Plymouth, — a seaport and the largest city in southwestern England. We have greatly enjoyed our ride through Devonshire, and can never forget the moors, the cliffs, the bogs, the forests, the fertile farms, and the mining towns that we have seen. We are glad, however, to be in this historic city.

The morning after our arrival, we leave our hotel and walk down to the docks of the busy harbor. We fancy we can see Francis Drake, the great admiral of Queen Elizabeth's age, and his men, sailing from Plymouth harbor in the *Golden Hind* on their quest for adventure in the New World. Captain Cook, the celebrated navi-

gator, who gained for England the great region of Australia, also sailed from here, we remember. Then we recall how the sturdy little band of Pilgrims embarked from here to find new homes and freedom in America. It seems to us we can almost see the Mayflower and her crowded little decks. What courage and hope these people had! What sufferings they endured on shipboard, and, later on, in their new homes! We are proud of them all. Somehow, we realize better than ever before what the freedom of America has cost. To-day there is a steamer from America landing her passengers here before she proceeds farther on her way. The fine safe harbor is about three miles in extent. In spite of its harbor, however, Plymouth is not nearly so busy a port as some others. Its location is too far from the big cities to secure many large cargoes. We visit the immense dockyards, and wonder how England can use all the ships she is building. The huge arsenals also interest us, but as we have previously seen such places, we do not linger long in them.

We should like very much to go by steamer to see the famous Eddystone lighthouse. When we are informed that people are not permitted to land, we abandon our



EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE

plan of going to see the great light that stands one hundred and thirty-five feet high, on one of the most perilous rocks in the English Channel. We have heard the story of the first three structures that were washed away. The present is the fourth building and cost \$400,000. It is believed that this can stand against the wildest storms.

It is early in the morning when we start for Cornwall, — the extreme southwestern part of England. The wind sweeps against our faces as we ride across the bleak and barren moors. Scarcely a tree is to be seen anywhere, and, at times, our road winds through great stretches of bogs. It is not strange that one finds only a few scattered houses in the region.

We stop a little while at the lofty height on which Tintagel Castle stands, and enjoy the wonderful view to be had from its walls. It is said that many years ago Tintagel was the castle of King Arthur. As we realize that we are in King Arthur's land, the fascinating tales written about him and his Knights of the Round Table come to our minds.

We soon resume our journey and move southward. The country is even more hilly than that through which we have just passed. The air, however, is very soft and balmy, and the frequent showers that fall do not seriously trouble us.

Now we are passing through many little villages. The most important part of each village seems to be a mining shaft. These rugged hills about us are richer than the fertile farms of Somerset, for they produce minerals, — tin, copper, zinc, and iron. In Cornwall, too, we learn that there are valuable beds of clay from which fine pottery is made. There are deep quarries of granite, of which large quantities are shipped away for building purposes. We are somewhat puzzled, however, at not seeing

many factories. We shall learn later how and where the tin and copper mined in Cornwall are made into useful articles.

It seems hard to believe that some of these mines extend three miles or more under the bottom of the sea, and yet it is true. The mines have been worked for many centuries. Even the old Romans and Phœnicians used to come here for tin.

Our guide informs us that many of the copper mines are not worked now, and that more copper was mined fifty years ago than to-day. The reason for this is that new and more valuable deposits of copper have been found in America and other lands.

"There are more Cornish miners in America than there are in Cornwall now," explains our guide. "You will find them in Michigan, Arizona, Montana, Nevada, and even in New Mexico," he adds. Can you think of a reason for this?

We are deeply interested in the Cornish people. Their dialect is strange to us, but it is musical, and we enjoy hearing the people speak. Most Cornishmen are tall and strong, and have dark hair and eyes. They are very fond of open-air meetings such as Wesley once held among them. Sometimes thirty thousand assemble at one of these meetings.

We stop one day to watch some fishermen returning with their catch to the shore. They have enough mackerel and other fish to fill many barrels. The wealth of Cornwall is taken from the hills and from the sea.

As we ride along the wild rocky coast, we notice many little bays or coves, at one time the resorts of daring smugglers. We see many artists sketching, and we meet people on walking tours. Every one has a word of greeting for us. They have come to spend their holiday

in Cornwall—this long arm of rock projecting into the sea.

“Look at the palm trees growing here!” exclaims one of the girls, pointing to some trees in a nearby garden.

“Yes,” responds her father, “you will find many semi-tropical plants in Cornwall.”

“And yet we are as far north as Labrador! Of course, the climate here is very mild.”

“Yes,” replies the father, “the warm Gulf Stream off the coast causes the mild climate.”

We alight from our automobiles at the Lizard, the tip of the headland. We see here tall poles used for sending wireless messages. We keep on our way to Land's End,



LAND'S END

which is the extreme point of land. We are now farther out in the Atlantic than we could be in any other place in England. The day is clear, and far away in the west we can faintly see the Scilly Islands.

"These islands," explains one of our party, "will be the last land we shall see when we sail for home. The next will be the shore of Long Island."

"How many of the Scilly Islands are there?" inquires one of the boys.

"About fifty. They are all small. Only five are inhabited, and St. Mary's is the largest."

"How do the people there live?"

"They raise early vegetables and flowers for the London markets, keep the lighthouses, and catch fish off the shore. It is a lonely life."

Our days in Cornwall have come to an end. We have enjoyed every hour. The wild cliffs, the deep coves, the hills and moors, the mines, the cherry orchards in the narrow little valleys, the kindness of the Cornish people—even storm-swept Land's End, have all added to the pleasure of our visit. Still we are glad to start northward. Our swift automobiles require only a few hours to bring us to Bristol. There we dismiss the automobiles, because we expect to return to London by train.

We have learned that Bristol is the seventh city of England in population, that, next to Liverpool, it is the largest port in England, and that it is situated on the Bristol Channel. The following morning we go down to the harbor. What marvelous tides rise and fall in the Channel! The marks on the docks show us that the tides rise forty feet! No other harbor in England or in Europe has such tides.

Our guide recognizes us at once as Americans, and while he is conducting us along the docks, he says: "Years ago we had a larger trade with America than any other English city. We are on the western coast, you see, and have one of the best harbors in the kingdom."

"Why don't you have the trade now?" inquires one of our boys.

"We do have a good trade, but we have not been sufficiently enterprising to hold what we had. We are building a new outport, but 't is much harder to catch up than to keep up."

"What is the value of your entire foreign trade now?"

"It is less than half what Southampton has, and she is only a third as large as Bristol. Once we controlled all the trade in tobacco and sugar. You will find buildings here in which tobacco, soap, glass, leather, brass, and copper are manufactured, but too much of the business has been taken from us. We still do a good deal of trade with America and Ireland, but it is not what it once was."

"You have a fine country behind you. That ought to provide business for Bristol."

"Yes. There are seven rivers that empty into Bristol Channel. The largest is the Severn, which rises in the mountains of Wales. Then you know, too, that Bristol is situated at the mouth of the Avon. All these rivers naturally bring the trade of their basins to us. That is not small, but 't is not much like the trade we've lost from America."

In our walks about Bristol the following day, we learn that the city is large, but not enterprising; neither is it as beautiful as some. We enter a few large public buildings and visit the college, but we shall remember the immense docks longer than anything else.

Our party is tired. The past days have been filled with interest for every one of us. Still we are glad when it is decided to go to Bath, ten miles distant, and there rest for a day or two. When we are again comfortably settled in our hotel in Bath, we find we are still eager to

see the places of interest in this famous old town. We are informed that the city has been famous for its mineral springs since the days when the Romans came here.

In our walks we find that many of the streets are in the form of a crescent and are built on terraces, some of which are

six hundred

feet high.

What inter-

ests us most,

however, is

the throngs

of people

who have

come from

almost every

known land.

We see men

from India

walking about in a garb that reminds us of a highly decorated bathrobe. Turks are here, and Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, Germans, and Russians, as well as many English and Americans.

We decide that we, too, will try the baths. We go to a large building which is named "The Great Pump Room." Over the portico we see inscribed a motto in Greek, which one of our party translates for us: "Water is best." Here we have a bath in the hot mineral water. We laughingly declare when it is ended that we never had such a hot bath before and do not want another.

The throngs of people, the terraced streets, the beauty of the surrounding region, the memories of those early days when the conquering Romans visited Bath, all combine to make us glad when we depart that we have seen



AN ANCIENT BATH

this famous resort. Our trip through southwestern England has impressed us again with the lesson we learned in the Midlands. The old and the new are both found in the life of the present. We have seen places that were known to nations much older than the English. We have found, however, that to-day these same places are busy with the industries which made them known many centuries ago. Old England is still making history.

QUESTIONS

What are some of the differences between farming in America and England?

Tell what you know concerning the ancient capital of England, and its places of historic interest.

Why are there so few large cities in the south of England, and how does their scarcity affect the people here?

What and where is Stonehenge?

Mention three important industries of southern England, and the reason for each.

Where is Plymouth, and for what is it famous?

What and where was King Arthur's castle?

Describe the Cornish country, and its chief industries.

What and where is Land's End?

Where is the Bristol Channel? What rivers empty into it?

Where are the highest tides in England, and what is the cause of them?

Compare Bristol and Liverpool.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITTEN WORK

Compare the opportunities of an English boy with those of a boy in the United States.

Look up and tell briefly the story of King Alfred the Great.

Describe a day at Bath.

CHAPTER X

THE GRAY CITIES OF THE NORTH

Salisbury Plain — Cambridge — Girton College — Rugby — Norfolk — Suffolk — Harwich — Yarmouth — Fishing Fleets — Norwich — Leicester — Derby — Sheffield — Villages of Northern England — Bradford — Leeds — Yorkshire — Hull — Newcastle — Mines — English Lakes — Coaching — Carlisle.

AFTER we have rested two days at Bath, we start to return to London. Our journey is directly eastward, through a level country, which is all under cultivation. We see occasional spots of white in the soil, where the chalk, which is the common rock, breaks through the surface. Rain is falling. Through the heavy mist the red brick houses with their thatched roofs look more quaint and picturesque than ever. Yet we wonder how dampness is kept out of such roofs. One of our girls suggests that vermin must thrive in them. We conclude that we prefer roofs of slate or shingles.

Passing through the borders of Salisbury Plain, we see thousands of soldiers encamped. We learn that every summer Great Britain sends many regiments here to be trained in mimic war for the sterner struggles that may come. We see soldiers marching on the plain, some on foot and some mounted, and we are delighted with the brilliant uniforms, the prancing horses, and the white tents, as well as with the inspiring music of the military bands.

So many cattle and sheep are in the fields, that it is easy for us to understand that the chief sources of wealth in the basin of the Thames, through which we are riding, are cheese and cream. We dart through many villages, but pass no large cities. In a few hours we are once more in London.

The day following our arrival we start northward, making our first stop at Cambridge. Here we visit the great university—the rival of Oxford. The founder of Cambridge University is not known. There is a legend that it was founded by Cantaber, three hundred years before Christ was born. Whether this is true or not, the graduates are called Cantabrians.

We learn that there are eighteen colleges in the university, and that some of them have the same names as the Oxford colleges. We visit Trinity first of all, because it is the largest college in England. In all the colleges we find quadrangles, courts, towers, and chapels, which remind us of those we saw at Oxford. Three thousand students are enrolled in the university, many of whom have remained for special study during the long vacation.

Behind the colleges we find the little river Cam. We see many little boats on the stream, and we ourselves hire small flat-bottom boats, called punts, which our boys pole for us. The Cam is so narrow that only "bump races" can be rowed on it. We pass the "backs"—great stretches of green lawns that extend along the banks of the river—on which are the cricket and football fields and the scores of tennis courts. There are paths beside the little river, as well as beautiful walks across the meadows. The walks are lined with huge spreading lime trees, so old that no one knows when they were planted.

What an inspiring sight it all is! The old walls of the colleges, the winding little Cam on which students are canoeing, the long rows of immense trees, the deep green of the "backs," the dignified professors, walking

¹ In a "bump race," the boats are not rowed side by side, but one behind the other. If the boat that starts second is faster than the one that starts first, it may not pass but only "bump" its rival.

about in their caps and gowns, the many graceful bridges across the stream, the massive towers and turrets — all make a picture that we shall not soon forget. We decide that the university is more beautiful than Oxford, although the city of Cambridge itself is not so attractive as her rival.

In the afternoon, we drive two miles to Girton — one of the two colleges here for women. We ride along a smooth road, first built by the Romans. On either side of us are beautiful homes and gardens. As we enter the well-kept grounds of Girton College, we see before us a series of long low buildings, of red brick — a most attractive sight.

When we are conducted through the buildings, we see that every student has a sitting-room and bedroom to herself. In the reading-room we find our own Vassar College paper with other magazines on the tables. In the library we see books containing the autographs of such authors as Tennyson, George Eliot, and many others who presented their works to the college. Unlike the university, Girton College is new — only a little more than twenty-five years old! In that time, the Girton students have taken many of the honors in the Cambridge University examinations. Of these honors, one hundred and ninety-two were in mathematics. Think of that when you hear some one say girls are not good in that subject!

The students of Girton attend the university lectures, but Cambridge does not give them any degrees, for, like Oxford, Cambridge is only for men. Some of the Scotch or Irish colleges, however, do grant degrees when the course at Girton is completed.

The woman who has conducted our party inquires when we enter our carriages, "Are American girls fond

of outdoor sports? Our girls are as fond of tennis and hockey as they are of their books."

What do you think our reply was?

Our party is once more divided when we depart from Cambridge the following day. The girls and their mothers wish to visit some of the cathedral towns and go to the Lake District in the Cumbrian Hills where Wordsworth once lived.

The boys, however, prefer to go to some of the busy cities in the north. For a time we will journey with them.

Our first visit is at Rugby, where Tom Brown (his real name was Hughes) went to school. Indeed, we find



ENTRANCE TO THE HEADMASTER'S
HOUSE AT RUGBY

his name, carved by itself, in the panels of one of the schoolrooms. We go, too, into the room where timid little Arthur received the shower of boots when he knelt to say his prayers, and Tom came to his rescue.

It is holiday time, and we do not see any of the seven hundred boys. We walk through the buildings, however, and cross the green fields where the games are played.

We enter the chapel and are glad to see the portrait of Dr. Arnold, once headmaster of Rugby and one of the greatest teachers England ever had. What a strong

yet tender expression he had! No wonder the boys loved him as they did. He tried to make every one do his best.

Rugby pleases us more than any English school we have seen, perhaps because it reminds us more of our



QUADRANGLE AT RUGBY, SHOWING THE BOYS' STUDIES

own schools. It is both old and new. It tries to keep all that was good in the old, and at the same time to gain what is best in the new. We are informed that each year, for the past five years, twice as many Rugby boys have won scholarships, when they have gone up to Oxford or Cambridge, as have the boys from any other school in England.

Our driver has come for us, so we start at once for the station. What an attractive little town Rugby is, we think, as we ride through its clean, well-kept streets, with their fine houses, each one of which has a little flower garden in front. A high brick wall shuts out some

of the houses from our view, yet we know that these houses, if we could see them, would look very inviting.

We are impressed, too, by the station at Rugby — an immense structure. One can take a train here for almost any part of England. As we give our driver his fee, we inquire: "Are the Rugby people interested in the school?"

"Yezzir," he proudly replies. "The lads are all fine



RAILWAY STATION AT RUGBY

fellows. They are honest and true. If a boy is not like that, he is sent home, sir."

Soon we are riding swiftly eastward toward the coast. We pass through Norfolk, which we recall is the county where the north folk lived, just as the county south of us, Suffolk, was the home of the south folk years ago.

We stop for a little while at Harwich, on the coast, and visit the docks from which lines of boats daily depart for Hamburg or the Hook of Holland or Antwerp. It seems to us that the traffic between England and

western Europe is so great that the boats come and go almost as often as ferries.

A brief ride northward brings us to Yarmouth. As we walk about the quaint town, we see some streets or "rows" not more than six feet wide. Many of the people we meet are fishermen, and the odor of fish is in the air. The next morning, when we go down to the docks, we understand why it is so, for we see men filling hundreds of barrels with mackerel which have been caught in the shallow waters off the coast. The tide rises here only six feet — very different from the tide in Bristol Channel.

We inquire of a fisherman on the dock, "Where are the fish shipped?"

"Lunnon [London] most like," he replies. "Yarmouth is a great place for shipping fish, though Great Grimsby, down the coast, ships more than we do. They have twelve hundred craft in their fishing fleet and eight thousand men and boys in the trade."

"Do you know what the annual catch of Great Britain is worth?"

"Includin' the cod, flatfish, and 'addock brought in from the North Sea, it's worth \$45,000,000, as you'd say in the States. 'T is an himportant business to us, sir."

"Have the fishermen any other work?"

"Nothin' hexcept the navy, sir. The best sailors in the British navy come from the fishin' fleets o' Great Yarmouth. 'T is a hard school, but a good one."

We leave the docks and go to the long "walks" (factories) in which we see fishlines made. Fish-nets, too, are made here — a fitting trade for such a town.

Instead of following the coast now, we decide to go inland for a little while, where many of the manufacturing towns are located. We board our train at noon, preferring to have our luncheon served in the dining car.



FISHING VESSELS AT YARMOUTH

We are surprised when we are informed that the dining cars are divided into three "classes," just as are the other "carriages." We secure seats in the first class and are well served.

We are soon in Norwich, the most important town in this region. We secure rooms in a hotel, and soon we are walking up the hill on our way to the great cathedral. We recognize in the solid and massive walls and towers of the building more of the Norman style of architecture than we have seen in any other cathedral, and we understand the reason for it when we learn that it was begun soon after the Normans conquered England.

We go from the cathedral to the high mound on which the old castle stands. The castle is now used as a museum. Playgrounds and public gardens surround it, and in them many children are playing. We try to forget those dreary days that prisoners spent long ago in its gloomy dungeons.

In the evening, the manager of our hotel proudly talks to us about the city. "Norwich," he says, "once had a fine harbor, here at the junction of the two rivers you have seen. The rivers are still here, of course, but they have brought so much soil from the hills that the harbor is filling. If you will come back a bit later, I'll show you the finest wild fowl in the kingdom in the marshes made by this new ground. Gentlemen come here every autumn to shoot. Norwich also sends the best geese and turkeys that enter the London market."

"What is the population of Norwich?"

"A hundred and fifteen thousand — and growing all the time. Our immense breweries, iron works, and silk mills are building up the town. We manufacture more mustard, and in more forms, than any other city in the world. On the fens and fields back of the city for miles you can see little but mustard growing."

The following morning we go to some of the immense plants where starch and mustard are manufactured. In one establishment we find two thousand people busy, putting up mustard in more forms than we had thought possible. We recognize in the names of some of the manufacturers those which we have often seen at home. The pungent odor of mustard fills the air. We are sneezing when we depart from the building.

Our next journey is to Leicester, a hundred miles west of Norwich. Our train moves so swiftly that we arrive in about two hours. In our ride we have passed through many little manufacturing towns, very different from the quiet places we saw in southern England. In the country we have seen flocks of sheep, with fine long wool. Many herds of cattle are in the fields. The grass and even the trees are of a deeper green than we have seen elsewhere.

When we draw near Leicester, the air is damp and the day is cloudy. One of the boys suggests that it will soon rain.

"I think not," replies his father. "The fact is that Leicester has three hundred hours less sunshine than some places in England. Cornwall is the sunniest part, and this is the most cloudy. The prevailing winds are from the southwest, and these drive the moist air against the hills in the west of England, or the Pennine Range which is just above us, and the mist is condensed into rain or fog. The Pennine Range, as you know, is called the backbone of England. The dampness helps Leicester in two ways: it is just what the city needs for its woollen industries, and it makes fine pastures for the cattle in the country near by. What factories do you think we shall find in Leicester?"

"We have seen so many long-wooled sheep, I think we shall find woollen mills," says one of the boys.

"Yes, Leicester and Leeds are the most important centres of woollen manufacturing in the world. The coal-mines near by are of course a great aid. What other industries shall we probably see?"

"We saw so many cattle, perhaps shoe factories are there."

"Hundreds of them! The damp air and the quality of water in the little river Soar make Leicester an excellent place for cotton mills, too. We shall see many of them, as well as some immense factories in which elastic goods are made."

The morning after our arrival in Leicester, we visit the woollen mills. It seems to us there are miles of them. The clatter of looms is almost deafening. We see the wool just as it comes to the mills, and then we see it after it has been made into cloth or garments.

In our ride about the city, we find that Leicester, though a busy place, is not beautiful. We see a few imposing public buildings, and we stop before a lofty clock-tower 145 feet high. We see the old walls, behind which years ago all the Jews were compelled to stay — in the part of the city which was called Jewry. But the miles of mills are what we remember best when in the evening we leave for Derby, about twenty-five miles north of Leicester.

“Look there !” excitedly exclaims one of the boys as, having arrived in Derby, we are leaving the station for our hotel. He is pointing to an advertisement of a game of baseball. Upon inquiry, we learn that the American national game is popular in Derby—one of the few English cities in which it has been adopted. Our party laughingly agrees to the lad’s appeal to go to the baseball grounds on Colombo Street the following afternoon. We enjoy the game because it reminds us of home. We wonder, as we watch the players and see the enthusiasm of the spectators, what the people would think of a game between some of the prominent college nines, or of the crowd that assembles to see professional nines play in America.

On our way to Derby we noticed that the country became rougher as we left Leicester farther behind. Because Derby lies at the foot of the Pennine Hills, and it is easier for the traffic of the country to be carried around these hills than across them, the city is a busy railroad centre. We spend our morning hours in visiting the great military shops that cover four hundred acres. We are told that the streams which come from the Pennines on their way to Derby traverse many fields of coal, iron, and other minerals. Because of this fact, the waters are especially adapted to dyeing silk, and we find many

silk mills as we ride about the city. Indeed, the first silk mill in England was built here. The dampness of the air, as well as the quality of the water, makes Derby also an excellent place for manufacturing cotton, and we are not surprised when we pass huge mills in which vast quantities of cotton goods have been made. We learn that Derby is not only a modern city, but that it has a history as well. There was a town here in the days of William the Conqueror, which he gave to his son.

In the evening a ride of forty miles by train carries us northward to Sheffield, a town of over four hundred thousand people, the sixth in size in England. It is evening as we approach, and the city seems almost to be on fire. Great flames are darting upward and heavy masses of smoke rest over the place. We are not surprised at the sight, however, because we have already learned that Sheffield is the leading town for certain products of iron. Coal-beds, iron mines, good water, stone for grinding, all are here or near by, and combine to aid this industry.

In the morning, however, the boys laughingly declare that Sheffield appears better by night, because then the dingy walls of the great factories cannot be seen. How busy every one is ! What a clatter salutes us when we go to the iron mills ! We see hundreds of men and boys making saws. In other mills we watch the men as they make files or fine cutlery. Before we depart, the boys purchase some fine pocket-knives and scissors, and their fathers buy razors. We have heard of Sheffield steel long before we came here, and we are glad actually to see it made.

Our boys are deeply interested in the mills where steel cannon are made. What powerful guns they are ! We

see, too, where the heavy plates are manufactured for the ironclads of England's navy! Even the shells that are made here seem too weak to pierce them. There is a roar in the shops that makes it impossible for us to hear one another speak. We stop for a moment to watch a huge hammer-like machine that is perforating some sheets of steel, apparently as easily as a knife cuts cheese. We conclude, however, as we leave the mills, that no man can make anything so strong that some one cannot be found who can make something stronger still. After a brief time spent in the factories where immense quantities of silver plated ware are made, we are ready to continue our northward journey.

The long evening twilight is just coming on as we enter our train. Swiftly we dart through many villages in which we see the glare that rises from the iron mills. We cross many streams whose tumbling waters are rushing down the hillsides on their way to the sea. We are impressed, too, by the number of coal and iron mines, as well as by the great flocks of sheep and herds of cattle in the country. In the cities or on the farms the only houses we see are of brick or stone. Indeed, we have not found a half dozen frame houses since we landed in England.

"What a busy region the North of England is!" says one of the boys thoughtfully. "There are mines and mills and factories almost everywhere we go. Every place is interesting, but each seems to have its own special work."

"That is true," replies his father, "of almost every city in the North or West of England. Every one has its own particular industry. The scarlet uniforms of the British soldiers are made at Stroud. Halifax manufactures flannel and carpets. Rochdale specializes in blank-

ets. Bradford literally turns out thousands of miles of tweeds — ”

“I thought ‘tweeds’ were made near the river Tweed,” suggests one of our party.

“They are, but the name of the cloth is derived from twilled, not Tweed.”

“Can we buy some of the cloth?” inquires one of the boys.

“You can,” says his father; “but if you do, you will want to take it home and have it made up by American tailors, and the duty will make it as expensive as if you bought the goods in America.”

As Bradford is only about twenty-five miles north of Sheffield, our ride thither requires less than an hour. We find the city a busy but not a very attractive place. Woolen mills are everywhere. We pass through streets where we see little besides the dingy walls of these mills. We enter one or two. How many girls, even old women, we see at work! We wonder at first how the output of all these hundreds of mills can ever be used; but when we think of the fleets of boats we saw in Liverpool, we can realize where it all goes. Bradford manufactures woolen goods not only for England, but for all the world.

One of our most interesting visits in Bradford is to the Technical School. We were not able to visit the technical schools in Derby, Birmingham, and other cities, and are therefore glad of the opportunity to do it in Bradford. We find several hundred young men at work in the engineering, chemical, electrical, and other departments. The work is of the most practical kind. When the students are studying chemistry, they are taught the various methods of dyeing silk or wool. When they study electricity, they spend much time in the electrical works of the city. The same thing is true in every

department of the school. One of our men in his enthusiasm says, "Every technical school ought to be located in a place where men can be seen at work in the very subject a pupil is studying." This certainly is true of the schools in the North of England. Although the national schools are not so good as our public schools, the technical schools are surely very practical and thorough.

Less than ten miles east from Bradford is Leeds, the fifth largest city in England and the largest in the North. Here we spend a day. Although this is the real centre of the cloth industry, we do not visit many of the mills because they resemble so closely those we have already seen. Immense warehouses and towering factory chimneys in every direction give us the impression that this is a place of great industry and enterprise. The people all seem to be employed and happy. From the centre of the city we find the streets diverging like the spokes of a wheel from the hub. The City Square in the centre of the town is quite imposing, but there are no striking buildings. The city is much like the manufacturing towns at home.

The following day finds us moving eastward, and we are still in Yorkshire, the largest of all the counties. Yorkshire is the basin of the River Ouse, and covers six thousand square miles. After journeying among hills and crossing moors, we find ourselves in the midst of a fertile plain, almost every acre of which is under cultivation. The tiny canals are so numerous that they look almost like stripes painted on the landscape. Railroads, too, are seen in almost every direction. We decide that Yorkshire is a busy, thriving, beautiful region even before we come to the great salt fields and mines in the eastern part.

The people of Yorkshire are shrewd and fond of busi-



A SCENE ON THE RIVER OUSE

ness. There is a saying in England, that "Five Scotchmen are required to trade with one Yorkshireman."

About an hour is required for our journey of fifty miles to Hull, where we are again near the coast. We are interested at once in the city at the mouth of the Humber, — the greatest seaport of the North. A good-sized population thrives in the old town. On the morning after our arrival, we go down to the harbor. Along the docks there are so many boats that the masts and smoke-stacks make us think of a forest. How long the harbor is, and how wide! If we should sail from it directly across the North Sea, we should find ourselves at the Kiel Canal entrance to the Baltic Sea. We have already seen what an enormous population is found in the country behind Hull. No wonder, with such a location, that this large, safe harbor presents a busy scene.

We see ships loaded with ice that has been brought from Norway. We watch men loading huge steamers

with cotton yarn. We see boats that sail regularly to and from New York, as well as liners to London, and to various ports in northern Europe. If Leeds is the chief manufacturing city of the North, and Liverpool the leading harbor on the West, we easily perceive how Hull has become the port on the East from which there is more valuable shipping than from any English harbor except London and Liverpool. We think of the iron mines and the flocks and herds we have seen as we followed the course of the Trent before it emptied into the Humber. Much of the output of this region is brought to Hull. Now we understand what the forests of masts mean, and why we see so many sailors who speak in strange tongues and are dressed in strange garbs.

After two days in the old seaport, we again start northward. We are following the coast, and from our cars we see many attractive seaside resorts. What crowds of people! We should enjoy stopping at some of these places. This is the longest ride we have had for some time, because we are not to stop until we arrive at Newcastle-on-the-Tyne. This we find to be a city of nearly three hundred thousand people, at almost the extreme northeast of England.

The morning after our arrival at Newcastle we ride to the coal-mines, but are disappointed to find that to-day we are not permitted to go down the shafts. What a sight these great coal-fields and their workers present. The faces of the men and boys are so black, we should never suspect they ever had been white.

We are not surprised when our guide informs us that more "ordinary" coal is shipped from Newcastle than from any other port in the world. (The coal mined here is called "ordinary" to distinguish it from the Welsh coal, which is the best for locomotives and steamboats.)

Five million tons exported every year! Our guide tells us that some of the mines near Newcastle are worked several miles under the bottom of the North Sea.

One of the party reads aloud from a little book he has purchased: "Of the coal mined in the world, more than one third is mined in the United States and more than one quarter in the United Kingdom. England produces two thirds and Scotland and Wales each one sixth of the output of the United Kingdom."

We find that Newcastle herself has use for more coal



A SCENE NEAR NEWCASTLE

than she sends away. The iron mines are not far away, and the coal and iron together make the great shipyards possible. We visit these yards, where we find boats in every stage of construction. Here is one of which the keel has just been laid. Here is another on which the last inspection is being made; soon she will start on her first voyage.

We take a boat the following day and go nine miles

down the river Tyne to Tynemouth. We see houses, factories, shipyards, on the shores, and we meet many boats; all the way it is a busy scene. At Tynemouth we find a crowd of people bathing near the shore. We join the throng and enjoy our sea-bath, in spite of the dark color of the water which at first repels us.

In the afternoon we visit the castle at Newcastle. It is very old, although the name of the city might lead us to think it was new. We learn that the castle dates back to the eleventh century, and we see that only the keep¹ remains. Newcastle is not very "new," after all.

The next morning we spend some interesting hours in the locomotive works and iron shops. Soon after noon, however, we set out for Carlisle, where the other members of our party are to meet us.

We enjoy our ride through a most attractive country. Now we find ourselves in a valley, with high hills on each side; again, the railway travels along the side of a hill, and then we can see far up the valley. How deep the green of the grass and trees! The brick houses of the farmers are attractive, too. All the buildings, as well as the cattle and sheep, appear to be well cared for, and the people look prosperous.

"I like Yorkshire best of all the English counties," declares one of our boys. "With its hills and cities, it is quite different from the 'Garden of England' (Kent), but I like it better."

At Carlisle the girls and their mothers join our party. The girls have many interesting stories to tell of their trips. Of the buildings they have seen, the massive cathedral and the castle which William the Conqueror built at Durham to protect his people from the Scots, have impressed them most because of their massive ap-

¹ The part of the castle in which prisoners were kept.

pearance. They greatly enjoyed their journey in the valley of the Wye, where the combination of beautiful valleys and high hills attracts many tourists every summer.

"We enjoyed our trip to the Lake region among the Cumbrian Hills most of all," says one of the girls enthusiastically. "We rode on the train to Windermere and



BOWNESS FROM FURNESS FELL

there took a steamer on the lake to Bowness. We had first-class tickets, so we were separated from other passengers even on the tiny little boat. There we were—Americans, who do not believe in 'classes'—sitting in front!"

"How large is Lake Windermere?" inquires one of the boys.

"It is a tiny lake, not more than ten miles long and half or three quarters of a mile wide, but it is the largest in the region. In America some would call it a pond."

"Are these lakes more beautiful than those in America?" asks another boy.

"They are not nearly so beautiful nor so large as some of our lakes. Of course, the hills along the shores make the place attractive, though I don't think the region can compare with Lake George; certainly not with the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River. We met an Englishman at Bowness who had been around the world. He said the Thousand Islands were the most beautiful sight he had seen on his entire trip."

"Why did you want to see the English lakes, then?"

"Oh, they are well worth seeing because of their associations. We saw Dove Cottage in which Wordsworth lived, and the very place in the valley where he wrote so many of his poems. One of us could quote 'We are Seven,' and another recited his 'Ode to Duty.' Ruskin, Hartley Coleridge, and many other famous writers lived in the Lake District.

"At Ambleside we began our coaching. There were five seats in each coach, and four people rode on each seat; but we had four horses, so we went fast. The roads were smooth and hard, even on the steep hillsides. We enjoyed our coaching all the way to Keswick, where we stayed several days, making a trip every day to some part of the wonderful region. We saw heather—the reddish little wild flower which the Scotch love so much—growing in great masses on the sides of the hills. We met so many English girls on walking trips through the valleys that we tried walking, too. I think we were more tired than the English girls at the close of the day. They walk so much more than we do!



A COACHING PARTY IN AMBLESIDE

"What do you think an Englishman said to us at Keswick? He said, 'I like the people from the States—all except the American boys. They are noisy and do not seem to think of the rights of other people. I can always recognize an American boy in a hotel. If your boys could be sent to Eton or Rugby to school, they would learn some things they apparently do not know now.'"

"What did you say?" queried her brother.

"Why, I stood up for our boys, of course! I have been thinking since, though, and sometimes I am afraid that what he said is almost true. We saw or heard other things that made us laugh. Mother was not well one morning, and she asked me to tell the chambermaid to send a waiter to our room. So I found our maid and said:—

"'Will you please send a waiter to our room?'

"'A what, madam?'

“‘A waiter.’

“‘Beg pardon, madam, but what is it you wish?’

“‘A waiter.’

“‘Would you mind spelling it?’

“‘W-a-i-t-e-r!’

“‘Oh, a wyter!’ said the maid. ‘Certainly. I’ll send a wyter at once.’

“It was all interesting — the people, the wonderful hills, the heather, and the steep paths, the coaching on



AMBLESIDE

the fine roads, the swift streams, the lakes, the quaint little inns, and all. I am not surprised that thousands of people go there every year, but I was surprised to learn that half the visitors are Americans.”

The day we all spend together in the old border town of Carlisle is dark and cloudy, but there are many things that interest us. We see near by the Cheviot Hills, once

the natural barriers between Scotland and England. We do not find any warriors here now, for the hillsides and moors are covered with sheep, famous for their wool. We visit some of the many biscuit factories. We drive past cotton and iron mills, and then go to places where we are interested in the wonderful color-printing that has made Carlisle so well known. In the afternoon we ride



CARLISLE CASTLE

to the river-guarded rock on which stand the ruins of the castle which King William Rufus, the son of William the Conqueror, built on the English border as a defense against the Scots.

Our guide explains to us that Carlisle is the only purely English city that retains the original name bestowed by the ancient Britons.

"Is the name spelled now just as it used to be?" inquires one of the party.

"No," replies the guide. "The old name was **Caer Luel.**"

In the early evening twilight, we arrive at the great railway station. This station covers seven acres, and we are told that seven railroads enter it. Our train is coming and we follow our guard to secure seats. In a brief time the feeble whistle of our departing train is heard, and we are on our way northward, bound for Scotland.

QUESTIONS

Describe the country between Bristol and London.

Mention three differences between Cambridge and Oxford Universities.

Where did Tom Brown attend school? Describe the school.

Where are the chief fisheries of Great Britain? Where is the product sent?

Mention and locate six important cities of the North. For what is each best known? Give a reason for the location of each prominent industry.

Compare Hull and Liverpool.

Where are the coal-mines? Where is coal largely shipped? Which coal is best? Compare England's output of coal with that of the United States.

What are some of the characteristics of the Yorkshire people? What people in the United States are they most like?

Where is the Lake District? The Pennine Range? For what is each famous?

Where and what was the ancient border between England and Scotland? What city is on the border?

Trace the course of three rivers of the North.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITTEN WORK

Describe a visit to a woolen mill at Leeds.

A day with a fishing fleet.

A tale of the old Scotch border.

CHAPTER XI

IN THE "LAND O' CAKES"

The Tweed — Melrose Abbey — Abbotsford — Dryburgh Abbey — Edinburgh — Forth Bridge — St. Andrews — Perth — Dundee — Aberdeen — Balmoral Castle — Orkneys — Shetland Isles — Ultima Thule.

IN our evening ride of three hours to Melrose, we see only the outlines of the nearby hills and valleys. We know, however, that we are entering the valley of the Tweed, and are in a region where romantic stories of the old border wars abound. We have already learned that in Scotland there are three great valleys or basins. In the north are the Highlands. There we expect to see swift streams that rise among high hills, beautiful waterfalls, towering cliffs, and rugged mountains. In middle Scotland there is a rich agriculture region and cities having thriving trades. South of this section is the valley of the Tweed, in which is the village of Melrose.

Having arrived at Melrose, we enjoy a good night's rest in our first Scottish hotel. In the morning we see before us, as we peer from our windows, sloping hillsides and a fertile plain flooded with sunshine. Carefully cultivated farms are not far away, and we know that many little hamlets are in the vicinity. Immediately after breakfast we leave our hotel, walking through narrow streets on which the houses and shops are of stone. The people we meet interest us at once. As we listen to them, we are aware that we are no longer in England. The Scotch "burr" is heard on every side.

Our first visit is to Melrose Abbey, the most famous ruin in Scotland. As we gaze at its crumbling walls and fallen roof, we do not find it difficult to believe that it



MELROSE ABBEY

was built as long ago as the fourteenth century. It stands on the site of one erected in the twelfth century by David I, King of Scotland. Near the place where the high altar once stood, we see a little mound; underneath it is buried the heart of Robert Bruce. A deep silence reigns about the venerable pile — so solemn in its decay. The whole morning has passed away before we can bring ourselves to leave Melrose Abbey.

In the afternoon we walk to Abbotsford, two miles from Melrose. Here is the home of Scott, which he built almost a hundred years ago. Before entering the house — an irregular old mansion of red sandstone — we stroll among the great trees on the grounds, every one of which was planted by Sir Walter. As we enter the mansion, we seem to be visiting the great Scottish writer who once lived here. We are told that his study is just as it was when he last wrote in it, and that the

library has not been changed since his death in 1832. Our boys are deeply interested in the collection of armor which Scott made. The quaint crossbows, spears, and pistols are hanging on the walls just as he arranged them. The girls, however, are drawn to the collections of books and pictures. We all stop in the bow window in the dining-room, and look out on the quiet Tweed and



ABBOTSFORD

the wide sweep of the peaceful valley. Here it was that the great author died.

On the following day, we secure a coach and ride to the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott lies buried. As we stand before his grave, not a sound is heard about us, and we cannot help feeling that this peaceful abbey is a fitting resting-place for the man who knew so little rest in his life. The crumbling walls of the cloisters help us to picture to ourselves what must have been the life of the monks who dwelt here six hundred years ago. Before we depart, we stop for a moment at the grave of

Scott's son-in-law, Lockhart, the writer of the biography of Scott. Like the other tombs, Lockhart's is open to the sky. The roof of the abbey fell years ago.

On our ride back to Melrose, we see a mammoth statue of William Wallace on a distant hill. The figure is so huge that it almost seems to touch the sky near the horizon. "What a large place Wallace and Bruce had in the hearts of their countrymen!" murmurs one of the boys. All are laughing and chattering gayly when we reënter the quaint little village of Melrose.

Our ride in the cars in the afternoon to Edinburgh requires less than two hours. Early the following morning, when we leave our hotel, a heavy, chilly mist rests over the city. We find the "Scotch mist" even more penetrating than the English. An umbrella is said to be as necessary a part of dress as a hat or coat. We understand now why Tennyson called Edinburgh "the gray capital of the north."

The hotel porter has already informed us that the city is not an important commercial centre, although it contains over three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. We are somewhat puzzled to account for his statement. We know that Edinburgh has a fine harbor two miles away. From there, we have heard, boats are constantly leaving for London, Hull, and other English ports, as well as for cities on the Continent. Coal and iron mines are in the neighboring hills. The water supply, too, is excellent. But aside from the pulp brought from Norway for the paper mills, the fishing industry, the breweries, the ice, and barrels, the chief business of Edinburgh is printing. We are interested in finding out why such a condition exists.

We soon learn that Edinburgh is proud of her name, "Modern Athens." As we ride about the city we see

that, like Athens, it is located upon a series of hills. We visit Edinburgh University, in which three thousand students are enrolled. We spend a part of the day in the Scottish Museum of Science and Art — next to the British Museum the finest in the kingdom. We are amazed at the interest shown by the crowd that we find in the great building. We have a letter of introduction to one of the directors of the museum, and he courteously conducts us through its many rooms. In one of them, he calls our attention to an exhibit showing the manner in which savage people in various parts of the world live. He informs us that here, too, as in the British Museum, is a collection of bows, arrows, head-dresses, cooking utensils and other implements, illustrating the life of the North American Indians, that is more complete than any similar collection in the United States.

"Why is that so?" inquires one of the boys quickly.

"We began to collect before you did, and perhaps we have been more interested in all such things. You know we are proud of our title, — 'Modern Athens.'"

"Why was the name given?"

"Probably because Edinburgh is a centre of intellectual life. We are proud of our university, our art museums, and our history. We think the history of Scotland is really the history of Edinburgh. The last heavy fighting between the Scots and English was for our castle. The English soldiers for a long time could not scale the steep sides of the rock on which the castle stands. When at last they did succeed, it was only because the defenders were starving. The Scottish Parliament ceased to meet at Edinburgh two hundred years ago, but we still remember what we were, although to-day we are of course loyal to the Crown. Our schools are excellent, and the

amount and character of our printing also shows our interest in books. Many of the finest editions published by London houses are printed here. Our history, our monuments, our streets, — all these have made us entitled to our name, or at least we think they have."

Before dinner we walk the length of Princes Street. The parks, the wonderful monument to Scott, the museum of art, the immense frowning pile of Edinburgh



EDINBURGH CASTLE

Castle on the rocky eminence above us, the attractive shops, the people we meet — all deeply interest us.

"Princes Street is the finest in the United Kingdom," enthusiastically says one of the boys when we return to our hotel.

"Many believe it to be the finest street in Europe," adds his father.

The following morning we spend in Edinburgh Castle. We climb the steep street that leads to the immense

walls of stone. Having entered by the drawbridge and crossed the moat, we find ourselves high above the city. Here we obtain a wonderful view. Far away are the shining waters of the Firth of Forth. In the opposite direction we behold the peaks of the distant highlands. Below us are the streets of the city thronged with people. Our guide points to some buildings, which he proudly explains are "ten stories high." The boys smile at his words, but are too polite to boast of the "skyscrapers" in their own land.

After we have entered the gloomy castle, it almost seems that we have returned to bygone days. We can imagine that we hear the command of the Scottish kings, the shouts of soldiers, and even the groans of prisoners in the dungeons. In the Crown Room we see the old Scottish Regalia. We go to the old Parliament Hall, and there stop for a few moments in Queen Mary's Room.

We find, however, we must hasten to the parade grounds near by, if we are to witness the daily drill of the soldiers. The soldiers in their kilts, plaids, and flat caps are very striking. We remain at the castle till the drill is ended.

In the afternoon we walk to Holyrood Palace, where the Scottish kings lived. On our way down the narrow streets we stop and enter the quaint old house of John Knox. Holyrood at first disappoints us. It is much less imposing than Windsor or Hampton Court. We find soldiers guarding the palace. Our guide, as we follow him across the court, is telling us that years ago a man who was persecuted for crime or debt might flee to Holyrood where he would be safe. We enter the very room once occupied by Mary, Queen of Scots.

On our way back to the hotel we climb Arthur's

Seat—a rocky height, almost a thousand feet above the city. Again Edinburgh lies below us. We go on to an imposing monument to Robert Burns—a poet whom all Scotchmen love. We stop a little while at the high



HOLYROOD PALACE

school, which we find very much like our own, and then proceed to the Martyrs' Monument. When we read that this is a monument to the Scotchmen who fell in the Civil War in the United States, we are drawn still more closely to the Scotch people.

We pass through some of the streets of the old town. Here we are stirred by the sight of the poverty of the people. Women are barefooted. The streets and houses are not clean. The faces of little girls are pinched and pale, while deformed children are numerous. Even "Modern Athens," in spite of its culture and beauty, is not free from the problem of relieving the poor.

After four memorable days in Edinburgh, we plan to depart. Our party is to be divided once more. The girls

prefer to stay some time in the Trossachs, as the long gorge that extends to Loch Katrine is called. The rest, however, whom we shall follow, are eager to go to the cities and highlands of the North. Early in the morning we board our train. The sun is shining, but almost every man has an umbrella, ready for rain which we have found may come at almost any time.

As we leave the city behind us, one of the boys exclaims, "Edinburgh is the finest city, except London, in the British Isles." We all agree with him.

When our train crosses the famous Forth Bridge, which some maintain is the most wonderful in the world,



THE FORTH BRIDGE

we are thrilled as we look far up and down the river. We see countless ships of various kinds, several gunboats at anchor being not the least interesting. The bridge is a mile and a half in length, and the main spans are even longer than those of the Brooklyn Bridge. The steel towers are almost as high as the dome of St. Paul's in London. What a marvel of skill and power the bridge is!

Soon we are moving northward, passing many little towns along the shore of the Firth of Forth. The names are strange to us, and we laugh as we try to pronounce Kirkcaldy, Pittenweem, and others. In less than an hour we are at St. Andrews, thirty miles from Edinburgh. We spend a little time in the cathedral and then walk about the grounds of the university. Our guide informs us that both these institutions were established here because, in the middle of the eighth century, the bones of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, were brought to this sightly spot for burial.

Before we depart we have time for a game of golf on the links of St. Andrews, said to be the finest in the world. It is a wonderful morning, although the air up here is bleak, and while we follow the course, we get an inspiring view on all sides. Before us is the sea, where white-capped waves are tossing, and as we pause to watch passing vessels, the wind blows keen against our faces. Behind us, in the distance, are the rugged hills. The game, too, is one we shall remember. The boys are playing against the men. Which do you think won?

In the evening, when we resume our journey, we turn westward. A ride of thirty miles brings us to Perth, at one time the capital of Scotland. At Scone Palace, near Perth, many of the kings were crowned. We recall that we saw the stone in Westminster Abbey. After breakfast, we go to a few places of interest in the little city. Our guide conducts us to the gloomy walls of the general prison of Scotland, but we do not enter. We are more interested in the boats at the docks. Perth is at the head of navigation of the Tay, and behind it is a fertile country from which grain, cattle, and other products are shipped. The town appeals more to us, however, because of its early days. Perth was one of the

battle-grounds in a long struggle between the Highlanders and Lowlanders.

Late in the afternoon, when we enter our train, one of our party reads aloud from Rossetti's poem, "The King's Tragedy." It is the story of Catherine Douglas, who with her arm barred the door of the monastery (no longer standing) at Perth when murderers were seeking the life of her king, James the First of Scotland. Because of this act, she received the name "Barlass," which her descendants still claim.

A short ride of twenty miles eastward by train lands us late in Dundee, a thriving, modern town, — the third city of Scotland in size. We already have learned that Dundee has little history apart from the days when it was a harbor for the whaling fleets. No mines are near, but coal and iron are easily brought from Fife. Dundee is opposite the Baltic Sea, from which flax and hemp are imported, and to these jute — a third import — has been added in recent years.

We have these facts in our minds in the morning when we start for the many mills where thousands of bags and miles upon miles of rope are made each year. As we walk along the streets, we are surprised to find mills and dwellings side by side. There is the pungent odor of jute in the air. When we cross the street, we slip because the greasy mud is coated with dust from the jute mills.

When we depart, we find the streets crowded with laughing and chattering girls and women coming from the factories. Some of them are singing and we stop to listen. We can distinguish the words of the chorus : —

And wasna he a roguey,
A roguey, a roguey,
And wasna he a roguey,
The Piper o' Dundee ?

This is one of the favorite songs of Scotland.

In the afternoon we go to the jam and marmalade factories. The air in the factory is full of the odor of berries, sugar, and oranges. What a multitude we find working in these places! All are busy, for the supply of Dundee jams is not equal to the demand from all the world.

"Where do you get your berries?" we inquire of our guide.

"Carse o' Gowrie."

"Where?"

"Carse o' Gowrie."

We learn that this is the name of a fertile region near Dundee, where wonderful berries are grown.

We ride past the busy technical school and then up the slopes behind the city. On our way, we pass many new houses, and notice that some of the streets are terraced. At last we are on Dundee Law — high above the city. Here we can see the course of the Tay for miles. Fife is spread before us like a map. Across the bay we see St. Andrews, and behind us are the Grampian Hills. Dundee itself is enterprising rather than beautiful; but our view from the Law is the finest that we have yet had in Scotland.

Early the following morning we are on our way north. We follow the coast, passing many places of interest at which we should like to stop. In less than two hours we arrive at Aberdeen, a city almost as large as Dundee. Although an ancient city (its charter was "extended" by Robert Bruce), its growth, like that of Dundee, has come largely in recent years.

In our first walk about the town, we notice that the public buildings, the houses and shops, and even the wide streets, are all made of granite. We are not sur-



PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN ABERDEEN

prised that Aberdeen is called the "Granite City." Near by, and along the coast, granite is taken from the hundreds of quarries, and shipped to all parts of the British Isles.

Not far out in the North Sea are the Fishing Banks, where the trawlers take vast quantities of fish. Long before sunrise, the next morning, we all go down to the dock to see the return of the fishermen from their labors of the night. It is a wonderful sight. Hundreds of sturdy fishermen with bronzed faces are spreading out their fish on long benches and rapidly sorting them. Next comes the packing of the catch in barrels, many of the fish at the time being still alive. A long train is waiting beside the dock, and before the sun has appeared, every barrel has been placed on board. The train at once starts on its long journey to London.

After breakfast we drive through the grounds of the university, which is one of the leading institutions of Scotland. We visit some of the great printing establishments, where many of the London publishers have their books printed. We are told that, next to Edinburgh, Aberdeen does more printing than any Scottish city.

The cattle markets greatly interest us, and we spend a part of the day in them. Behind Aberdeen, between the river Dee and the Don, are some of the best cattle pastures in the United Kingdom.

The next day we made an excursion up the valley of the Dee. We find ourselves in a region of wild, rugged hills. Soon we arrive at Balmoral Castle, where Queen Victoria spent many of her summers. From the grounds of the castle we obtain a glorious view. All about us are high hills, while lying far below are the peaceful valleys. In the distance we catch glimpses of waterfalls foaming over rocks, and swift mountain brooks that glisten like silver. On the slopes and in the valley are more herds of cattle grazing than we could begin to count.

We now decide to vary our trip by a voyage to the Orkney and Shetland Islands, lying off the northeastern extremity of Scotland. Accordingly, the following day we sail in a little steamer from Aberdeen. The captain is a typical Highlander, and his broad Scotch dialect is difficult for us to understand. He is most courteous, however, and shows us every attention. He tells us that the Strait of Pentland Firth, which divides the islands from the mainland, is only six miles wide. In the winter, its waters are so rough and wild at times that a boat cannot "live" on it. Our first view of the Orkneys (there are sixty-seven islands in the group) shows us great, ragged cliffs, which we can well believe are, as the captain declares, the grandest in Scotland. We stop a little while

at Kirkwall, the capital, situated on Pomona, the largest island. It is only a little village, however, and we soon continue our voyage fifty miles farther north to the Shetland Isles.

We are now farther north than we have ever been before, yet the air is warm and balmy. The captain informs us that the winters in this region are also mild. Even Unst, the island farthest north, does not suffer



SHETLAND PONIES

severely from the cold. We find that there are more than one hundred of the Shetland Islands. As we draw near the shore, we see towering cliffs which have been worn by the waves and storms into fantastic and varied forms. Multitudes of screaming sea-birds are circling about the rocks. Lerwick, the capital, where we land, is a quaint and strange little seaport town.

We are to remain only a day. The following morning we mount hardy little Shetland ponies, not much larger

than sheep. Strong as they are, they are almost as gentle as kittens. How we would like to take some of them home with us !

On our ponies we ride to the ruins of some ancient castles, passing across the plains behind the cliffs on the shore. To our surprise, we find fields of corn and grass. Many sheep are seen, too, and we are reminded by them of our promise to bring back some of the famous Shetland wools.

We see many women, but very few men. The men of the islands are mostly fishermen, and now are away from home. As we turn back to our hotel, we meet women



SHETLAND WOMEN

with loads of peat on their shoulders, but, strange to say, their hands are busily knitting or sewing, in spite of the heavy load.

Centuries ago, the Shetland Islands were dimly known

to the people of Europe as Ultima Thule — that is, the land farthest away. At the dock, when we embark next day, one of the Islanders proudly informs us that the people really are Norsemen, and ought to belong to Scandinavia instead of to England.

QUESTIONS

Describe the valley of the Tweed.

Locate Melrose Abbey, Abbotsford, Dryburgh Abbey, St. Andrews, Holyrood Palace, Balmoral Castle, and Stirling Castle. For what is each famous?

Locate Edinburgh. What is its port? Why is Edinburgh called "Modern Athens?"

Where are the Grampian Hills? Describe them.

Why are Scotland's leading cities on the coast? Mention and locate four.

Locate the Orkney and Shetland Islands. How can you go to them from the mainland?

What and where was Ultima Thule?

What are some of the differences between the Highlands of Scotland and the Lowlands? Between the Highlanders and the Lowlanders?

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITTEN WORK

Look up and tell briefly the story of the life of Sir Walter Scott.

Describe a visit to the Shetland Islands.

Describe a visit to Edinburgh Castle.

CHAPTER XII

HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS

Wick — John o' Groat's House — Inverness — Caledonian Canal — Fort William — Ben Nevis — Oban — Fingal's Cave — Story of the Scotch Giant — Iona — Glencoe — Story of the Massacre — Stirling — Bannockburn — The Trossachs — Loch Katrine — Ellen's Isle — Loch Lomond — Dumbarton — Glasgow — The Land of Burns — Crossing the Irish Sea.

INSTEAD of returning to Aberdeen, we embark on a little steamer that brings us to Wick, a harbor on the northeast coast of Scotland. We have enjoyed our short voyage on the North Sea, because it has made a pleasing change in our trip. As soon as we land, we go to a hotel. The following morning finds us rested, and ready for our experiences in this interesting land of the Scots.

Wick is a busy little town at this time of the year. The population now is twice as large as it is in winter, because men have come from the scattered hamlets along the coast to join the fishing fleets. The people are tall, strong, and very serious in their bearing. We hear the Highland dialect on all sides. We are told, however, that many Norse words are used, and that these people, too, pride themselves upon being descendants of the Norsemen, whose home is only a few miles across the sea. Wick itself is a Norse word meaning "bay."

We decide to spend a part of the day in a trip on a mail cart which runs to John o' Groat's House, only twenty miles distant. When we arrive, we are aware that we are in the most northern point of Great Britain. We are told the story of John o' Groat, a Dutchman, who is said to have built a house here many years ago. The building had eight sides — one for each member of

his family. His object in building the strange house was to prevent his children from quarreling as to which should be first. Every one had his own place, and so all were content. We find, however, that John o' Groat's is well known as the terminus of the course for racing motor cars which run from "Land's End to John o' Groat's." Thus the races are run from the most southern to the most northern point of Great Britain.

We return in our mail cart to Wick, passing through a wild, bleak country. Almost the only vegetables we find growing in the region are turnips and potatoes. We notice small black cattle, with long, sharp horns, and long-wooled sheep, but not very many of either. As we ride through the narrow valleys, we see heather on many of the steep, barren hillsides. We are beginning to understand, now, why there were so many clans among the Highlanders. The steep hills and the swift mountain streams form natural barriers, as well as defenses, for the little valleys in which the clans lived.

Upon our return to Wick, we decide to go in the evening to Inverness. Our plan to visit the lochs and hills in the extreme northwest of Scotland must be abandoned, we find. There are very few people dwelling in that region, and as a consequence there are no railways. Along the coast, the men in the little hamlets are fishermen or sailors on sealing or whaling fleets. Everywhere the people are poor. Nearly all the rivers that rise in the hills of western Scotland flow eastward into the North Sea. The towns of northern Scotland have sprung up near the mouths of these rivers. Perhaps the leading industry in the West, next to fishing, is distilling Scotch whiskey. One of our boys suggests, however, that the best "crop" Scotland has produced is "men." Certainly the Scotchmen have proved themselves to be

sturdy, thrifty, earnest, and reliable. Bleak as much of their country is, they all love it.

We arrive at Inverness in the evening, and before we retire we walk about the streets of the little city. In response to our inquiries, we are informed that the town has mills in which the wool from the Highland sheep is manufactured, and that it is the centre of the trade of northern Scotland. The vast distilleries here also employ many men. We are chiefly interested, however, because Inverness is the outlet of the great Caledonian Canal, through which there is much traffic from the Atlantic Ocean to the North Sea.

Early the following morning, we go to the dock where our boat is awaiting us. We are to spend the day on the Caledonian Canal. We have long been looking forward to this trip, and are glad the time has come when we are to take it.

We find, as we proceed, that the canal itself is quite narrow, because in places the long valley, through which we are riding, is not more than fifty feet wide. We enter a number of little lakes, and find that the canal really connects these throughout its course of sixty-two miles. We meet many boats on our way, and see that most of them are heavily laden with freight. Passengers, too, are on the decks. At the locks we peer over the rail as the rising water carries us up to the higher and higher levels.

Our chief interest, however, is in the wild scenery. Bleak, steep hills of rock rise at our feet, and there are many narrow little valleys. We do not find crowds awaiting our arrival at the occasional stops, because the region is but thinly peopled. Our attention is called occasionally to deer forests, the preserves of wealthy men or of the nobility who come here in the fall to shoot. We

see bleak moors which are also reserved for hunting game. On many of the hills heather is growing, and its coloring is so beautiful that we can well understand the love of the Scotch for the modest flower. Sheep paths are seen, some of which lead across places on the hills where no man can follow.

In the afternoon we land at Benavie, the southern terminal of the Caledonian Canal, and follow the passengers



THE SUMMIT OF BEN NEVIS

who are boarding the train awaiting our arrival. A ride of a few minutes brings us to Fort William, where we are to remain a night and a day. We have time before dinner to visit the fort which guards the entrance to the Highlands.

In the morning we prepare for our ascent of Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in the British Isles, 4406

feet above the level of the sea. Mounted on ponies, we are soon climbing the pony track. Part of the way is very steep, but our hardy little steeds are sure-footed. Occasionally we stop for rest, but in four hours we are at the top.

Leaving our ponies at the hotel, we walk to those places on the summit where we can obtain the finest views of the surrounding country. Fortunately, the day is fair. Far below us, a wonderful scene unfolds itself, — green valleys and wild moors, studded here and there with lochs that glisten like jewels in the sunshine, while rising above them we see, on all sides, the peaks of the highlands, looking, from our lofty altitude, like the tiny green hills of a toy country. We can see clouds resting on the hills far below. Peering over the edge of the precipice, where we stand, we look with a little shudder down the steep rocky side of the mountain. The wind sweeps bleakly against our faces, and we can fancy what the summit of Ben Nevis must be in a winter storm. After dinner, we mount our ponies and begin the descent of the mountain, feeling that we have been well repaid for our long climb. Part of the way we walk, finding the change restful.

In the evening we take the train for Oban, a busy little land-locked harbor. We hear the place called the "Charing Cross of the Highlands," because it is the centre of the rail and steamship traffic of the region. We should be glad if it were possible for us to visit many of the Outer and Inner Hebrides, the islands off the north-western coast of Scotland. When we are informed that most of them, even Lewis, the largest of all, are thinly populated, and are bleak and barren, we decide to visit only two.

Early the following day, we board a steamer which

will carry us to these islands and bring us back to Oban the same night. On our way we pass other islands, whose rocky shores have been cut by stormy waves into weird, fantastic forms like those we saw on the coast of the Shetlands.

When we land at the island of Staffa, we are informed that we shall have just an hour in which to see Fingal's



FINGAL'S CAVE

Cave. Accordingly, we hasten to the place, and stand before the great columns that Nature has erected here as if to guard its entrance. The cave itself, we learn, extends inland more than two hundred feet, and the columns in front are almost fifty feet high. How like a vast cathedral it looks! It is, indeed, a cathedral built without the aid of man. And with what a roar the wild waves dash against the columns! The waters of the Atlantic are forever rushing and seething as they sweep against these shores.

We return to our steamer, which soon leaves for the island of Iona. On our way, a man seated near us tells us the Scotch story of Fingal's Cave. "Ninety miles away, on the coast of Ireland, is the Giant's Causeway, a formation so like Fingal's Cave that it is believed at one time they were united. The old tradition is that there was an Irish giant, champion of Ireland, who was eager to fight the champion giant of Scotland. For a long time it was impossible to arrange an encounter. At last, by permission of the Irish king, the giant of Ireland built a bridge or causeway across the sea. When the champion of Ireland came walking across the bridge, the Scotch giant was frightened because his rival was so much larger than he. The wife of the Scotchman, however, was keen-witted, and she at once ordered her husband to get into his bed. The giant obeyed. Just as his wife covered her husband with the bedclothes, the Irish giant appeared in the doorway. He roared forth his demand for the giant whom he was seeking. 'Hush,' said the canny Scotch giantess, 'my husband is not here. The "baby" is in bed. You may see *him* if you wish. His father will be back soon.' The Irish giant gave one look at the 'baby' and fled. If that immense creature was the 'baby,' he had no desire to see his father. The giant was in such haste to get back to Ireland that the 'causeway' crumbled beneath his flying feet. It was all destroyed except the ends, one of which is Fingal's Cave in Scotland and the other the Giant's Causeway in Ireland."

"Do the Irish have the same story?" inquires one of the boys.

"No. When you visit the Causeway you will hear a somewhat different version."

Our boat has now arrived at Iona, where we are to have an hour for sightseeing. We find the little island

bleak and barren. We are interested, however, in visiting the cemetery of St. Oran, where many ancient kings were buried, and where for centuries no one ever came to disturb their final sleep. Perhaps that was the reason why this desolate island was selected by the Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings for their burial place. We find some very old buildings, but none that date back to 563, when the missionary, St. Columba, came here from Ireland to begin his labors in Scotland. In those early days, it is said, Ireland was more highly civilized than any country of Europe.

It is still light when we return to Oban. The next morning we go by coach to the Pass of Glencoe. We ride



THE PASS OF GLENCOE

swiftly through wild, beautiful valleys, with towering mountains looking down upon us. In the Pass we find ourselves in a long narrow valley. On either side of us are steep hillsides. In the centre of the valley, a swift

mountain stream is leaping over rocks and singing on its way to the sea.

Our driver tells us the story of the massacre which has made the Pass of Glencoe famous. "Years ago, after long and bloody wars, the Highlanders were at last defeated by the soldiers of King William III of England. Every chief was commanded to come to Fort William before the close of the year 1691, and swear allegiance to the king. MacIan (Macdonald) of Glencoe came as he was bidden, but he was informed that the officers before whom he must swear were not there. MacIan hastened to Inverary, but upon his arrival was told he was five days too late. His enemies had played a trick on him. He returned to Glencoe.

"Four hundred English soldiers were sent to Glencoe. For two weeks MacIan and his clan fed and cared for their visitors. Then, early one February morning, before sunrise, the soldiers stealthily arose and massacred MacIan and his people. Nearly every man and boy of the clan were put to death. His two sons escaped, however, and did much to arouse the other clans. It was long before the bitterness died. Some have not forgotten it yet," added the driver, his eyes flashing as he spoke. "MacIan was shot as he arose from his bed to order food for his guests."

The next day we start southward by train for Glasgow, the chief commercial city of Scotland, where we had arranged to meet our friends again. Upon our arrival we go at once to the hotel where they are awaiting us. A heavy Scotch mist hangs over the city, and we are glad to remain indoors and listen to the reports the girls give us of their travels since we left them at Edinburgh.

"We made an excursion from Edinburgh the same day you left," begins one of the girls. "When our train

stopped at Dunfermline, mother wanted to get out and go to the mills which make more table linen than any other mills in England or Scotland ; but we decided to stay on the train until we came to Stirling, for which we had started.

“Stirling is a larger place than we thought. The town is located on the Forth, but when we saw Stirling Cas-



STIRLING CASTLE

tle, we did not think of anything else, for we had come to see the castle. It is a wonderful sight. The quaint old building of stone stands on a high rock, reminding one of Edinburgh Castle. All around it is a plain ; it does not seem possible that an army ever could have taken the place. We were not surprised when our guide told us that the Scottish kings loved their home in this castle. From the walls we saw the great hills far away,

the plains, the river, and the very field of the Battle of Bannockburn. You know that was the battle in which Robert Bruce defeated the army of the English King, Edward II, in 1314. And Bruce's army was only one third as large as the other!"

"How far is Bannockburn from Stirling?" inquires a boy.

"Only two miles. We remained at Stirling two days, and returned to Edinburgh." Here our narrator pauses, out of breath.

"The morning we finally left Edinburgh," eagerly begins another girl, continuing the narrative, "we took a train for Aberfoyle to coach through the Trossachs,— you remember, that is the name of the long gorge that extends to Loch Katrine. Again we rode on a coach that had five seats, with four persons on each seat. For a few miles we just climbed the great hills. We saw a few sheep, but almost no people. The soil is so light I don't see how anything can be grown there.

"After a time we began to descend the hills and go down into the valley or gorge. It was great fun. The horses were running, the air was cool and bracing, and there were such wonderful things to see on every side. The hills were all aglow with heather. In one place in the woods there were four bagpipers, playing Scotch tunes. The men wore kilts, plaids, and Scotch caps —"

"Yes, and little urchins ran after you calling out, 'Spare a cop! Spare a cop!'" interrupts one of the boys, with a laugh.

"How did you know? You were not there!"

"We found little beggars, and big ones, too, wherever we went."

"When we came at last to Loch Katrine," resumes the girl, "we saw a little steamer waiting for us at the

dock. There were so many tourists on it that it seemed crowded. We found room on deck, however, and the boat soon started. Pretty soon we came to Ellen's Isle, a beautiful little island almost round and covered with trees. It looked like some of the small islands in Lake George or Lake Champlain. When Scott wrote his poem 'The Lady of the Lake,' people were living on the island, but no one does now. We had a copy of 'The Lady of the Lake,' and it made a good guide-book. We saw Rob Roy's cave, and the place where Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu had their encounter."

"Do many people live along the shore?"

"No; that was surprising to us. We saw a few fine places, but not many. Finally, we left the boat and took the coach again. It began to rain —"

"As usual!" interrupted one, with a laugh.

"Yes, there are likely to be showers any day. We could see the clouds around the tops of Ben Venue and Ben Lomond. It was all beautiful,— even the showers, and they lasted only a few minutes at a time. On arriving at Loch Lomond, we went on board a steamer and rode for three hours on the lake, and there it rained all the time. The boat was crowded with tourists, and we were not very comfortable, but no one expects to be comfortable all the time he travels. Loch Lomond is the largest of the Scottish lakes. It is twenty-five miles long, and in places is five miles wide. The water is clear and beautiful, and is the source of Glasgow's water supply. There are a good many little islands in the lake, covered with trees, and on some of the islands are hotels. Our boat stopped at many of these places.

"At Ballock, the lower end of the lake, we left the steamer, took a train for Glasgow,— and here we are! After a day's rest we went over to Dumbarton, to see the

old castle there. It is in one of the most sightly places we have found. It stands on a rock nearly three hundred feet high, and from its walls we could see Ben Lomond, Loch Lomond, and the Clyde with its shipyards. We listened to the stories the guide told us about Sir William Wallace when he was a prisoner here. Dumbarton was a very important castle in Scottish history, and when the wars with England ended it was one of the four fortresses



DUMBARTON ROCK AND CASTLE

retained by the government. You know it is guarded by the river, and it commands the mouth of the Clyde."

"Is Dumbarton itself much of a town?" asked one of the boys.

"Yes, it is a city of twenty thousand. It has some great shipyards. Perhaps you know that more ship-building is done on the Clyde than anywhere else in the world. The calico prints, especially the Turkey-red, are

made here, too, and all these find a natural shipping port at Dumbarton."

"What else have you been doing in Glasgow?" inquires a boy. "Have you seen the cathedral yet?"

"Indeed we have! And the great burying-ground near it is quite as interesting as the old church itself.

"We have spent several days in the Art Museum, too, and we have enjoyed the statuary and pictures, especially as so much of the work is by Scotch artists. We saw a famous picture by Whistler, the American artist, and we each bought a copy of it. It is a portrait of Thomas Carlyle, the great writer."

"How about the colleges?" asks another boy.

"There are three interesting colleges here and a great



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY

university which has twenty-five hundred students. Best of all, women are given degrees by the university."

"It seems to me that Glasgow is a wonderful city," remarks one of the boys seriously.

"There can be no doubt about that," answers his father. "There are upwards of a million people living here. The city is almost as large as Philadelphia, although it is not so beautiful. It is now the second city in size and importance in the British Isles. It is like Liverpool in its



ON THE CLYDE NEAR GLASGOW

shipping, and like Manchester in the amount of its manufacturing."

"What has made Glasgow such an important place?" inquires the boy.

"Several different causes. First of all, it has a harbor which has been made so large and safe that even the mammoth ocean liners can enter. There are men living in Glasgow now who can remember when they waded across the very places in the Clyde where these great vessels now come. It was a great scheme to dredge the

harbor, and now Glasgow has lines of ships that go to ports in almost every part of the world.

"Glasgow (Glaskie, the Scotchmen call it) is also on a rich coal and iron field, and we have seen that the neighborhood of coal and iron has made many cities important. Coal usually brings other industries with it, and there are a great many men in the vicinity working in copper and chemical factories. Shipbuilding, however, as we have seen, is Glasgow's greatest industry.

"Again, in the plain south of Glasgow the soil is very fertile, and the air, water, and climate of this section are favorable to certain lines of manufacturing. Hence, near the city we find a large manufacturing population, which provides cargoes for her ships. Being on the west coast, she naturally has a large trade with North and South America, and she has gained and kept much commerce that Bristol once had. Glasgow's location at the mouth of so important a river as the Clyde has given it another advantage. The upper part of the Clyde basin is devoted to sheep and cattle raising, while on its downward way the river passes a great many busy mining and manufacturing towns. It is easy to see how Glasgow has also become one of the most important railway centres in the United Kingdom."

"You have not mentioned yet the most important help Glasgow has had in growing so great," suggests one of the boys.

"What is that?"

"The Scotchmen themselves."

"You are right," laughs his father. "The people themselves have had the most to do with Glasgow's greatness. The Scotch are serious, earnest, and hardworking, and they love their homes. Most of them are poor, and they have learned to be frugal and saving. Their music, too,

has been of a character to develop the serious side of their life. Years ago they had the bagpipe and the harp, and their songs were of conflicts and bravery. Even their games, such as curling, golf, football, and also their shooting and fishing, are not lightly done. It is sometimes said the Scotch do not have a very keen sense of fun, but perhaps we think so because they do not enjoy our jokes as much as they do their own. Whether they have a keen sense of fun or not, they are a strong, earnest, reliable people. Every country into which they have gone has been helped by them, and no country more than America."

Next morning we leave our hotel and take a walk in some of the streets of Glasgow. What strange names they have! We proceed down Sauchiehall Street, and then pass Garrowgate, Trongate, and other streets. Argyll Street reminds us of Regent Street in London, because it contains so many shops. The venders of strange wares on the street interest us very much. Here is the hot potato man trying to sell his eatables. Near him is a blind man shouting, "Fine laces, only a penny a pair!"

The streets are thronged. In the crowds we see some barefooted women. Many of them are carrying their babies in a shawl that hangs from the mother's neck. Perhaps this custom explains why so many deformed children are seen. We do not, however, see or hear a crying child.

We turn back and walk across one of the many bridges that span the Clyde. As far as we can see on either side, the river is almost filled with boats. What hurrying crowds of busy people are crossing the bridges! Glasgow impresses us as being less beautiful and more enterprising than Edinburgh. The latter city is more literary, historic, and aristocratic. There seems to be



A BRIDGE IN GLASGOW

the same difference between the two cities that we found existing between the North and South of England.

We stop a tram car and secure seats on the top. When we pay our fare the conductor informs us that the city government of Glasgow owns all the trolley systems, as well as the telephone lines and the water supply, of the city. Last year Glasgow made almost enough money on the tramways to pay for all the expenses of her schools. And yet the fare, we find, is regulated the same as that in London.

We pass many fine residences. We enter parks in which are monuments to Scott, Burns, and other famous Scotchmen. One sees row upon row of office buildings, in Glasgow, and banks without number, almost. The city is the most thriving we have found since we departed from London.

The following morning we visit the shipyards that extend for miles along the Clyde. We readily believe

the statement of our guide that these are the most extensive shipyards in the world. The din is almost deafening. We visit yards in which only ocean-going boats are made. In others only yachts are built. Ships just begun, ships ready for launchings, ships in various stages of completion, are all about us.

In the afternoon one of our boys expresses his desire to visit one of the factories.

"As there are four thousand different factories in Glasgow, it might be well, before we start, for you to select the one you wish to see," suggests his father.

"Tell me what some of them are."

"Well, you will find factories for making cotton goods, woolen cloth, pottery and metal work; factories for silk weaving, and for fitting out, as well as for building ships."

"Does everybody in Glasgow work in a mill?"

"No. Only a hundred thousand men are employed in them."

It is finally decided to spend the afternoon in one of the largest of the chemical works. We find the plant covers fifteen acres. The tall chimneys rise almost a hundred feet higher than the dome of St. Paul's. Within, the army of men and boys are making and mixing liquids of various kinds, each of which seems to give out a disagreeable odor.

On our way back to our hotel one of the boys asks his father: "How old a city is Glasgow?"

"It is believed to have been founded in 560. It did not grow rapidly, however, until the harbor of the Clyde had been made and the trade with America had been developed. And yet Glasgow is not without its history. It was here that James Watts in 1763 constructed his first steam engine. The first steamboat in Europe was built here, too."

In the afternoon of our final day in Glasgow, we go to St. Enoch's Station, one of the largest in the kingdom, and secure compartments in the train which will carry us to Ayr.

As we ride swiftly southward, we skirt the shores of the Firth of Clyde. At some of the busy little seaport towns which we pass, we see freight trains and boats loaded with coal. At others, we see thousands of bushels of early potatoes. In still others, we notice boxes of shoes or bales of woolen goods or packages of lace. We notice, too, that large quantities of Kilmarnock cheese are being shipped. All these are the products of Ayrshire, one of the richest and most beautiful of the counties of Scotland.

We have seen, also, since our train entered the county, great engine shops. We are told, in response to our queries, that iron, as well as coal, is found in large quantities among the hills that form almost a semicircle around the fertile plain through which we are riding. After a journey of two hours we are in Ayr, a city of thirty thousand. When we alight from our train, we are at once aware that we are in the land of Burns, because in front of the station we behold an imposing statue of the poet himself.

We spend the night at a typical Scotch hotel, where "scones" and porridge are served for breakfast. Soon we are riding to the cottage in which Burns was born. The place is only two miles away. In a brief time we arrive at the low, thatch-roofed, one-story building. Even in its best days, the cottage must have been very "humble." We each pay a "tuppence" and enter. We examine the few relics of the poet that are exhibited. We are more impressed by the statement of the keeper, that in the preceding week ten thousand people came to see the

birthplace of Burns, than we are by the few articles, once owned by the poet, that are shown us.

After we depart from the cottage we ride for a time in the country roundabout. From the tops of the hills we can see the farms and the little villages,—the fair region which was the scene of the life of this poet of the lowly. He sang the songs of the peasant, and he made us all see the beauty that is to be found in quiet and familiar tasks.



ROBERT BURNS' BIRTHPLACE

Later we go to the park, where we find another monument to Burns, which almost makes us forget the impressions we have previously received. This monument is designed after an old Greek temple. In the niches we see statues of Souter Johnnie, Tam O'Shanter, and other characters Burns made famous. We hardly know what to say as we silently stand before the strange structure. Finally, one of our boys exclaims, "Fancy Souter Johnnie peering around the corner of an old Greek temple! Wearing coat tails pinned to an Eton jacket would be just as fitting!"

The rain is falling and the wind is blowing, when, later in the afternoon, we enter a train which will carry us southward to Stranraer. There we expect to embark on a steamer which will take us to the Emerald Isle by the shortest of all the crossings between Great Britain and Ireland.

An hour later we leave the cars and board the boat which is awaiting our arrival. In a brief time we are moving up Loch Ryan toward the open waters of the North Channel or Irish Sea.

We overhear one of the sailors remark that it is "a dirty night." We know that the crossing is very rough at times, but we are not afraid, although we have noticed that many passengers already have gone to their state-rooms.

Our boys and girls secure sheltered seats on deck, and enjoy the experience. One of the boys relates a conversation he had with a man who was in the same compartment of the car. "He said his home was in Ayr, and that he had traveled in many lands. He had been in America, India, China, Japan, and a good many other countries. But he never had been in Ireland,—only thirty miles from his home. Some mornings he could see, across the Channel, the outlines of the Irish hills. And yet he had never been on the island!"

"A good many are like him," responds another boy. "They go thousands of miles away, but never see the sights near home. I know a man who has lived years in New York who has never crossed the Brooklyn Bridge."

The conversation is abruptly ended. The swift steamer is pitching and rolling heavily, and we flee to our state-rooms. Indeed, most of the passengers are seasick.

Two hours later we land at Larne, where we enter a train near the dock.

"I want to send a telegram to London as soon as we arrive in Belfast," remarks one of the girls.

"You know it will be sent from the post office," says her brother. "I will attend to it for you, if you wish. It will cost only a sixpence, but you will have to count in the address and the signature, too."

A ride of an hour brings us to Belfast. By this time we have all recovered from the discomforts of our crossing. Storms and cross-tides are forgotten in our enthusiasm over our arrival at last in the Emerald Isle.

QUESTIONS

What is the extreme north of Scotland? How far from Land's End? Where is Ben Nevis? What is a loch? Why are there so many lochs in Scotland?

What and where is the Caledonian Canal?

Where is Fort William? Fingal's Cave? The Trossachs? Ellen's Isle? Bannockburn? For what is each best known?

For what is Dumbarton famous? Ayr?

Compare Glasgow with Edinburgh.

What is the relation of the location of Glasgow to four of its leading industries? Mention the industries. Why is the Clyde important?

Mention four characteristics of the Scottish people.

In what part of Scotland is "the land of Burns?" Why was the name given?

Compare the East of Scotland with the West. The North with the South.

Locate four important rivers and describe the course of each.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITTEN WORK

A visit to a shipyard at Glasgow.

Tell the story related in some poem of Robert Burns.

A day in the Highlands or on the Caledonian Canal.

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE EMERALD ISLE

Downpatrick — St. Patrick — Belfast — Flax — Linen Mills — Shipyards — Irish Lace — Jaunting Cars — Brian Boru — Ulster — Giant's Causeway — Story of the Irish Giant — Londonderry — Villages of Fishermen — Hills and Valleys — River Shannon — Drogheda — Battle of the Boyne.

THE following morning is as misty as any we saw in Glasgow. Clouds of smoke are hanging over the city. We are not to be detained by weather, however, and soon board a tram car for the station. One of our boys is eager to go to Downpatrick, where St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, began his labors in the island, and where he was buried. We yield to the lad's urgent request, even before we have seen the interesting places in Belfast, the largest and busiest city of Ireland, containing four hundred thousand people.

As we pass through many streets on our way to the station, the people we see appear quite like Americans. In their conversation, we detect the Scotch as well as the Irish "burr." We are reminded by the fact that the North of Ireland has more Scotch and English in its population than has any other part of the island.

A ride of twenty-six miles southward by train brings us to Downpatrick. We walk from the station to the imposing cathedral that bears the name of St. Patrick. We admire the beautiful east window, which is all that remains of the original church of the saint. The long nave, the artistic furnishings, the massive buttressed tower, are all wonderful; but we are most impressed by the fact that here are the shrine and the final resting-place of Ireland's patron saint.¹ Naturally we are inter-

¹ Some Irish historians maintain that St. Patrick was buried elsewhere.



A BUSY STREET IN BELFAST

ested in the man for whom so many churches, streets, and boys have been named.

We stop a little while outside the church to enjoy the marvelous view which is had from this spot. Hills and valleys, plains and villages, can be seen all about us. The verdure is of a darker green than we have ever seen.

On our way back to Belfast one of our boys is humming, —

Upon the top of a tall green hill
St. Patrick preached a sarmint;
He drove the frogs into the bogs
And banished all the varmint.

“He did a good deal more than drive the snakes out of Ireland,” remarks a gentleman who is seated in the same compartment with us. “A great many stories have been told about him which are not true; but he did more for Ireland than any other man has done.”

"Please tell us about him," urges one of our party.

"His real name was Patricius, and he probably came from either Gaul (France) or Scotland. When he was a young man, he was captured, brought to Ireland, and sold as a slave. For six years he worked as a shepherd for his master, and in that time he became very fond of the Irish people. He finally escaped from the island, went to France and studied hard for several years. He came back to Ireland as a missionary. He began his work at Downpatrick, and from there he went all over the island."

"What did he do?"

"When he began his work here the people were divided into many little tribes, that kept the island in a state of war most of the time. The religion of the Druids, which was general, required the offering of human sacrifices. Largely through his influence, all these conditions were changed for the better. It is not surprising that the people of Ireland, who are warm-hearted, love St. Patrick as they do; nor that so many Irish boys have his name."

When the stranger learns that our party is eager to visit one of the great linen mills of Belfast, he gives a card to one of the boys and invites him to bring his friends on the following morning, promising to show us through a linen mill in which he himself is interested. He explains, too, that Belfast is the greatest linen centre in the world.

"Why is linen the leading industry?" inquires one of our boys.

"Soil and climate are the first cause. Flax requires much moisture, and Ireland surely has that. For the past five years we have had an average of 205 rainy days each year. That fact explains, too, why Ireland is the

Emerald Isle, and why our grass is so green. You never will be able to develop a linen industry in America."

"Why not?"

"The country is too dry. You can grow enough flax to provide flaxseed for oil, poultices, and a few such things. You can make some coarse linen towels; but that is about all. Flax becomes brittle when it is dry. America must change her weather if she wishes to compete with us."

We spend the rest of the day, after we have returned, in visiting the university at Belfast and the famous technical school, which has had so much to do in developing the industries of the city and the adjacent country. We drive through streets on which we see imposing public buildings. We stop at the Bank of Ireland to secure money on our letter of credit. Much of the paper money we receive, we notice is that of the Bank of Ireland (not of the Bank of England), but we are informed that it will pass current anywhere in the Emerald Isle.

We visit the great post office, and walk through some of the public buildings. We are told that the Lord Mayor of Belfast and the other city officers do not receive any salaries. The city, too, owns its water works, its lights, and its trolley lines.

At Royal Avenue we alight and walk to our hotel. The streets are filled with busy people, who almost make us think we are in an American city. Indeed, the streets and buildings remind us of home more than do those of any city we have visited in the British Isles.

Following us are several boys and girls who are very persistent in begging us to "spare a cop." Every one of these little beggars has a brass medal which is displayed, showing that they are licensed to beg. To avoid them we enter a store, where even our boys are inter-

ested in the beautiful Irish laces which, at our request, are shown us. These laces are mostly hand-made, the work of girls in the convents, or of lonely women in their peasant homes. Only within recent years have the laces been made in factories, chiefly at Dublin and Limerick.

Our girls are so deeply interested, and make so many purchases, that it is late when we return to our hotel. The entire day, however, has been so full of pleasures that no one complains.

Early the next morning our party presents itself at the office of the man who has promised to take us to his



AN IRISH JAUNTING CAR

great linen mill. We are most cordially welcomed. Jaunting cars are secured, and we start for the mill. These jaunting cars are novel to us. Each has only two wheels. There are two seats for passengers, one on each side of the car.

The girls are timid because the motion is strange to them. One must learn to brace one's feet properly, or a sudden jolt may toss one to the ground. Only one horse is used for each car, and the driver has a seat in front of his passengers.

Our horse is small, but he goes briskly. The car darts down one street and then turns sharply into another. The houses now are less attractive than some we have already seen in Belfast. There are scores of good-natured children in the street, who dart out of the way of the jaunting cars and call to us, "Spare a cop!" This call we learn is very common in Ireland.

One of our boys, seated near the driver, is much interested in our conveyance. He has been examining it, and now turns to the driver and inquires, "How much does a jaunting car like this cost?"

"About forty, sorr."

"I'm going to have one, if that is all!"

"He means £40, about \$200," laughingly suggests one of our party.

"It is so plain and simple it can't cost that much!"

"'T is the foine material," explains the driver. "Thin, think of the skilled workmen that must be after doin' th' foine work. There 's th' balance, an' th' —"

"Will you sell this for £40?" interrupts one of the boys.

"Oi will that!" exclaims the driver. "'T is a bargain ye'd be gettin'! There be carrs at £8, but not loike this, sorr."

The man's eyes are twinkling with fun. As we have now come to the end of our ride, he touches his hat with his whip when one of our party gives him a shilling as a "tip." As he turns away, he calls: "If iver ye want a furst-class jaunting carr, it's the loikes o' me wad be glad t' sill it to yez."

Our party, led by our friendly conductor, now enters the mill. Both the boys and the girls are deeply interested, and ask numerous questions. We learn that there are many divisions of the linen industry. Obtaining the fibre, spinning the yarns, weaving the threads into cloth, and bleaching are distinct occupations. In the fields the flax is planted in April, and pulled or cut in July. It is then sunk in water, until covered, weighted down by stones, and left for three weeks. The process is called "retting." The flax is next spread on grassy fields to be sun-dried for about two weeks. When it is thoroughly

dried, it is taken to the "scutching" mills, where the woody part is separated from the fibre. In the next place it is "hackled,"—the first process in spinning yarn. This part of the work is very unhealthful, because fine dust



AN IRISH FLAX-MILL

is thrown out from the machines, and ordinarily there are hundreds of men working together, each bending over a little machine from which he pulls the flax.

Some of the weaving is still done on hand-loom in the humble homes of the weavers. Years ago, all the weaving was done in this way, and the finest is still "hand-made." To-day, however, the looms of the great mills do most of the work. We are especially interested in the pattern cards shown us in one room of the mill. They remind us of the perforated sheets of paper used in a piano player.

We are told that even after the linen cloth is sent

from the mills, it is not yet ready for the markets. It must first be sent into the country, far from the smoke and dirt of the city, to be bleached. Long strips are laid on the grass. Sometimes many acres are covered by these strips, and watchmen are on duty day and night to guard against robbery.

As we walk through the mill we are almost deafened by the clatter of the looms. In one room alone we see eight hundred looms, and we notice that many of the weavers are girls and women. Some of these women are so old that it does not seem to us they ought to work. In answer to our inquiries concerning the wages and hours of the workers, our friend tells us: "The average pay of a weaver is five dollars a week. Boys and girls under fourteen years of age are not permitted to work in the mills. When they do begin, their wages vary from one to two dollars a week. All who work in factories of any kind in Belfast do so from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M., but at 8 A. M. the workers stop an hour, and all go home to breakfast. At one o'clock they all stop for dinner. They are forbidden by law to remain in the mill in the breakfast or dinner hour. Every worker thus has sixty hours of labor every week, or fifty-five if a Saturday half-holiday is given them."

We follow our leader from one noisy room to another, seeing all we can. But we are not able to ask more questions until at last we return to the offices.

"How many people in Belfast work in the linen trade?" inquires one of our boys.

"About eighty thousand in all the lines. If we include those who are dependent on the works, the linen industry supports about half the people of the city."

"Is the flax all grown in Ireland?"

"Years ago it was, but not now. Our people are poor,

and they are not able to care for the land as they should. Some of the best flax ground has been exhausted. To-day we import from Russia, Holland, and Belgium nearly three times the amount we raise ourselves."

"And where does most of your linen go?" inquires one of the girls.

"More than half goes to the United States,—seven times as much as to any other country. Only a little of it is used here. You will find the linen industry prominent not only in Belfast, but in most of the villages and cities in the North of Ireland. Indeed, Ireland leads all other lands in its production. In all Ireland there are almost nine hundred thousand spindles and thirty-five thousand power looms; and there would be many more if so many of our people had not left us to go to other countries. Years ago we had a population of nine million, but now we have not much more than half that number. Perhaps you can tell me where so many of our bright Irish boys and girls are to be found to-day."

"Belfast is the chief city in the production of linen, is n't it?" asks one of the girls.

"Yes, especially of damasks. 'Where did the word damask come from?' From Damascus, which many centuries ago made beautiful fabrics, as well as famous blades. Indeed, the blades were 'watered,' so that they looked almost like damask, too. You can understand how long linen lasts by remembering that the mummy of Cleopatra, which is now in the British Museum, is wrapped in sheets that were placed about her almost nineteen hundred years ago."

In the afternoon our new friend takes us to a wholesale shop, in order that we may view some of the finished products of the linen mills. On a large table we see displayed, one after another, beautiful tablecloths, bed-

spreads, tea-cloths, and many other linen articles. What artistic work! Never before did we understand what "fine linen" is. Our enthusiasm increases when we are permitted to make a few purchases. When at last we depart, one of our girls inquires: "Why can we buy linens here for one quarter of the price at home?" Perhaps you can answer her question.

Our next visit is to the shipyards near Belfast. Here we find boats in all stages of construction. One steamship, we hear, is to be launched within a few days. Our guide promises us tickets to the launching, but as we are soon to depart we cannot accept.

"Do you remember the boat that brought us over?" suddenly asks one of our party. "It was built here." The reminder causes us to look about us with increased interest. There is a din that makes conversation almost impossible while we go from one busy yard to another. We think of the storms at sea these boats must meet, the great cargoes to be carried, the thousands of passengers who will be on board, and the fortunes that will be made or lost. The building of ships means more to us now than it did before we came.

One of our boys has many questions to ask, but he is compelled to wait until we are beyond the sound of the hammering and pounding.

"How much greater is the shipbuilding industry at Glasgow than at Belfast?" he inquires of the guide, when at last we turn away from the yards.

"Glasgow builds nearly ten times as many boats," the guide replies. "I think Belfast is entitled to much credit for what she does in the face of so many obstacles. Our harbor is shallower than the Clyde, and the coal-mines near us are not so good as those of Glasgow, nor so well worked."

"Why not?"

"Poor Ireland! She has had so many troubles, and is so poor that the best of her mines are neglected. Belfast imports most of her coal and iron, and her harbor is shallow; yet in spite of these things, her shipyards build more than five times as many boats as all the other towns in Ireland. Our boats, too, are large. Although Glasgow builds almost ten times as many as we do, the total tonnage of hers is only four times as great as ours."

"What a fleet England builds every year!" remarks a boy.

"Last year the United Kingdom launched almost as many merchant vessels as did all the other countries of the world combined.¹ In the tonnage of our new boats, we had nearly double that of all other countries. The British Isles make ships, and these ships make the British Isles." What did he mean?

We are eager now to start northward, for we want to see the Giant's Causeway. The following day we depart. Our ride from Belfast is about sixty-five miles. We pass many villages in which the manufacture of linen plainly is the chief industry. We see many wide fields covered with strips of linen bleaching in the sunlight. If we had been here in early summer, we should have seen many acres covered with the little blue flowers of the flax in bloom.

One of our boys, who has been reading since we left Belfast, suddenly closes his book and exclaims, "I have found what I wanted!"

"What is that?" asks one of the party.

¹ In a recent year, the United Kingdom launched 755 vessels (of 100 tons and upward), exclusive of warships. All other countries in the same year launched 940. The British colonies launched 57, the United States 242, and Germany 205.

"Who Brian Boru was. He was the Irish king who gained a great victory over the Danes in 1014. He was slain by a concealed enemy on the day of his victory. Then Ireland was divided into four parts, and each division had a ruler of its own. Every one of the four sections was made up of the tribes and great families within its borders. The divisions or provinces are still just as they were then : Ulster, Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. We are now in Ulster, the richest and busiest part of Ireland. The counties of each province, not the province itself, are all that have any political importance to-day."

We soon arrive at the busy little seaport of Portrush, where we leave our train and take a tram car ride of seven miles to the Causeway. The country through which we are passing is fertile and beautiful. We see many fields of oats, as well as of flax. Daisies also are plentiful. We pass through a picturesque little village and catch sight of a grim old castle there which, if it could speak, might tell us tales of sea robbers and of fights.

At last we arrive at our destination and secure rooms in our hotel. We decide to take advantage of the bright moonlight to obtain our first view of the Giant's Causeway. A short walk down the hillside brings us to a turnstile, to enter which we each pay a sixpence, the gateman warning us all meanwhile against slipping on the wet stones. In a few minutes we have arrived at the Giant's Causeway.

Our first feeling at sight of it is perhaps one of disappointment. We had expected to look upon high, massive columns, with wild waves dashing against them. But the moonlit sea is quiet, and the columns of rock below us are not gigantic, — in fact, they rise only a few feet

above the water. All these columns have five or six sides, almost as smooth as if they had been cut by a mason, and we are told that forty thousand are within sight. The keeper tells us that they were once joined to the similar strange formation on the Scotch island, Staffa, ninety miles away, which some of us have seen. As we walk about the stones, our impression of the scene deepens. When at last we stroll along the high cliffs



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

near by, look across the sea flooded with moonlight, and see below us the shadowy outlines of the weird columns, we begin to realize why the Giant's Causeway is so greatly admired.

Before we return to our hotel, the keeper tells us the story of the giant who built the causeway.

Many years ago, Fin MacCoul was the champion giant of Ireland. No one was left in the country who could compete with him. Beyond the sea, in Scotland, lived Benandonner, the champion giant of that land, whom

Fin MacCoul was eager to meet. The Scotchman had laughed at his strength and reputation. Benandonner, however, ignored his challenge, explaining that he did not want to swim the sea in winter. Then Fin besought the King of Ireland for permission to build a bridge to Staffa. The king consented. Soon afterward, Fin MacCoul built the Giant's Causeway, across which Benandonner came to meet him. In the fight that followed, the Scotch giant was thoroughly beaten, and remained in Ireland, an obedient servant to Fin MacCoul. Not long after the fight, the waters rose, and all the bridge was



LONDONDERRY

submerged except the ends which can be seen at Staffa and on the northern coast of Ireland.

We are reminded by this story of the Scottish tale we heard at Staffa. Which do you like better?

We ride two hours westward to Londonderry, a town of forty thousand, where some of the liners from Amer-

ica stop on their way to Glasgow. Here, as at Belfast, we find that the linen industry is important. Shirts and laces, however, not damasks, are made at Londonderry. In the adjacent country, on our way to the city, we saw many pigs ; so we are not surprised when we learn that large quantities of bacon are cured and shipped at Londonderry. In the afternoon we walk up the hill which overhangs the river. As we look down upon the town and its little river, we recall that many fierce battles with the English, and many long sieges, have occurred here. One siege lasted one hundred and five days before the defenders were forced by hunger to surrender. The original name of the city was Derry. When many English came to settle at Derry, after the Irish had been conquered, the name was changed to its present form.

We next travel through some of the northern and western parts of Ireland, where, we find, towns are not numerous. Most of the villages are on the wild, rough coast, where fishing is the leading industry. The warm waters of the Gulf Stream bring food, upon which the fish feed. The shore waters are shallow, and there are many bays and harbors.

As we turn eastward we see a vista of high hills, moors, and bogs. We soon cross fertile plains, however, upon which flax, oats, and potatoes are grown, and we see Kerry cattle and sheep feeding in the fields.

We stop for the night at Drogheda, on the eastern coast, a town which was the scene of severe fighting between Cromwell's army and the Irish Royalists who supported Charles II in 1649. The next day we visit the field of the Battle of the Boyne. This battle was fought in 1690, when the new King of England, William III, succeeded in driving out of Ireland, James II, who had previously been deposed as King of England. The battle

was hard fought until the victory at last was won by King William. It is said that one of the Irish soldiers, after the defeat, disgusted at the cowardice of King James, shouted to his enemies : "Change kings with us and we will fight you again !" For many years following the Battle of the Boyne, there was a bitter feeling between the people of the North of Ireland, who favored William, and those of the South, who were on James's side. This feeling to-day is less intense, and by many is no longer cherished at all.

QUESTIONS

What and where is the shortest crossing of the Irish Sea ?

Mention and describe the leading industries of Belfast.

Compare the shipbuilding at Belfast with that at Glasgow. Look up and compare the shipbuilding industry in Great Britain with that of the United States.

Who was Brian Boru ?

What was the cause of the Battle of the Boyne ?

Locate Londonderry. For what is it best known ? How did the city receive its name ?

Describe the coast of Ireland. The interior. The northern part.

Where is Irish lace made ?

Where and what is Ulster ? Mention the four divisions of Ireland.

Where and what is the Giant's Causeway ?

Why does Ireland produce more and better linen than the United States ?

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITTEN WORK

Look up and tell briefly the story of St. Patrick.

Describe a visit to a linen factory.

Write about a ride in a jaunting car.

CHAPTER XIV

FROM DUBLIN TO THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

Dublin — Tara — Bogs — Peat — Facts concerning Ireland — Athlone — The Shannon — Limerick — Killarney — Gap of Dunloe — Cork — Blarney Castle — Waterford — Vale of Avoca — Tipperary — Rock of Cashel — Isle of Man — From Dublin to Holyhead.

A RIDE of less than two hours the following morning brings us to Dublin, Ireland's capital, a city not quite as large as Belfast. Having heard of "Dirty Dublin," our first impression of the city is one of surprise. We are riding through wide, clean streets, and are in the midst of enterprise and prosperity. Just before we enter the city one of our girls calls our attention to the nearby Wicklow Hills. They form a semicircle about Dublin, and remind us of a frame for a picture.

Soon after we are settled in our hotel we prepare to drive about the city. We drive through Sackville Street, the most prominent one, and then turn into other crowded thoroughfares. Statues are everywhere to be seen. We admire the stone figures of Grattan and O'Connell, two of Ireland's greatest orators. The saintly face of Father Mathew in stone looks down upon us. What an earnest, devoted man he was! He believed that most of his country's woes were caused by intemperance. He devoted his life to organizing temperance societies, that to-day are found in America as well as in Ireland. We stop to look at the heroic figure of the Duke of Wellington, who, as we know, was an Irishman. We see, also, statues of Robert Emmet, the patriot orator; Sheridan, the playwright, and of other famous Irishmen.

We go on to Phoenix Park, the largest of all the parks in Dublin, comprising more than seventeen hundred



SACKVILLE STREET

acres. The grounds are well laid out, and have splendid roads and paths. The finest lions bred in captivity are here; indeed, our driver informs us that lions to the value of \$25,000 are sold by the city every year. We expected to find many interesting things in Ireland, but we were not prepared to learn that raising lions was one of them.

We return through streets of magnificent residences. The names of the streets are printed in English and also in Gaelic, or old Irish. Later, when we go into the country, we shall find that the same custom prevails there. How strange the Gaelic letters are! None of us can even read them, to say nothing of pronouncing the words.

We enter the grounds of Trinity College. Near the gateway we pass statues of the authors Thomas Moore and Oliver Goldsmith, both of whom were once students here. The splendid buildings and the artistic lawns of

Trinity greatly please us. In the library we find more than four hundred thousand books. Here, too, we see the beautifully illuminated Book of Kells, a famous transcript in Gaelic of the Gospels, that dates back to the eighth century. We are also shown letters written by Mary



TRINITY COLLEGE GREEN

Queen of Scots, Milton, Ben Jonson, Sir Isaac Newton, and other famous men.

Almost opposite Trinity College is a low one-story building of stone, that somehow reminds us of the Bank of England. It is, in fact, the Bank of Ireland, — a wonderfully symmetrical building, which, we are told, is the most perfect example of architecture in Ireland. Some even maintain that it is the most perfect in the British Isles. When we are informed that it is the old Irish Parliament Building, we enter the stately room in which the Irish peers once sat. The room is now just as it was the last time the peers used it. To-day, as we know, there

is no Irish Parliament. Irish members meet with those from England in London.

Before we return to our hotel we visit two famous cathedrals, — St. Patrick's and Christ Church. As we enter St. Patrick's we are impressed by the massive columns, richly carved. Above the choir we see hanging the banners of the Knights belonging to the order of St. Patrick. We walk silently through the long nave and



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL

the transepts. How many famous men have been buried here!

Christ Church Cathedral, also, we find interesting and imposing. This old and stately pile was founded in the eleventh century by Sitric, a Danish king of Dublin.

At last we are back at our hotel; but before entering, we walk a little while about St. Stephen's Green, which our hotel faces, and we admire its beautiful artificial lake and waterfall. Water-fowl from India, Japan, South

America, China, Africa, and New Zealand are swimming on the lake. A large swan is pointed out to us as a real "Irish wild swan."

The following morning we go to the castle of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In the older parts of the tower, we are told, prisoners of state were confined years ago. The dungeons were used in this manner for five hundred years.

After visiting the museums, where we see curious jewels and other relics of pagan and early Christian eras, we go to the silk mills, where the beautiful Irish fabrics called poplins are made. The women of our party make many purchases before their departure from Dublin. Our boys, too, buy neckties of Irish poplin.

In the afternoon we visit some of the poorer sections of the city. No city in the world has such extremes of wealth and poverty as Dublin. We walk a little way along one street. In a moment the beggars are thronging about us. Plaintively they appeal to the girls of our party: "Will you give me a copper, la-i-dy? I'm famished with cold. I'm perishing with hunger. I'll say a prayer for you, me la-i-dy!"

We find the poor are so numerous that public provision is made for their wants. We enter one of the "shelters." Here a poor man can get a blanket and "floor space" for twopence. A tick on the floor with a blanket and sheets costs a man or woman threepence. A child pays twopence. There are separate rooms for men and for women. The women appear even more haggard and weary than the men. How terrible it all is! We can never forget the poverty, degradation, and filth we have seen in the lower section of this beautiful city of Dublin.

The next day we go to some of the many iron foundries. We also visit biscuit factories, and mills that make

ploughs and other farm implements. We find that soap and candles, ships and silk, are among the foremost productions of the city. The chief of all, however, are porter and whiskey. The breweries of Dublin have the largest output of any in the world. We see many more apartment houses than we found in Belfast. But we are, above



SCIENCE AND ART MUSEUM

all, impressed by the fact that Dublin is a city of imposing public and government buildings.

Dublin has no harbor of its own, but an excellent one has been made at Kingstown at the mouth of the Liffey, the river which flows through the city. Directly across the Irish Sea are the mines and manufacturing towns of Lancashire, England. Business with them makes Dublin a busy commercial city. It is also a great railway centre. The many canals, too, which enter the Liffey, aid in the commerce. The adjacent region is the best tilled in Ireland.

Fortunately, we are in Dublin when the annual horse

show is held. In the afternoon we enter a tram and ride to the grounds, which are on the borders of the city. We walk through the stables, where we find hundreds of the most beautiful horses we have ever seen. The grooms are busy, and many of the owners, also, are here looking after the wants of their steeds.

We follow the throng of people that is moving toward the exhibition grounds. Ladies in beautiful gowns, and men from every country in Europe, are here. We recognize many Americans. So great is the crowd that we are unable to obtain seats, so we stand while we are watching the horses in the course. This afternoon the judges are having the trials of the hunters and jumpers. Artificial ditches and mounds have been made at intervals on the course. In a few minutes we are specially interested in one small horse which, with little apparent effort, leaps gracefully over the mounds and walls, and across the ditches.

Some of the horses, as they leap, strike the tops of the loose walls with their hoofs. All these jumpers are ruled out. The little horse we admire continually distances all his rivals. More and more of the jumpers are taken out of the trial because they do not clear the walls without striking some of the loose stones. At last, only four horses are left to compete. Our little jumper easily outruns them all. The first prize is his. How proud his owner is! That man who is talking to him is a duke, and he is trying to purchase the beautiful little winner.

Carriage horses, jumpers, ponies, — horses of many kinds are brought to Dublin for the horse show, which is a great annual event. And here, too, come many thousands of interested men and women to see the exhibition. As we look about us in the crowd, we at once conclude that the Irish women are the most beautiful of any that we have seen in the British Isles.

The next day we devote to an excursion to Tara, where, years ago, ancient kings of Ireland had their homes. Many stories of the one hundred and forty master monarchs who dwelt here are told us by our talkative guide. One of the kings was Laeghaire, who was buried standing erect, clad in his armor. His face, even in death, was turned to his foes. We see the huge mound of earth, four hundred feet long, which covers his body.

Our guide leads us to the site of the great banqueting hall of the kings. It had fourteen doors, and was seven hundred feet long. Here the guests of the king were arranged at the feasts in the order of the importance of their positions,—the historians, poets, and priests coming first; the jesters and jugglers last. In the national museum at Dublin our party has already seen the gorgeous golden dress of the kings, and the wonderful Tara brooch which fastened the king's crimson cloak. At Tara we are shown the famous stone of destiny, on which the Irish kings were crowned. Near it is an imposing statue of St. Patrick, who naturally visited the place often in his labors. The harp of King Brian Boru also interests us. The harp is the national musical instrument of Ireland, and even now it can be seen on the monuments in some of the villages in the interior of the island. Just as Erin is still loved by her children, so is the harp,—the symbol of her music and romance and poetry. While we are at Tara, one of the ladies of our party reads aloud some of the Irish Melodies that Tom Moore wrote. Among the words are these:—

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells ;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.

In spite of her poverty to-day, Ireland is, and has reason to be, proud of her wonderful history. Long before Great Britain and Europe had begun to be really civilized, the little island lying out here in the Atlantic had her scholars and her saintly missionaries, who were



CUTTING PEAT

busily spreading education and religion all over the British Isles. Then, what famous poets and orators the land has had ! In recent times, the sons of Ireland in France, Spain, America, and England, have shown their greatness.

At last we are started on our way to the cities of the South. As we ride across the country from Dublin, we see many market gardens near the city. Farther on we come to fertile plains, and still farther we see great bogs

that extend for miles. In these bogs we obtain glimpses of people cutting peat, or "turf," as many of the Irish call it. The peat is used for fuel, as it contains sufficient carbon (the remains of the forests that once covered the land) to burn readily. It is much cheaper than coal, and provides the only fire the peasants have. The peat is cut by a sharp spade into blocks not much larger than an ordinary brick. It is piled as bricks are, too. We see many of these piles of peat as we ride through the country.

The farms, we find, are more scattered than in England, and the homes of the peasants are less attractive, except in the more prosperous regions. The houses and barns are mostly thatched, and the great houses of the gentry—the landed proprietors—are magnificent in their contrast with the humble abodes of the poor. Until recently, the Irish peasants have claimed that if they did improve their houses, the result was that they had to pay more rent. Perhaps this explains why so many of these places are neglected.

Recently the land laws have been somewhat improved. Some maintain that the laws now governing the sale of Irish lands are the best in the kingdom. At all events, we know the Irish have been sorely oppressed in years gone by. To-day many are buying the lands they cultivate. If a better day has come for Ireland, all the world will rejoice.

From the windows of our car we occasionally see cromlechs—piles of stones—that remind us of Stonehenge. Doubtless, these stones—one huge stone resting upon several that uphold it—are the remains of ancient altars. They add greatly to the picturesqueness of the landscape. Many of the valleys of the Emerald Isle are famous for the traditions connected with them, as well as for their beauty and fertility.

One of our boys secured in Dublin a little book, which he has been reading diligently since we left the city. He has learned that more than half the land of Ireland is given up to pasturage or to raising hay. The potato is the leading vegetable, although fewer potatoes are raised now than sixty years ago.¹ Valuable as the potato is for food, the change is doubtless good. When a country is depend-



A FARMING SECTION

ent on one crop, the failure of that crop brings on a famine such as Ireland many times has suffered.

Other vegetables we see growing in the fields are beets, turnips, carrots, parsnips, peas, beans, and cabbages. There are also fields of wheat, oats, barley, and rye. Not so much grain (except oats) is grown as in former years. Other countries can produce better and cheaper wheat. Besides, the climate of Ireland, which is adapted to raising flax, is too moist for wheat.

¹ In 1851, there were 868,501 acres of potatoes ; in 1905, the acreage was 616,755.

The Irish horses, aside from the thoroughbreds, are not so large as the English. They are hardy, somewhat shaggy, and very active. In all Ireland there are about six hundred thousand horses, and nearly half as many donkeys. Indeed, in the country districts, the donkey almost seems to be a favorite. On market days you may see many little two-wheeled carts drawn by these sturdy little animals. The driver may be an old woman, and her cart perhaps is filled with the produce she is taking to market. Sometimes a pig or a sheep is in the cart. Very likely, if the woman has been successful in her trading, when she returns from the market her cart will be filled with people who have walked to town. All are laughing or singing. No merrier people can be found than the Irish. Even in the poorest parts of the land, where the poverty is so dire that it is almost true that they "keep the pig in the parlor," the little barefoot children greet you with a smile, and the men or women will joke with you, especially if you are from America, which is a land they all love.

The only native cattle are the Kerry, of which we see many. They are black, small, with long horns, and can thrive even on scanty food. Many other kinds of cattle, however, are seen on the island.

The sheep number more than three and a half million. Usually every autumn, the farmers drive their flocks to the nearest fair (there are many sheep fairs each year in various parts of Ireland), and there make their sales. The largest number of sheep and the best are raised in the West, but they are common almost everywhere, though fewest are found in the region where flax flourishes. Why is that?

Pigs are so common that there are few families in the rural regions that do not keep one. The Irishman and his pig are familiar to us all. We see many men driving their

pigs to market. Each man has a rope tied to one of his pig's feet. In his hand the driver usually carries a stout club or shillalah. No animal raised for food is so common or so useful in Ireland as the pig. Chickens, however, are almost as common. The fish, caught in the nearby ocean waters, as well as the salmon found in the streams, also aid in providing food as well as occupation for the people.

At Athlone, a large village in the centre of Ireland, we leave our train. Here we are to take a steamer which goes down the Shannon. Before we embark, we walk through some of the streets of Athlone. We meet bright-faced Irish boys and girls returning from the woolen mills in which they work. We walk past the castle that stands on the bank of the Shannon. We see great barracks and many scarlet-clad soldiers. Athlone, because of its location, is a very important military station. In spite of the prevalent feeling toward England, many young Irishmen are in the army. The commander himself, Lord Roberts, was born in Ireland.

We go down the Shannon to Limerick, a city of forty thousand, situated at the head of the estuary of the river, sixty miles from the sea. The Shannon is the longest and largest river in the British Isles. Rising among the northern hills, it flows southward through the middle of the island, passing from one little lake into another. In its basin are found the most fertile plains in Ireland. The products of the many little farms of the region must be carried to the nearest ports, and the numerous canals we see assist in this task, although there is a busy traffic on the railroads, as well as on the Shannon, which practically is the only navigable stream in Ireland.

Before we arrive at our destination, we pass through a section of the Golden Vale, a valley so wonderfully green,

containing so many fields of grain and vegetables, and having within its borders so many great flocks and herds, that we readily perceive why it received its name. The pastures of the Golden Vale are the best in the British Isles. Here it does not seem possible that poverty can ever come. Perhaps if the people who live here were the owners of the beautiful region, it would not be found.

We find that Limerick is situated on both sides of the Shannon (or rather on its estuary), from which point a deep broad outlet extends to the sea. It is a busy railway centre. Through the canals that centre here, the city also easily reaches out to the entire island.

Limerick is a busy industrial town as well as a thriving port. We find, as we drive about the city, that there are many flour mills here. When we talk with one of the owners, he smilingly says to us, "We are glad to import your wheat, but not your flour. If we have mills of our own, they provide work for our people." Perhaps the feeling the man expressed is one of the reasons why the United Kingdom is importing less flour and more grain from America than once it did.

We inspect some of the big factories where uniforms for soldiers and police are made, and we pass foundries, tanneries, and mills of various kinds. Like every other Irish city, Limerick has large distilleries. From the nearby regions every week thousands of pigs are driven into Limerick, and provide the ham and bacon, the curing and packing of which make up one of the leading industries of the city. The girls and their mothers exclaim over the dainty Limerick lace, and make many purchases.

We do not understand why a city so well located and possessing so many advantages does not grow. The porter

of our hotel, however, tells us of the thousands of young Irish people who have left Limerick for the States, or Australia, or Canada, and then we understand.

At last we are on our way to Killarney, and are eager to see her beautiful lakes. From the window of our car, in our journey southward, we see hills and cliffs, and the many bays and the broken shore of the coast. Indeed, we learn that the west coast of Ireland is wilder and more broken than is any other shore of the British Isles. On the East and even on the South of Ireland, the shore line is less irregular. The wild waves of the stormy Atlantic can make deeper inroads into the land than the choppy storms of the Channel or Irish Sea.

When we arrive at Killarney we find it but a village of six thousand inhabitants. There are good hotels, however, because every summer thousands of people come to view the picturesque lake scenery.

The drivers of the jaunting cars are so persistent in their demands for us to engage them that they follow us almost to the entrance of our hotel. On the streets we see that the Irish women are wrapped in shawls and do not wear hats. It rains so often that a shawl is a more reliable protection than an umbrella, and, besides, it lasts longer. As we walk about the town, we see that the streets are narrow and not very clean, and there appear to be many poor people. If the tourists did not come, the villagers would have great difficulty in obtaining a living. Donkeys are more often seen than ponies. At certain hours in the day, we see many little two-wheeled carts, each drawn by a patient donkey, and driven by an old woman, who has come to town to dispose of her farm produce or to sell a sheep or a pig.

But if the village of Killarney is not attractive, the surrounding region certainly is. The high sloping hills,



FAIR DAY AT KILLARNEY

the deep green of the grass and foliage, even the showers which are likely to fall at any time are all beautiful.

We are to remain three days in this charming region, and the first day we spend in driving. We visit the home of the Earl of Kenmare, and also go to some of the famous old castles in the region. Sometimes our road leads through the grounds or preserves of an earl, and our way is barred by gates which our driver must open before we proceed. The land is not fertile, and parts of it are given over to game, which the nobility shoot in the autumn. The roads are excellent and well kept. No matter how poor the people may be, the little they have is dependent on the coming of tourists, and tourists do not ride over rough roads when smoother may be had.

The people, in spite of their poverty, are as witty as the Irish generally are. One of our girls in our first drive is fearful that the frequent showers will harm her new

hat. When she sees a cloud gathering about the summit of one of the hills, she asks the driver if he does not think it will soon rain again.

"No, Miss," he replies, with a twinkle in his eye. "'T is just a bit o' perspiration on the mountain, that's all. Yonder," he continues, as he points to a deep hole in the hillside, "is the divil's punch bowl."

"Does *he* own anything in Ireland?" inquires one of our boys banteringlly.

"Indade, that's ivery inch he has, an' he's an absentee landlord, sorr!"

"Where is he now?"

"I'll tell yez. No one has iver found the bottom of that lake, 't is so dape. 'T is said, sorr, that the divil slipped in there one day an' niver was sane agin in Oireland. That dape spot in the lake goes straight through the airth, an' whin the divil slipped in there, he wint clane through to the other side."

"Where did he appear?" laughs one of the boys.

"'Dade, an' I dunno; but 't is reported he showed up in America, an' that he loiked the country so well he's stayed there iver since. I've niver been in America mesilf, so I can't say. Perhaps some of yez can till me whether he's there now or no."

The Killarney Lakes, we learn, are three in number. The Upper Lake is small, covering only a little more than four hundred acres. The overhanging Purple Mountain rises near the shore. In the little lake are many small islands. On some of them we see ruins of buildings erected in the early days of Irish history.

The Middle Lake is larger by half than the Upper Lake. Along its shores we behold wild, bleak mountains. Between them flows the Long Range, the stream that unites the two little lakes. The "Meeting of the Waters,"

as the place where the narrow little stream enters the Middle Lake is called, is near a quaint old bridge. The swift, clear waters, the green foliage on the banks, the Eagle's Nest, — a hill having steep sides that rise seventeen hundred feet from the shore, — the heavy, floating clouds on the hillside, the silence that rests over the place, make the spot one of rare beauty.

The third lake — Lough Leane — is the largest of the three. It is five miles long and in places three miles wide.



ONE OF THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

Here, too, on shore and islands, we find ruins that are eloquent of the greatness of Ireland's history. In the distance we behold the summits of the highest mountains in Ireland, the MacGillicuddy Reeks. Between the lake and these ranges are other high hills, among which the wonderful Gap of Dunloe extends five miles.

On the following day we visit this Gap. We take our seats in a coach and ride to the entrance, where we alight and mount ponies or donkeys. There are boys awaiting

us to lead our ponies. When we have completed our ride through the narrow defile between the steep, rocky hills, the boys turn to us with extended hands for their "tips." One of our party gives his leader a crown, but the lad glibly whines for more. When we return to Lough Leane from our trip to the Gap of Dunloe, we seat ourselves in rowboats. While our boatmen are rowing us over the lakes, they relate many wonderful tales of weird events in the region, and also point out the places of special interest. In the dim light of the late afternoon, the line of rowboats, the rocky shores, and the songs or conversation of the boatmen are all most interesting.

We can leave Killarney by coach or we can go by automobiles. When we depart we select the latter. We are to go to Macroom, eighty miles eastward, where we expect to take a train for Cork. The ride along the shores of the lakes, and then on through long defiles over which bleak mountains hang, is the most picturesque we have had in the British Isles. We pass through tunnels, we come to little villages (which are not attractive or even clean), we see an occasional fertile farm; but most of our ride is through a wild, barren region that is grand, but not good for homes. Most of the scattered houses we pass are filled with children. A cow and pig are almost always a part of each household.

When at last we arrive at the place where we are to board our train, we are again struck by the manifest lack of cleanness in the streets, in the houses, even in the appearance of the grimy-faced boys and girls. A man in our compartment explains to us that the people are poverty-stricken. They have long been oppressed, and are discouraged and almost hopeless. He also informs us that many more people from the South of Ireland than from the North have gone to America. As we look about us,

we understand why they went. The man further explains that "if the remaining people had the price of the fare to America they, too, would go there."

After a journey of an hour we are in Cork, which we find is a busy city of less than a hundred thousand people. The country around Cork is wonderfully fertile and attractive. It presents a marked contrast to the region through which we have just come. Even in Cork, how-



ST. PATRICK STREET, CORK

ever, we hear of the failure of the city to grow because so many of the young men have gone to the States, or to Canada or Australia.

We find the people of Cork more typically Irish (or Celtic) than those of any of the large cities we have visited. They are strong and sturdy, and are as full of fun as they can be. Even the clerks in the shops have a smile for us when we enter, and every one is willing to answer the many questions we ask.

In the evening after our arrival, we walk about the city. We find St. Patrick's name much in evidence. This wide busy street on which we are now is named St. Patrick. His name is given to churches, bridges, and boys alike. The people of Cork are as loyal to Ireland as are the people of Dublin.

The following morning we buy green-tinted newspapers from barefooted newsboys. When we go to the thronged market-place, we see in the crowds stout women wearing black shawls and heavy shoes. Many of these women have come to town from the country in their little donkey carts. They have brought loads of butter, potatoes, berries, or other products of the farm.

In Cork, too, we find great breweries and distilleries, as well as iron foundries, and woolen mills where tweeds are made. Ships, also, are built here. It is easy to see that Cork is the busiest as well as the largest city in southern Ireland. It is located on the river Lee, and is an important railway centre. The port of Cork is at Queenstown, twenty miles away. The river all the way from the harbor to the city is deep, and the traffic is considerable. Much of the produce of the fertile country about Cork, as well as the goods manufactured in the city, here find their outlet.

The following day we go to Blarney Castle, seven miles from Cork. Our boys say that they intend to kiss the Blarney Stone. We secure jaunting cars, but before we leave the city we stop at the old church of St. Anne's. In the tower of this church are the Shandon Bells, which are dear to the hearts of the Irish people. Our driver recites the song, "The Shandon Bells," written by Father Prout. In his rich brogue we, too, find the words beautiful : —

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shandon bells,

Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

After riding through some fine streets containing beautiful residences, past the grounds of the college (of which Cork is very proud), and past some imposing public buildings, we find ourselves in the country. The fields are rich and well tilled, and the whitewashed walls of the thatched houses and barns of the tenants are neat and comfortable.



BLARNEY CASTLE

We pass stately houses of the landed proprietors. We go through several little hamlets that are much more attractive than those we saw about Killarney. Choice cattle and sheep are in the fields. The fences are hedgerows, as they are in England, — not stone walls, as they are in Scotland.

At last we arrive at Blarney Castle, which we find is a ruin. We climb the worn stone steps, and pass from one "room" to another, until we are standing near the Blarney Stone.

The mothers in our party instantly declare that no one shall attempt to kiss the stone. As we look at it, we are quite willing to obey their command. The famous stone

is the lower sill of a window in the outer wall, and is one hundred and twenty feet above the ground. Between it and the floor on which we are standing is an open space a yard wide. The only way we can kiss the stone is to lie on our backs, have some one hold our feet, and then, with our heads outstretched try to reach up under the stone. Even if we succeed we must be drawn back by our feet. It is well-nigh impossible to accomplish the feat if one is alone.

On our return, we walk through the well-kept grounds adjoining the castle to the place where we have left our jaunting cars. When we have taken our seats in the cars, one of our boys asks his driver : "What does kissing the Blarney Stone do for one?"

"'Tis said, sorr, 't will make one very illoquent."

"Did you ever kiss it?"

"I did thot, last May, come a year ago."

"Has it made you eloquent?"

"Not yit, sorr," replies the driver, his eyes twinkling.

"It is n't safe," says one of the girls.

"Indade, an' you're correct, madam. Two years ago a man fell to the ground tryin' to kiss the stone."

"Did the fall kill him?" asks one of the boys.

"No, sorr. He caught in the tree there. But he was illoquent. 'Tis said he was so illoquent, whin he was hangin' by his clothes in that tree, that th' people within half a mile could all hear him. Sure, 'tis wonderful strong—the effect of kissing th' Blarney Stone."

When we return to Cork our party is once more divided,—those whom we shall accompany to return to Dublin by the way of Waterford and the coast line. The others are to go again into the Golden Vale and visit a few famous places in that region.

Our first stop is Waterford, which we find is another

typically Irish city of nearly thirty thousand. Located at the outlet of the basins of the Barrow, Suir, and Nore, sheltered from the storms by Hook Head, it has a large export trade in cattle raised on the fertile lands behind the city. Potatoes as fine as we have ever seen are grown in this region, and oats, butter, and bacon are other articles of export.

Along the broken coast on our way northward we pass



WATERFORD

many little villages. In the Vale of Avoca we become enthusiastic at sight of the beautiful pastures, in which the grass is of a still deeper green than we have yet seen in the Emerald Isle.

At Dublin our party is again united. Our friends give us enthusiastic accounts of their feelings as they again entered the Golden Vale on their way back to Dublin. Here the best wheat on the island is grown. Here, too,



THE VALE OF AVOCA

they saw great herds of sleek cattle. Next to Cork, the little town of Tipperary, located in the Golden Vale, is the largest butter market in the island.

Their deepest interest was aroused when they went to the famous Rock of Cashel, a bold, rocky height that stands alone in the midst of dark green pasture lands, a few miles from Tipperary. On this great rock, they saw the ruins of a cathedral, a chapel, and some large buildings, which were used by monks hundreds of years ago. They climbed the steps of the quaint round tower, and all stopped to admire the great stone cross, which is of special interest to tourists because it is one of the few remaining original Irish crosses. Our travelers were informed that the ruins on Rock Cashel are among the finest in Europe, and that doubtless some of them date back to the days of the Druids, long before St. Patrick came to Ireland.

The next day the party expects to start for Wales

across the Irish Sea. Some of our boys, however, are so eager to stop at the Isle of Man, the largest island in the Irish Sea, that they decide to spend a day in visiting it. We will, therefore, accompany them, while the other members of our party remain in Dublin awaiting our return.

After a short voyage northward we arrive at the Isle of Man, —a quaint little land, only thirty miles long and



THE ROCK OF CASHEL

ten miles wide, inhabited by people called Manxmen, who really are Irish, or Celtic. Although they largely govern themselves and have their own judges, the island itself belongs to England. The political constitution of the Isle of Man is said to be the oldest in Europe. As we travel about, we see ranges of high hills in which are lead, copper, silver, and iron mines, as well as many slate quarries. In the valleys are some fertile fields; but without

the mines, the hardy race would find it difficult to support its population of fifty-five thousand. The only city we visit is Douglas, the capital, which has a population of twenty thousand.

Although the Manxmen are within sixteen miles of the shores of Scotland, and within thirty of the English coast, they proudly cherish their own peculiar customs and language. Even their cats, we find, are unlike those of the mainland, for they do not have any tails.

The day after the return of our boys from their brief trip to the Isle of Man, our party is ready to leave Ireland. We sail from the port of Dublin,—Kingstown,—to Holyhead in Wales. The voyage requires less than five hours, for the distance is only sixty-five miles, and we have to take a fast boat.

"There is one crop raised in Ireland which we have not studied," says one of the men, as we stand on deck looking back at the Irish coast.

"What is that?" inquires one of our boys.

"John Barleycorn! The Irish have been oppressed and heavily taxed. They have a right to complain. And yet their taxes are only \$45,000,000 a year, while they pay \$70,000,000 a year for drink! That is a big bill for any country to pay. A land like Ireland, least of all, can afford it."

"Perhaps if the people were not so poor their drink bill would not be so large," suggests some one. What did he mean?

"Ireland's appeal for help has received very generous responses," continues the man who had spoken of the poverty of the land. "Large sums of money every year are sent home from America by the Irish men and women who have become Americans. Were it not for this fact, the poverty would be even more dire than it now is. The

love of Erin is strong wherever her sons are found." Does this mean that Ireland is dearer to the Irish in America than is the United States?

An Irish-American once answered this question by the Yankee method of asking another: "Does a man love his wife less because he has also a mother?"

QUESTIONS

Locate and compare Dublin and Belfast. What American cities have the same population as these two cities?

Mention three famous Irish poets, orators, generals, statesmen.

What are the chief industries of Dublin? What is Irish poplin? With what part of England does Dublin do the most business? Why?

What is peat?

Where was the home of the Irish kings?

Locate Limerick, and mention three of its leading industries.

Mention two "vales" of Ireland. For what is each famous?

Where are the Lakes of Killarney? How many are there?

Why is there more poverty in the South of Ireland than in the North?

What is the chief crop?

Why is the population of Ireland less than it was fifty years ago?

Locate Cork, Waterford, Tipperary, the Rock of Cashel. For what is each best known?

Mention four characteristics of the Irish.

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITTEN WORK

A day in an Irish village.

Look up and tell briefly the story of the life of some famous Irish orator or poet.

A visit to Blarney Castle or to the Isle of Man.

CHAPTER XV

IN ST. DAVID'S LAND

Holyhead — Size of Wales — Hills and Valleys — Carnarvon — Prince of Wales — Mt. Snowdon — Bettys-y-Coed — Welsh Festival — Conway — Llandudno — Northern Wales — Merthyr-Tydfil — Cardiff — Swansea — Southern Wales — Carmarthen — St. David's — St. David's Head — Homeward Bound.

THE afternoon is fair, and our voyage from Kingstown to Holyhead is thoroughly enjoyable. The swift steamer is soon out of sight of land, and for five hours we are tossing on waves that sometimes are more troublesome than those on the broad Atlantic, because the cross-currents here make the sea "choppy."

The boat is filled with passengers. As we move about the decks, we meet many Americans who are on their way home. September is the month when most of the tourists from the States are returning to America.

The first sight of any part of Wales is that of the long point of land that projects far out into the water and makes Holyhead an excellent harbor. A great lighthouse, its grounds and whitewashed buildings inclosed by walls which also are whitewashed, like many similar structures in the British Isles, glistens before us in the light of the setting sun.

Soon we land at the busy little seaport town of Holyhead, which is the terminus of the great railway route between London and Dublin. We watch our fellow passengers rushing for the long trains on the dock. Some of the travelers are pale, and plainly show they have not enjoyed crossing the Irish Sea. There is no time for delay, however, for the trains are fast expresses for London, and do not wait for people to recover from seasickness.

In great bundles of twenty or more, trunks are being

lifted by a crane from the hold of the steamer. Bustling porters are transferring them to the baggage cars. We stop to watch the busy scene. In a little while, we enter our hotel, which is a part of the station itself.

In the evening we do not leave the hotel. There is a blazing fire of Welsh coal on the grates in our rooms, and we are glad to watch its flames and listen to one of the boys as he reads aloud to us the story of Wales.

We learn that Wales is now a tiny land, much smaller than it was before the English pushed its borders westward. To-day a line drawn from the mouth of the Dee straight southward to the Bristol Channel would very nearly form the eastern border. In all Wales there are only seventy-four hundred square miles. The famous little country is a trifle smaller than New Jersey.

"I don't understand why Wales ever could have been a separate country, it is so small, and then it really is a part of England. How did the people ever have a land of their own?" inquires one of our boys thoughtfully.

"In the first place, it is a land of steep high mountains," replies his father. "In the narrow little valleys the old Welsh, or Celtic, people found places of refuge which they easily held against invaders. Then, too, the hills are bleak and barren and the moors are not very fertile. The inducement for outsiders to come was not very strong. At best, such lands could not support many people."

"But Wales is a busy land now."

"Parts of it are very busy. The hills in the North and South contain coal, iron, and slate. Where these minerals are, there, too, we find people working the mines. There has come of late a great change from the lonely life and the poverty of the days when the Celtic chieftains ruled the struggling tribes that lived among the hills. The wild beauty of the Welsh mountains, the rocky coast, and the

many attractive summer resorts, have brought people to Wales in recent years in increasing numbers."

"What have the Welsh been best known for?"

"For their sturdy and earnest ways. They are the real Britons. The English, as you know, are largely Saxons. The Welshmen are a serious people, like most of those



A WELSH CAMP-MEETING

who live among the hills. They have furnished some orators, and are an active and energetic race."

In the morning we walk about the streets of Holyhead. The people we meet are quiet in their manners. When we speak to them, we sometimes find it difficult to understand their replies, even when these are in English. There are so many consonants in the Welsh words that the language sounds strange to us, but it is not unmusical. We see some familiar names on the signs of the stores. Among these names, Davis and Jones are most numerous. The streets are irregular, and are attractive only because

they are quaint. We find that the town of Holyhead is on a tiny island of the same name, lying up snugly against Anglesea, another and much larger island.

Holyhead Island is rocky and barren, but Anglesea, we notice, as we ride through it in the train, is a flat country, and on its level pastures we see many cattle feeding, — not so many of the black Irish and Scotch breed as of the English breeds.

Our train is bearing us swiftly to Carnarvon, and soon we are passing over the bridge that crosses the Menai Strait, the narrow strip of water which divides Anglesea from the mainland. After a short journey, we arrive at Carnarvon, where we shall remain until the following morning. We walk through quaint, narrow, old streets to the castle which the English king, Edward I, began away back in 1283. We can see why a fort was needed here, and what a strong place it must have made it in early days.

Our party are interested in the grim walls, more than seven feet thick, and in the high turrets and towers, of which there are thirteen. The guide informs us that the first Prince of Wales, Edward II, was born here in 1284, in the Eagle Tower. We quote some English historians who maintain that the little prince did not first see the light at Carnarvon. Our guide is insistent, however, and declares that "the Welsh ought to know better than the English." We do not dispute him. He also relates stories of the terrible sieges and fierce fightings that occurred here when Edward I was trying to conquer the Welsh warriors. How shrewd King Edward was, after he won his victory! When the Welsh pleaded for a ruler who should be one of their own people, King Edward I presented to them his little son, Edward II, who had been born in Wales during the war. To this day, the eldest

son of the King of England is called the Prince of Wales. Our guide, however, explains that the Welshmen now are loyal to England — "the only serious protest being that which was made when the Englishman advocated that the old Welsh language should no longer be taught in the schools of Wales."

The next day we start for Mt. Snowdon, riding through a region of high hills and narrow valleys, which form a



MT. SNOWDON

strong contrast to the level lands of Anglesea. Snowdon is 3590 feet high, the highest peak in Great Britain south of Scotland. On our way we pass many hills in which the slate quarries have made great gashes like scars on the hillsides.

The quarries are numerous. The few villages we pass are clustered about them. Population is not dense in this part of Wales.

When we arrive at our destination, we find that Mt.

Snowdon really consists of five peaks. We learn, too, that the name of the mountain is not altogether accurate, for the snow line is eight hundred feet higher than its summit. In summer, the hillsides are bare of snow.

We are informed that there are several different routes and ways of ascent. We select ponies and donkeys for our party to ride. As we begin our ascent, our guide points out places of special interest in the distance. We try to pronounce the words after him, but we stumble over Crib-y-Ddysgyl and Clogwyn-du'r-Arddu and other names of neighboring peaks.

The pathway we are following is not so difficult as some, and we slowly and steadily make our way upward, hoping the clouds will not hide our view when we arrive at the summit. The ponies are hardy and the climb is not difficult for them. Between two and three hours are required for the ascent, and when we arrive at the end of our journey we are rejoiced because the day is clear. As soon as we have had our luncheon in one of the summit hotels, we set forth to see the wonderful view.

Below us, on Snowdon itself, we see great ridges and hollows in the sides of the mountain that remind us of waves. Far away, we behold the distant waters of the sea. To-day we can see even the Isle of Man. We gaze at the summits of the high hills all about us. Even the highest seem quite low as we look down upon them. There are many little lakes before us, their waters glistening in the sunlight. The guide declares that he can see the Wicklow Hills in southern Ireland, seventy miles distant. We accept his word, for we are not able to distinguish clouds from hilltops, so far away.

For two hours we walk about the wild summit of Snowdon, feasting our eyes on the rugged grandeur of the scene about us. The experience is one that we shall

never forget, and we understand now why Wales is so proud of this mountain, as well as of the range of which it is a part.

The descent of the mountain is more trying than our climb in the morning. When we arrive at our hotel in the valley, we are not long in retiring for the night's rest.

We stop for a day only at Bettws-y-Coed (the "chapel



BETTWS-Y-COED

in the woods"), the best loved spot in Wales,— at least artists, anglers, and summer visitors love it best. Here the cliffs and hills, the walks and roads, the trees and flowers, all add to the beauty of the deep valley. The porter of our hotel informs us that not far away the Welsh people are having a festival, in which some of the ancient Welsh customs are being celebrated. When we arrive at the place, we hear the singing of the national airs. The Welsh are especially fond of singing. The



COSTUMES OF WELSH WOMEN

quaint costumes of some of the women make the scene very picturesque. Yet how serious all these people are, even in their festivities!

After a short journey on the following morning, we stop at Conway. Here we visit the castle that is said to be the most beautiful in Wales. Our guide conducts us through the great banqueting hall, of which the roof and floor have crumbled and fallen. We try to picture to ourselves the scenes of long ago, when nobles and knights feasted — in the rude fashion of the age — in this great room one hundred and thirty feet long. Interesting as the place is, we are glad that we live in a time when men no longer throw under the table the bones and remnants of their feasts, and that knives, forks, and spoons are now used. We inspect the courts, the chapel, and the towers. We listen while our guide relates the story of the siege of King Edward I in this very castle. He tells us that the Welsh warriors would certainly have captured the

king and his followers if the river Conway had not suddenly subsided, so that the king's army safely crossed to his rescue.

In the afternoon we resume our journey. We stop at Llandudno, the favorite seaside resort on the Welsh coast. Thousands of people are here for their holidays, —mostly from the busy manufacturing towns in the North of England. The beach, we find, is wide, and cov-



LLANDUDNO

ered with gravel, not with sand. Here, too, we notice that the bathhouses are drawn by horses down into the water for the bathers to step out of conveniently. We walk leisurely on the long piers, stopping to watch some of the games. What throngs of people are on the walks! As we look at them, we realize that we are in a foreign land. We stop and join the crowd in front of a Punch and Judy show. We all smile when we hear Punch call :

"'I there, Judy, bring up the babby ! Hi don't hintend to call agane !"

High on the nearby promontory of Great Orme's Head, we drive on roads that circle the hillside. On the summit, high above the waters, we look out over a marvelous stretch of sea and shore, of bays and rocky headlands. Far below us we see thousands of moving people who have come to this attractive resort for rest and change.

In the North of Wales, the slate industry is of chief importance, we have learned, although farm products are largely raised. Here, too, are many famous summer resorts, which add to the income of the people. Near the Dee are coal-mines and mines of zinc, lead, and china stone. Upon these and the few other local industries, the people depend mostly for support. But the region is thinly inhabited, and its chief features are the beauty of the hills and of the wild coast.

The next day, when we start southward, we discover more evidences of successful labor. When we approach Merthyr-Tydfil, we find it a busy city. It is evening when we arrive. The city seems almost on fire, so great is the glow from its myriad iron furnaces. We are surprised when we are told that the iron from the nearby mines, although its presence gave rise to the iron industry about a hundred years ago, is so hard to work that most of that which is used is brought from other places.

After luncheon the following day, we resume our journey southward. We find on our ride to Cardiff that almost every village we pass is either a mining or manufacturing place. The country is wild and impressive. We look up at steep, frowning hillsides. The swift mountain streams are beautiful. The villages, however, are more busy than picturesque. Soon we pass through a fertile and attractive valley, in which we see thousands of sheep



LANDSCAPE IN WALES

pasturing. At last we arrive at Cardiff, the largest city of Wales. Here one hundred and seventy thousand people live. The city reminds us of the busy towns in the North of England.

We devote our first day to driving about the city. We visit Cardiff University, — a college which has six hundred students, — and the Technical School, where there are seven times as many boys studying as in the college. How earnest the students are in their work ! We next drive to the great docks of Cardiff, that cover one hundred and twenty-four acres. We are amazed to find that the docks extend along the little river Taff all the way to the Bristol Channel, two miles away.

We watch a host of men loading coal. Think of it ! — nearly twenty million tons of coal shipped from Cardiff in a single year ! But that is not nearly so much as Cardiff itself uses in her foundries and mills.

We have learned to expect to find iron works near coal-mines. In Cardiff there is no exception to the rule. Iron mines are near by, and iron works and manufactories, we find, are so numerous that in the tonnage of exports, Cardiff leads even London, and is first among the ports of the world. In the value of its exports, however, Cardiff drops far back in the list.

We are surprised when we are told that the tin mines we have visited in Cornwall and Devonshire send most of their output here. This fact explains to us why Cardiff and Swansea have the largest tin-plate industries in the world. One of the strange things we learn at the docks is that large quantities of palm oil are brought here from the west coast of Africa to use in the tin-plate industry. This oil is required as a "flux" in making tin-plate.

We are amazed at the depth of the docks. As we look down, we see that the tides have left their marks for thirty-three feet on the walls. We recall what we learned at Bristol a few weeks ago, however, that the tides in the Bristol Channel are higher than anywhere else in Europe.

We spend two busy days in Cardiff before we depart on our ride to Swansea, the second city of Wales. On our way we pass through many more villages than we found in the northern part of the little country. We are not surprised at this, because we have already learned that more than one third of the people of Wales dwell in the busy section near the Bristol Channel.

We notice, too, how steep the hills are, and how narrow the valleys. We pass through one valley where the possibility of making roads over the steep hills that shut it in seems hopeless. We inquire of the guard on our train how the people get out of this narrow pass. He informs us that those who dwell on one side of the hill have dealings with Cardiff, and those who have homes on the op-

posite side do their trading in Swansea. As the distance from Cardiff to Swansea is only about forty miles, in less than two hours we are entering the city of one hundred thousand inhabitants.

As we approach, we see that a heavy cloud rests over the place. A metallic odor penetrates even the car in which we are riding. In response to our queries, we are told by our guard that the cloud rises from the copper works of the city.

Our first visit after our arrival is to some of the copper foundries. Our guide informs us that the output of copper is seldom less than twenty thousand tons a year. When he adds that nearly all the ore is brought to Swansea from Cornwall, and even from distant lands, it seems at first almost as if our explanation of the industries of the cities we have visited is at fault.

"Why is the copper brought here?" we inquire, in surprise.

"Because coal is cheap, and there is so much of it here. I can take you to two hundred and fifty coal pits without going more than fifteen miles inland."

So the cheapness of fuel, and the possession of a good harbor, sometimes do as much to build up a city as its location near the materials it uses in its factories.

At Swansea we find, too, that more tin-plate is made than anywhere else in the British Isles. But the tin itself is mostly brought from the mines of Cornwall and from other places. The easy transportation by water and the cheapness of fuel explain why tin, as well as copper, has had so much to do in building up Swansea.

Aside from its busy factories and immense docks, there is little in Swansea to cause us to remain longer, so we soon resume our journey. We ride westward along the shore of the Bristol Channel, passing places with names

we cannot pronounce. Nor do we understand the guard when he announces them. The names of the stations can be seen, however, and we read those of Llougher, Llanelly, Kidwelly, and others, all busy little seaports.

At Carmarthen we change cars. It will be two hours before our train arrives. We decide to walk about the little city of ten thousand, and see the remains of the old walls built by the Romans. Later we follow the broad walk that leads to the little river (Towy) near by. Here we see among the boats on the river some that are very strange to us. They are round and small, and their light frames are covered with horsehide. They are almost as hard to balance as a birch-bark canoe. We are told that they are one of the most ancient forms of British boats.

When our train carries us through the southwestern corner of Wales, we recognize in the names of the stations we pass many that we have seen in the vicinity of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. As we dart swiftly through these places, we are reminded that many of the Welsh, when they came to America, settled in Pennsylvania, in the vicinity of its greatest city.

Our party now goes on to St. David's, a little village near the extreme southwestern point of Wales. The country around us is bleak and desolate. Here is the cathedral in which lie the ashes of St. David, the patron saint of Wales. We are eager to visit the spot. This cathedral, we find, is not so imposing as are many similar structures we have seen in the British Isles; but it is interesting, however, because it is believed to be the most important building of its kind in Wales.

While our guide conducts us through the nave and transepts, he points out the shrine of St. David, and relates many of the marvelous legends that cluster about

the name of the patron saint of Wales. He tells us of the wonderful cures St. David wrought, even when he was a baby. He recites stories of his courage and of his great learning. From them we learn that St. David's name in Welsh was Dewi, and that he lived in the early part of the sixth century. He was a great man and good, and the people of Wales cherish his memory as fondly as the Irish cherish that of St. Patrick.

We walk a mile and a half to the towering, rocky cliff of St. David's Head, which is cut off from the mainland by a stone fort so old that no one knows when it was built. From a height of a hundred feet above the sea we look down upon the tossing waves of the broad Atlantic. The sails of vessels not far away glisten in the sunlight. Trails of smoke in the distance mark the passing of busy steamers. Far beyond them all is America and home!

We listen to the waves far below us beating out their music on the great rocks. Strange birds are circling about, their weird cries forming an accompaniment to the music of the sea. Not a human being is near us. In our last hours in Wales, we have only our thoughts for company. When at last we turn away, we are eager to start on our homeward way. The sight of the Atlantic has reminded us of our own country.

At Fishguard, the terminus of one of the short crossings from Ireland, we find a luxuriously appointed train awaiting us. Soon after we take our seats in our compartments, we begin our swift journey back to London. Darting through busy towns which we have already seen, through level valleys and under dark mountains, our train knows neither stop nor rest. Only a few hours pass before we are again in London, — though not to stay.

In the morning following our arrival we secure two four-

wheelers. Their tops are speedily covered with our trunks. Inside the carriages, steamer rugs and parcels crowd us, but we do not complain. We are starting for home!

At Waterloo Station we find our train for Southampton, where we are to sail for America. The crowd of passengers are mostly Americans. Apparently, all are as eager as we to start. We enter the steamer train as soon as our baggage is on board, and in a brief time we are moving. The train is swift, but not too fast for our desires.

We dart through regions familiar to us, though now they are tinted with the colors of October, not of July. At Winchester, we smile as we recall the old trenchers we saw in the school there. We obtain a fleeting glimpse of the old castle, and of the tower of the beautiful cathedral. Soon these are left behind us. In less than an hour our train draws alongside the steamer which is awaiting us at the docks of Southampton.

There is even more excitement among the passengers than when we sailed from New York. The faces of men on the dock express their interest in the departing travelers, but all are strangers to us. We hand our small baggage to the waiting stewards, we hasten to inspect our rooms, and then try to secure places at the tables in the dining-saloon. By the time all this has been accomplished, the great boat is leaving the dock. Old England is behind us. Before us is Young America — our own dear country.

What are we to carry home? Some articles that we have bought, photographs and souvenirs we have secured of well-known places, but, best of all, many delightful memories and a great respect and admiration for the people of the British Isles.

QUESTIONS

Locate Wales. Compare its size with that of England, Ohio, New Jersey.

Why was Wales so long independent? Who is its patron saint?

Who is now the Prince of Wales? When, where, and why was the title first given?

Where are the Welsh summer resorts? Why are they popular?

Locate Cardiff and describe its leading industries.

Where is Swansea? For what is it famous?

Why are tin and copper brought to Swansea to be manufactured?

Why is Welsh coal in demand? Compare Cardiff with Newcastle.

What and where is St. David's Head?

What is the highest mountain in England and Wales? What important rivers of England rise among the Welsh hills?

SUGGESTIONS FOR WRITTEN WORK

Describe your experience at a Welsh singing festival.

Describe a visit to a Welsh coal-mine.

Write about a climb to the summit of Mt. Snowdon, or a visit to a famous castle in Wales.

APPENDIX

CONTRASTS AND COMPARISONS BETWEEN THE BRITISH ISLES AND THE UNITED STATES

1. In natural scenery there is little in the British Isles to be compared with the mountains, rivers, and plains of the United States. There are no mountains like the Rockies, no bodies of water like the Great Lakes, no rivers like the Mississippi, St. Lawrence, and Hudson.

2. In places of architectural and historical interest, in museums, cathedrals, and castles, in public buildings, parks, and gardens, the British Isles easily surpass us. England's age is so much greater than ours that she has had time to develop and build. Nature has done more for the United States. The hand of man has done more for the United Kingdom.

3. In extent of country, the United Kingdom seems to Americans almost tiny. The United States (omitting Alaska) has an area of 3,025,500 square miles; while that of the United Kingdom is about 121,000 square miles—about one twenty-fifth the size of our country. No other great power has so small an area. Her population, however, is about half that of the United States.

4. The greatest wealth of the United States is taken from the land. Farming is important in the British Isles, but the population cannot be supplied by the products of the soil. Hence commerce and manufacturing are leading industries.

5. The people of the United Kingdom are more alike than in our country, where so many nationalities are found.

6. Natural causes have made the cities of the British Isles, particularly in England, spring up near one another. In our country, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, and San Francisco are far apart. In the north of England, however, we find that Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Bradford, Leicester, Derby, Warwick, Halifax, and many other cities are within a circle not more than one hundred miles in diameter.

7. In America, people are quick to take hold. In England they are slow to let go. Age, custom, and tradition count for much more with the English than with us. The United States is enterprising.

The United Kingdom is tenacious. Our country is keen, the other is sure. In our land, quickness is greatly in demand ; in the other, patience and persistence are more highly regarded. Originality, invention, initiative, seem to be the distinguishing traits of Americans ; while the qualities most common to English people are thoroughness, permanence, and carefulness.

8. Opportunity is greater in the United States than in the British Isles. Too often, in Great Britain, a boy must of necessity follow his father's occupation. Land is owned by fewer people, and population is crowded far more than amongst us. England is great, and has a great past. The United States is great, and has a great future. An English boy thinks of what England has done and is doing ; an American boy thinks of what America is doing and will do.

AREA OF THE BRITISH ISLES

The area of the British Isles is 121,376 square miles, divided as follows :—

England...	50,867 square miles.
Scotland.....	30,405 square miles.
Wales.....	7,442 square miles.
Ireland.....	32,360 square miles.
Isle of Man	} 302 square miles.
Channel Islands }	

England and Wales, in shape, resemble a triangle whose greatest length from apex to base is about 350 miles, and which varies in breadth from 100 to 350 miles. The extreme length of Scotland is 286 miles. In breadth Scotland varies from 33 to 160 miles. The greatest length of Ireland is 290 miles, and its greatest breadth is 175 miles.

POPULATION

The present total population of the British Isles is estimated at about 45,000,000, England being four times as densely populated as either Scotland or Ireland. The latest official census figures (1901) show the population of the various countries to be about as follows :—

England and Wales.....	about 33,000,000
Scotland.....	about 4,500,000
Ireland.....	about 4,500,000
Adjacent Islands.....	about 150,000

CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS, WITH POPULATION ¹

ENGLAND

Greater London.....	7,323,327	Blackburn.....	135,961
Liverpool.....	753,203	Brighton.....	129,967
Manchester.....	649,251	Gateshead.....	128,393
Birmingham.....	558,357	Derby.....	127,583
Leeds.....	477,107	Norwich.....	122,841
Sheffield.....	463,222	Southampton.....	122,196
Bristol.....	372,785	Plymouth.....	122,113
West Ham.....	315,000	Birkenhead.....	119,830
Bradford.....	292,136	Preston.....	117,799
Newcastle.....	277,257	South Shields.....	115,535
Hull.....	271,137	Halifax.....	111,018
Nottingham.....	260,449	Burnley.....	105,110
Leicester.....	240,172	Middlesbrough.....	103,511
Salford.....	239,294	Wolverhampton.....	103,318
Portsmouth.....	211,493	Stockport.....	102,339
Bolton.....	185,358	Walsall.....	97,778
Croydon.....	157,698	Northampton.....	96,405
Sunderland.....	157,693	Saint Helens.....	93,812
Oldham.....	142,407		

SCOTLAND

Glasgow.....	859,715	Paisley.....	90,305
Edinburgh.....	350,524	Leith.....	84,689
Aberdeen.....	178,210	Greenock.....	71,783
Dundee.....	168,616	Perth.....	35,196

IRELAND

Belfast.....	349,180	Londonderry.....	39,892
Dublin.....	290,638	Limerick.....	38,151
Cork.....	76,122	Waterford.....	26,769

WALES

Cardiff.....	191,446	Swansea.....	97,810
Merthyr Tydfil.....	122,545		

¹ The figures of population are taken from the Statesman's Year Book for 1909, excepting those of Merthyr Tydfil, which are from the latest census of Great Britain.

PRINCIPAL RIVERS

With their length in miles.

ENGLAND		SCOTLAND	
Thames	215	In the Highlands.	
Severn	158	Tay.....	110
Great Ouse.....	156	Forth.....	100
Trent.....	147	Spey.....	96
Wye.....	135	Dee.....	87
Ouse.....	114	Don.....	50
Nen.....	100	In the Lowlands.	
Tees.....	79	Clyde.....	98
Tyne.....	73	Tweed.....	96
Dee.....	70	Nith.....	60
Mersey.....	68		
Wear.....	65		
Avon (Bristol).....	62		
Humber ¹	38		

IRELAND

The Shannon River is 225 miles long. Other rivers in Ireland are small, and if they are navigable, it is only for a short distance. Among them are the Liffey, the Boyne, the Lagan, the Lee, and the Foyle.

LAKES

ENGLAND

In the northwest of England, among the Cumbrian Mountains, is the famous "lake district." In the valleys of these mountains are fourteen lakes from one to ten miles long. The largest are Windermere, Ullswater, Coniston Water, Bassenthwaite Water, and Derwentwater.

SCOTLAND

In Scotland are many lakes, mostly small. The largest is Loch Lomond, twenty-four miles long. Others are Loch Shin, Loch Katrine, Loch Ness, and Loch Maree.

IRELAND

Ireland contains many lakes, some of which form chains of water linked to one another by connecting rivers. Lough Neagh is

¹ The Humber, although a short river, is exceedingly important because of its tributaries, the chief of which are the Trent and the Ouse.

the largest inland lake on the British Isles. It covers an area of 153 square miles. Other Irish lakes are Killarney, Lakes of the Shannon, and Lakes of the River Erne.

CHIEF PRODUCTS OF THE BRITISH ISLES

MINERALS ¹

Coal.....	236,128,936 tons
Iron ore.....	14,590,703 tons
Pig iron.....	9,608,068 tons

LIVE STOCK ²

Sheep.....	29,210,035 head
Cattle.....	11,691,955 head
Pigs.....	3,580,740 head
Horses.....	2,110,024 head

The wool produced by the sheep amounts, annually, to 131,000,000 pounds.

VEGETATION ¹

Oats	3,500,000 acres
Barley.....	1,500,000 acres
Wheat.....	1,500,000 acres
Potatoes.....	1,200,000 acres
Turnips.....	2,300,000 acres
Grass, other crops, and pasturage	33,500,000 acres

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

The British Empire comprises one fifth of the surface of the earth. One fifth of all the people on the globe are under British dominion. In India, the empire includes a country larger than Europe (without Russia). Classified, the British Empire, in addition to the United Kingdom, embraces the following lands :—

EUROPE.	{ Gibraltar
	{ Malta
	{ Cyprus
	{ Channel Islands
	{ Isle of Man

¹ Statistics of 1905.

² Statistics of 1906.

ASIA.....	{	Ceylon (including dependencies) The Straits Settlements Federated Malay States Hong-Kong and Wei-Hai-Wei Borneo (in parts) Labuan (in parts)
AFRICA.....	{	<div data-bbox="331 423 476 529">In the West {</div> <div data-bbox="486 362 908 529">Gambia Sierra Leone Gold Coast Colony Lagos Southern Nigeria Northern Nigeria (Protectorate)</div> <div data-bbox="331 650 476 740">In the South and Southeast {</div> <div data-bbox="486 559 908 907">Cape Colony Basutoland Bechuanaland (Protectorate) Transvaal Orange River Colony Natal Rhodesia Protected Territories in East and Centre (known as the East Africa Witu, Uganda, Zanzibar, Nyasaland, and Somaliland Protectorates) Seychelles Islands Mauritius Island</div>
NORTH AMERICA..	{	Canada Newfoundland Jamaica Turks and Caicos Islands Bahamas Leeward Islands Windward Islands Barbados Trinidad Tobago
SOUTH AMERICA..	{	British Guiana British Honduras Ascension Islands Falklands (including dependencies) St. Helena Island

AUSTRALASIA	{	Australia
		Tasmania
		New Zealand
		Fiji Islands
		Parts of New Guinea
	{	Islands in the South Sea (Protectorate)

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